THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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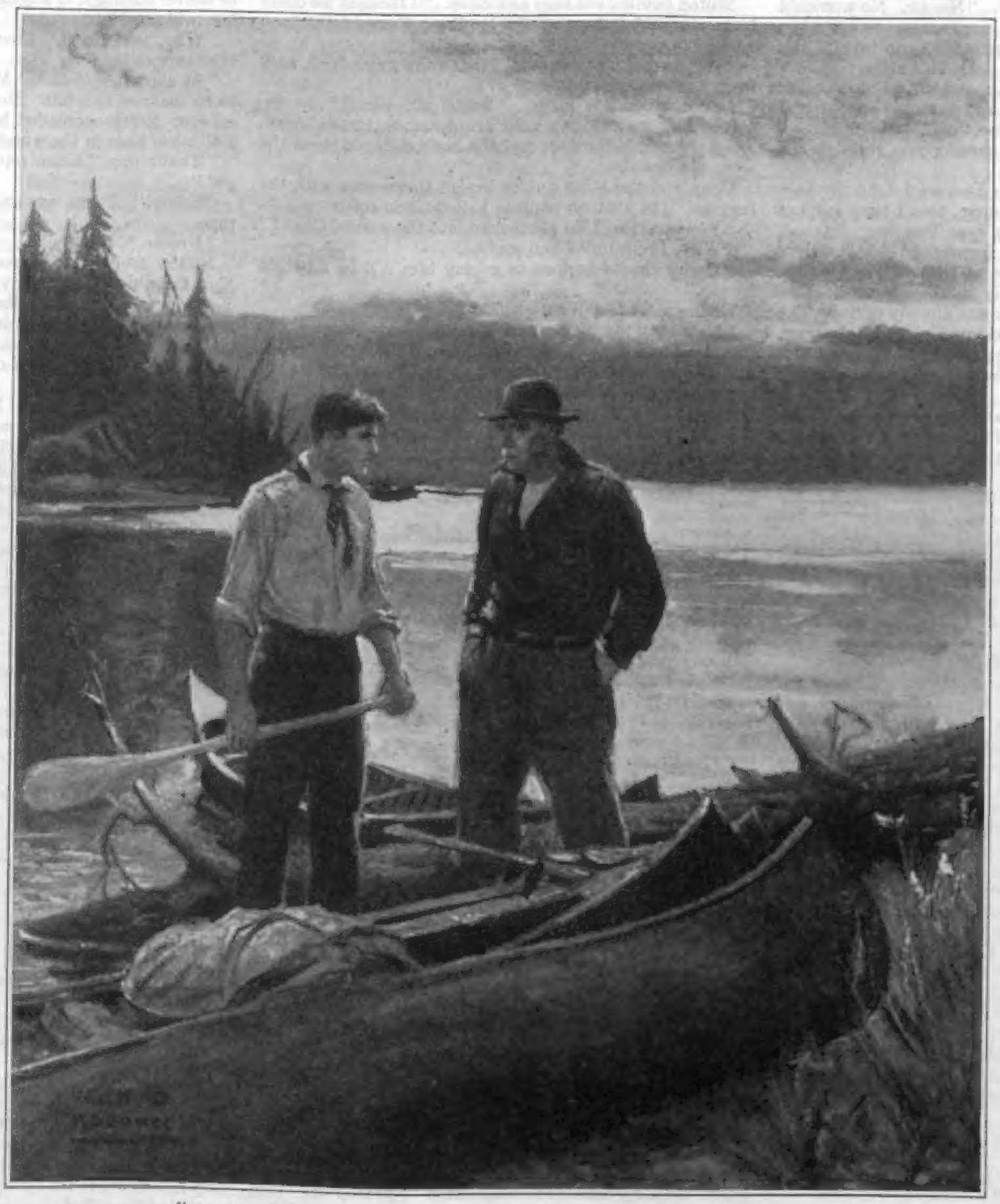
FAIR AND SOFTLY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

A DOZEN men, a half-grown boy and a horse stood or sat in careless lounging attitudes on the end of the pier that extends out from Snow's Landing. The shore here is flat, the water shallow, and the pier is long. Two-by-four timbers are bolted down upon it, at a proper distance apart to serve as rails, along which the horse draws a low-wheeled truck, which carries baggage and supplies from the end of the pier to the big warehouse on the shore. The boy was in charge of the horse; he had shifted the beast from one end of the truck to the other, so that he was now ready for the shoreward journey, so soon as the steamer should arrive.

This long pier, the wider space at the end of it, the little group of men—all formed but a speck in the midst of a vast amphitheater of wilderness. The waters of the great lake stretched southward, cut off twenty miles away by the bulk of Kineo like a huge cachalot stranded high and dry. Other mountains farther south and west and east; the thick woods lay behind. It was that hour of the day which is more likely than any other to present a spectacle of pure beauty, the hour just before twilight. The boat was late; she had been seen for a space, a few minutes since, as she worked off westward to another landing; would presently appear around the point three or four miles away, and come steaming up toward Snow's. In the meanwhile there was nothing to do but sit and wait and watch the changing beauties of the scene.



"You Paddle My Canoe Hereafter; I See a Girl is Not to be Trusted to You"

The afternoon was still, the water of the lake placid and serene and blue. Blue cloaks clad each distant mountain; to the west the sun was tumbling into a bed of clouds that glowed red with promise of fair weather. The sky overhead had that fading blue of twilight which is the most delicately beautiful of all the hues of Nature. Pricking holes here and there in this blue field, stars, pale as silver, already were appearing. From the deep and tangled forest growth along the lake shore came bird notes; these pure as silver, too, and thrillingly sweet in the hush of the end of day. The men on the end of the pier unconsciously lowered their voices, spoke in low grave tones as though in the presence of a great mystery. The boy clucked endearments to his horse.

The waiting men were not all of one group; two stood together here, three sat in a row along the stringpiece of the wharf; one was alone. At the outermost angle of the pier, nearest the direction from which the steamer would come, Chan Corwin leaned against the upper end of a pile, his feet crossed carelessly, his lean body all at ease.

He wore an old neat suit of clothes; not clean, yet not dirty. The trousers were innocent of crease; they were loose; they looked comfortable. This is a feat beyond the power of most trousers. The coat, held together by one button in front, was a little too large for him; enough too large so that it, too, was comfortable. His shirt was white, and his shirt was clean, and he wore a small blue bow tie, neatly knotted. His black felt hat with creased crown and flat brim, a cast of flies twisted about the band, sat a little over one eye. His lips habitually smiled. Makino was with him—Makino the Indian; he stood on his two feet, leaning against nothing, yet his whole posture suggested that he rested at ease, as a horse sometimes rests on three legs at a time. His gaunt head thrust forward; his small black eyes were gentle and innocent and kind. John Howdin and Joe Tyng were the others in the group. John whittled at a sliver of pine with a sharp knife. He was a square, stolid, flaxen man. Joe Tyng had red hair, a tenor voice and a grin. In the bearing of each one of these three there was, toward Chan Corwin, a sort of deference, hard to define. It was impossible to analyze the indications which made you feel this deference on their part; yet there could be no doubt the thing existed—the respect craftsmen pay to a master of their craft, the deference freely given by free men. And there was also something deeper, a suggestion of affection, in the Indian's bearing.

Makino was watching toward the southwest for smoke of the steamer. He said by and by, "She's coming."

Howdin and Joe Tyng looked, and confirmed his remark; but Chan Corwin did not change his easy posture.

"Let her come," he replied.

After a little pause Joe Tyng asked, "These folks ain't been up here before, have they?"

Chan shook his head. "Guess not. Milton says he's been in New Brunswick some, and around."

"Rich, I expect."

There is a Peaceful Monotony About Travel in a Canoe, Especially Along a Still and Placid Stream. The Spell of it Infolded Jane

"I expect," Chan assented mildly. "I didn't ask him that." He grinned at Joe.

"Me, I'd like to try out how it feels to be rich for a day or two, some day," Joe declared. "Yes, sir, I would."

Chan shook his head. "If you was rich you'd be paying out good money to come up here and do what you can do now for nothing. What do you want to go and be rich for?"

"Well, I'd go other places."

"Your wife wouldn't let you."

"I ain't got a wife."

"Well, if you was rich you'd soon find out that one kind of got added unto you."

Joe shook his head stubbornly. "No, sir. No women'd ever hook onto me."

"They won't as long as you're guiding up here, that's sure. No, sir. I bet you don't look half attractive to a woman, what with that red hair and all. But, shucks! Dress you up in a million dollars and put a hat on you, and they'd sure make you travel some, Joe."

"I never saw many women chasing you through the woods," Joe retorted.

Chan chuckled. "Why, that's because I keep my vast wealth a secret, son. And of course, too, I keep my hat pulled down over my bewitching eyes."

The steamer had approached, furrowing the still waters with a hissing sound, the pulse of her engines beating. Now her whistle tooted, modestly, as though unwilling to awake the drowsy echoes. Dusk was already falling. The sun was gone; a bright star held the place in the west where the sun had been; another glowed warmly overhead. The men bestirred themselves, caught lines. The steamer came to her moorings.

Chan watched those who came ashore, spoke to an acquaintance or two. A group of four people, two men and two women, disembarked together; he approached this group and took off his hat.

"Mr. Milton?" he asked gently.

The larger man turned to face him. A man a little too large for the comfort of those about him, a physical aggressiveness lurked in his very bulk.

"This Chan Corwin?" he asked heartily.

"Yes, sir."

Steve Milton thrust out his hand and Chan took it.

"Well, here we are, you see."

"I see," Chan assented gravely.

Milton introduced him to the others. "This is my sister, Mrs. Rucker." A girl as large as her brother, and strikingly handsome. "This is Miss Otis." Miss Otis, Chan thought, was a nice-looking little thing: "And this is Will Rucker." Milton clapped small Will Rucker on the back. "I want you to put Will through a course of sprouts, Corwin. Get some meat on his bones. He's thin as a picked bird. Never roughed it any before. I tell him it's going to do him good to get out and sleep on the ground for a while."

Chan smiled. "Oh, I expect we can fix him up some kind of a bed," he promised, and shook the little man's hand.

Rucker said slowly, "Glad to see you, Mr. Corwin."

Milton dropped a hand on Chan's shoulder. "Now when do we start?" he asked. "Do we sleep out tonight? The girls here are all ready."

"Well, we might as well stay here tonight," Chan suggested. "Get across the Carry and get an early start tomorrow. You'll be comfortable here."

Milton looked shoreward. The white hotel building with its trailing row of cabins beyond had a pleasantly hospitable air.

"All right," he agreed. "You're the doctor. How's the fishing this year?"

"Been pretty good," Corwin told him.

"Do we strike it tomorrow?"

Corwin shook his head. "We'll travel three or four days; then I guess we can find you some trout."

"That's the boy." His companions had started shoreward along the pier. "Where are the other guides?" he asked.

"Over here."

Chan crossed slowly toward where Makino and the others waited, and Milton shook hands with each one of them. Said to Makino, "Indian, aren't you?"

"Yes," Makino replied mildly.

Chan amended the answer. "And the best canoeman on the river," he said.

"Fine," said Milton. "Fine." And added, vaguely patronizing: "I've always felt a lot of sympathy for the Indians. Got a raw deal, they did."

Makino did not reply, and Chan said in an even tone: "You don't need to worry about your stuff. Just show me which is yours, and we'll bring it down to the cabin."

Milton pointed out bags and cases. "I thought we could leave some of it here at the landing. Travel light, you know. That's the way."

"Why, yes," Chan agreed, "that's the way. Well, we'll bring the stuff right along."

Milton filled his lungs. "Some air, what?" he exclaimed, and at Chan's mild acquiescence, strode away, along the pier toward shore. His heels clumped upon the worn old boards.

Chan and the other guides busied themselves with the luggage. The steamer captain hailed Chan softly.

"You escorting that gentleman into the woods, Chan?"

"Why, I aim to," Chan replied.

"If you should happen to mislay him it'll be all right by me."

Chan grinned. "What's the matter, Bill?"

"He's been teaching me navigation, all the way up. As practiced by him, personally, and so on, and so on."

"He seems like a right friendly man."

"I never saw one that tried harder," Bill agreed.

The stuff was loaded, by this time, on the low truck; the old horse stumbled into motion. They crawled at a snail's gate toward the shore. Cool night began to fall. On the porch of the hotel a stout maid stoutly rang the supper bell.

II

NEXT morning Chan, awake early, went down to the shore where his canoe lay, bottom up, and began to apply liquid cement to tiny cracks along the bow and stern where water might seep in. Two loons, far out in the lake, called back and forth; he saw a single duck wheel past the point into the cove to the westward. Then Steve Milton emerged from the log cabin to which his party had been assigned the evening before, and came down to join Chan; hailed him from a distance of two or three rods, heartily.

"Good morning, Corwin."

"Good morning, sir."

"What are you doing?"

"Just looking her over."

"Don't leak, does she?"

Chan grinned. "Well, I never saw a canoe that wouldn't leak some, after she'd scraped across rocks a while."

Milton watched the guide smearing cement with his forefinger. "Won't that come off when she's wet?" Chan shook his head. "I've heard," Milton told him, "that they used to have to put new pitch on their bark canoes about every day."

"I expect they did."

Milton's eyes turned down the lake; he asked the names of the mountains that lifted south and west, and Chan told him, mildly.

"Great country up here," Milton exclaimed. "Great air."

"I've been using it for years, and never had any fault to find."

Milton chuckled. "Live here the year round?"

"Why, not exactly," Chan confessed. "There ain't much company here in the wintertime. I go trapping then, or lumbering, or something."

"Probably take a run down to Boston, don't you; or Bangor? Fool around a little with the girls?"

Chan said courteously, "Why, that might be a good idea, sometime."

Milton laughed and clapped him on the shoulder. "Hell, man, you're a tight one, aren't you? When do we start?"

"Right after breakfast."

"Ought to get going pretty quick, oughtn't we?"

"No hurry," Chan told him. "We've lots of time."

Milton said ponderously, "The other guides good men, are they?"

"Yes, sir," Chan replied.

The big man became confidential. "I'll tell you, Corwin," he said. "You're in charge. Now I want you to take Miss Otis in your canoe. She's never been in the woods before; and I want you to see that everything is right for her. Let her see anything there is to see. Deer, or beaver cuttings, or anything like that. You look out for her, will you?"

"Why, yes, I will," Chan assured him. "Yes, sir, I'll take care of her."

"As a matter of fact," Milton explained, "we're going to be married this fall. She was my sister's roommate in college; Edith persuaded her to come along on this trip. Edith has been in the woods before."

"That's nice," Chan replied. "She looked like a nice girl."

"Edith!" There was an explosive quality in Milton's tone.

"I mean Miss Otis."

Milton laughed boisterously. "Oh. Oh, yes. Well. Now I don't care who I have. I'm used to a canoe myself. You'd better let the Indian take care of Will. He's a nervous sort of man, Will is. All right, of course; but no blood in his veins. Makino's careful, isn't he?"

"Well, we won't any of us drown you."

Milton laughed again. "I know, I know. Well, let Makino take Will, then. I expect Edith would like the red-haired one. It don't matter who I have."

"All right, Mr. Milton," said Chan equably.

"I just thought I'd tell you," Milton explained.

"I like to know just what you want," Chan agreed.

He seemed to have finished with the canoe; swung it on his shoulders now and bore it up toward the store. Joe Tyng drifted down the road from his cabin and spoke to Milton and to Chan. Half a dozen idle men on the porch of the store watched Chan and Joe and quizzed them mildly. Milton went back to his cabin.

Joe asked Chan, "What do you make of him?"

"He's got it all figured out to three decimal points," Chan replied; and Joe doubled with silent mirth.

When Milton and the three other adventurers came out from the dining room a motor truck was waiting at the store, the canoes already roped atop it.

Chan approached Milton and said, "We'll take your stuff now, sir."

Milton asked, "Ready to start?"

"Yes."

His sister Edith—a stalwart woman in knickerbockers—touched Chan's arm. "Mr. Corwin, do we start from here?"

Chan shook his head. "No'm. We cross the Carry to the river."

"How far is it?"

"Two miles, maybe."

"Couldn't I walk across?"

"Why, yes, ma'am."

Edith turned to little Miss Otis, in the background. "Come, Jane. You and I will walk. Let the men take care of the things."

"All right," Jane Otis assented.

She, too, wore knickerbockers. They more became her. The two passed the store and turned north along the Carry road. Chan and John Howdin transported dunnage under Milton's direction till the load was complete. Will Rucker lingered mildly in the background, smoking a cigarette and watching the riffled blue and white of the lake with dreamy eyes.

At the roar of the truck they had to summon him for the start. He climbed meekly into the body of the vehicle, his head emerging between the ends of two canoes. Milton rode on the seat with the chauffeur; the guides clung where they could. Someone on the store steps waved a hand as they rocketed away.

Halfway across the Carry they overtook Jane and Edith, and Milton shouted to them: "Want to get aboard?"

Edith shook her head. The truck passed them and dropped downhill toward the river. When it stopped there the guides with silent efficiency got their craft into the water and stowed within them the dunnage they would carry—pack sacks, blanket rolls, food buckets, cooking dishes, fishing rods, ax, paddles, pole. Steve Milton, overseeing the process, checked off the contents of each canoe. He was fretting with impatience to be off; kept watching up the road to see why the two girls did not arrive. Suddenly, with an air of triumph, he made a discovery.

"Chan! You haven't got Miss Otis' rod in there, have you?"

Chan shook his head. "No rod here, sir."

"Damn it! Where is the thing?" He canvassed the other canoes, checked his own tackle, and Will's and his sister's. "It's nowhere here. I bought that rod for her, especially for this trip. Paid thirty-five dollars for it. A darned nice rod. And she leaves it behind. Isn't that like a woman?"

He seemed to expect an answer, so Chan responded amiably, "I expect anything's like a woman."

But Milton had discovered the approach of the two, and turned his attention to them.

"Jane, your rod's not here." His tone was accusation.

Jane colored faintly.

"Isn't it?"

"No, it isn't. What have you done with it?"

"I left it on the table in the cabin for you to bring."

"On the table?" Milton was purple. "I told you this morning to put everything together in one place."

Chan interposed. "Well," he suggested, "the truck'll go across and get it."

"It'll be noon before we get away."

"It ain't only nine o'clock now."

"Half the morning gone."

"I'll tell you," Chan advised. "You all start on, and I'll overtake you, this side of dinnertime. I'll catch up with you."

Milton glowered at Jane. "We'll do just that," he replied. His tone suggested that she was justly punished. With no further word he stalked down the bank toward where Howdin waited by his canoe. "I'm ready, any time," he said.

Howdin looked toward Chan, who nodded. Then Chan gave directions to the chauffeur of the truck. The three canoes pushed off and started downstream, the guides falling at once into the effortless stroke which is good, in dead water, for a sure three miles an hour, and which can be maintained indefinitely. Jane Otis sat down on a tuft of turf and watched them go. They rounded the first bend of the river, and she and Chan were left alone. Across the river, where three or four small cabins clustered, children gathered to watch them. Chan lighted a cigarette, then bent to rearrange the dunnage in the canoe more to his liking. Jane spoke to him.

"I'm sorry to be such a nuisance," she said.

Chan's habitual smile widened a little as he looked at her; he shook his head. "We'll catch up with them," he assured her. "There ain't any hurry."

"I feel badly."

"You haven't any call to," he replied. "Only difference it makes is, if we don't catch them till dinnertime the other boys will have to do the work before I get there."

She smiled at that. "You don't look like a lazy man."

"I am, miss. The easier the sweeter; that's the way it looks to me." His smile vaguely belied his words.

"This must be hard work, though."

"Work? Why, you folks have come a long ways to do it."

She nodded down river. "But we don't do any work. We just sit in the canoe and let you paddle us."

Chan smiled. "I expect, when you've sat there two or three hours, you'll think it's work. Cramps and everything. You'll want to paddle some."

"Can I?"

"Why, sure, miss."

"I never did."

"Well, it's easier than it looks."

She was silent for a moment, then said thoughtfully, "It's a shame to wait for that rod. I don't want to fish at all. I just want to rest and see things. Mr. Milton insisted that I must fish."

"Well, you won't have to, for two or three days anyway," Chan assured her.

"Aren't there any fish in this river?"

"We don't figure to get many right around here, miss."

She considered. "Will we see any deer?"

He smiled. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised. Didn't see any, walking across this morning?"

"No."

"There's a lot of them around. 'Bout day after tomorrow we'll have to shoo them away before we can camp."

"Really?" Her eyes were wide; and Chan laughed, and shook his head.

"Why, no, miss; not actually."

She laughed uncomfortably. "I know so little about such things. I must seem foolish to you."

He said gently, "I hadn't thought of it that way." Then the truck roared down the hill and Chan took the rod and stowed it in the canoe. "All ready," he called to her.

She came down the bank cautiously; the clay was slippery footing. He held the canoe so that she might step into it from a rock in the water's edge. Her foot slipped a little, and she would have fallen but for his arm. Her hand gripped it. Seated at last, she was still vaguely moved by that moment's contact. His arm had been as hard as the gunwale of the canoe; lean and powerful, yet with a certain warmth and life perceptible, even in that instant's touch. How strong he must be.

Chan, dipping his paddle, drove them downstream. He watched with pleasure the back of her neck where it emerged from the flannel shirt she wore. Her hair adorned it. Chan—having sat so many hours on the rear seat of the canoe with nothing to look at but the back of his passenger's neck—was a connoisseur in such matters. He thought her neck attractive; there was something friendly in the warmth of her soft hair.

There is a peaceful monotony about travel in a canoe, especially along a still and placid stream. The spell of it infolded Jane, warmed and quieted her; she fell into a faintly drowsy state, her eyes half closed, her senses all attuned. The slight motion of the canoe, dipping to one side and then faintly to the other as Chan paddled, was restful as the swaying of a hammock; the sun was warm. They kept close to the steep muddy bank; and along this bank Chan now and then pointed out to her the tracks of a deer or a muskrat or a mink. Once he said there was a deer on the bank above the water, far ahead of them; but her untrained eyes were unable to discover it.

"Probably the other canoes saw a good many," he explained. "They'd be along the water earlier in the morning."

After an hour or so they sighted these other canoes, at the end of a long reach of stream ahead of them; thereafter, though Chan seemed not to hurry, they overhauled the others steadily enough, presently pulled up alongside, and Milton discovered them and called to Jane: "Get it?"

"Yes, Steve," she replied.

"Well, I'm glad of that," he told her. Addressed Chan: "You'll have to watch out for her, Chan. She'd forget her head if it wasn't fastened on."

"I'll take care of her," Chan assured him.

A little before noon they pulled out for dinner. Makino kindled a fire with such effortless ease you scarce perceived

(Continued on Page 127)

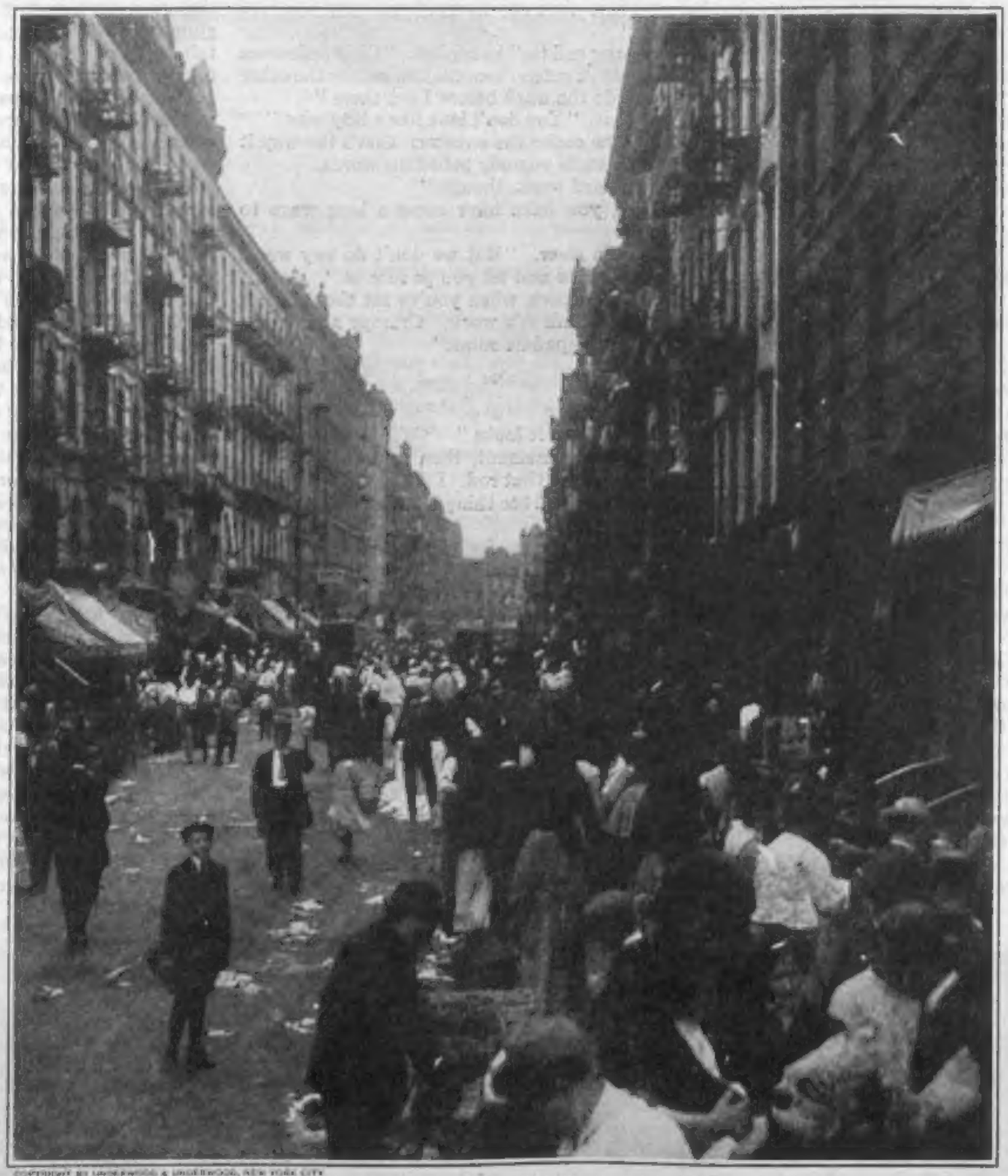
Travel That Day Was Not Pleasant. They Huddled in the Canoes, Slickers Draping Them, While the Water Sluiced Down Between Their Knees

OUR FOREIGN CITIES

New York—By Elizabeth Frazer

NEW YORK! The biggest city of its size, as Dooley says, in America. And foreign. Foreign to its finger tips; and also to its finger prints, as any police reporter can testify. Manhattan the Magnificent! With its deep windy cañons, its vertiginous altitudes. With its vast acreage of millions of dollars' worth of plate-glass windows blazing like beacon fires in the afternoon sun. With its Woolworth and Singer buildings, their fairylike minarets pricking the evening star, and from within whose lofty chambers the business muezzin cries his daily prayer to trade. Manhattan, with her topless towers more glorious by far than those of Ilium, whose fame blind Homer sang. A stupendous Babel, deriving out of strange, far worlds—and underworlds—speaking sixty-six different languages and dialects. Manhattan, with its downtown pavements at the noon hour of a week day so jammed, crammed and congested with a jabbering, gesticulating foreign throng that police signs, "Keep Moving!" are placed on every block, and a pedestrian in a hurry takes perforce to the middle of the street. Here Greek, Italian, Spaniard, Pole and the swarthy, sawed-off little pick-and-shovel men of half a dozen South European breeds jostle elbows.

It is distinctly not cosmopolitan, this polyglot Manhattan of ours. For cosmopolitan means universal, possessing the *savoir-faire*, grace and charm that come from knowledge of the great wide world, and with all the raw crudities and little provincial quirks ironed out. But New York is provincial, villagified even, down to its marrowbones. The throng of strangers within its gates, hailing from the four corners of the earth, have not mingled, merged or fused. Its foreign colonies are as clean-cut and different the one from the other as a bunch of carrots from a cabbage head. They have not amalgamated, either with other foreign colonies or the elder American stock. For amalgamation in a people means fusion by intermarriage and blood. But these colonies do not often interbreed; Greek usually marries Greek, the Pole a Pole, the Italian another Italian, the Russian a Russian, and so on, like clinging obstinately to like. Nor do they assimilate. For assimilation means first of all the same language, the same racial likes and dislikes, the same moral outlook, background, ideals. It is not mere physical amalgamation which unites a people; they need not be of one blood; but they must be of like mind and ideals; and racial differences are significant only when they prevent mental and moral assimilation.



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Life on the Lower East Side, Italian District of New York

The Bag of Marbles Called Manhattan

BUT these foreign colonies remain unamalgamated, unabsorbed. They are separate and distinct as a bunch of marbles in a schoolboy's bag, each holding to its own fixed little mold and color and texture and clay. The name of the bag which contains them is Manhattan, its warp and woof representing, somewhat imperfectly, the laws and the spirit of our U. S. A. But inside that bag the marbles are of distinctly foreign brand. They know nothing and care nothing for that bag in which destiny has momentarily inclosed them, save only when they bang into it when rolling off on some little private quest of their own. Here's one gay-striped marble. It's called Little Italy. It out-Naples Napoli in its fecundity and congestion. Lying hugged up close to it, yet differing fundamentally in color and clay is another strong-colored marble—the Jewish quarter, which in size out-Warsaws Warsaw and makes the famed Jewish quarter of Whitechapel, London, look like a Brownsville suburb. And here's the Greek colony, a little bit of the Ægean clay dropped down upon our shores, as foreign from us as is meteorite from earth clay. And likewise here are the Russian, the Bohemian and the Polish quarters, each isolated within its own shell of language, tradition and ideals. They get together and they hang together. Their geographical habitat is changed, but they themselves remain little altered, unabsorbed.

Several salient attributes they have in common. The vast bulk of the people come from Eastern and Southeastern Europe. They are peasants, poor, unschooled, unskilled, hidebound by tradition and superstition, ill adapted to change, at the very bottom of the social and economic grade. Not their fault, of course. They'd have come from the top of the heap if they could. Save only for the Jews—who are an urban people, habituated alike to congestion and industry—they come from agricultural districts. From primitive village life to the city; from outdoors to indoors; from agriculture to industry. From a slow, laborious, unchanging, unmechanized pastoral existence where patriarchal customs and a rigid upper-class cult still prevail, they step all at once and without preparation into fourth speed, into the rush of our modern high-geared world; without money, without schooling, without industrial skill; without even a word of the strange new language upon which their success depends. Walled-up and walled-in by their past. One comes. Another follows. A third makes a bee line along the same trail, and presently almost a whole village is here. And once located, they cling close together like a swarming ball of bees upon a tree branch, intent upon their purpose, oblivious of the outside world.

It was a bleak blustery afternoon with scuds of snow when I started out on an exploring expedition composed of one member to investigate the foreign colonies imbedded in the fair physical corpus of New York. I had lunched with a friend to whom I unfolded my scheme—first to chart geographically these foreign territories on the map; next to invade them and size up the situation from the inside; this latter with the aid of city officials, some health officer, dietitian or nurse visiting from house to house. What I wanted was to obtain a kind of photographic fact picture of how they actually lived, and what reactions, if any, they were showing to the powerful forces of our Western civilization which are alleged to be beating in upon them from all sides. Were they gradually conforming to our ways, or were they haply conforming us to them?

Were we the absorbers, or was ours the unhappy case of the lady who went for a ride on a tiger?

Were these foreign colonies cut off from their mother country, and thus the more open to final complete identification with us, or were they, like reservoirs, constantly fed by Old World sources? Which was nearest them, the Old World or the New? In short, what would show up if we put an actual, wriggling cross-section of life under the microscope and took a squint through the lens?

Exploration

"YOU'D better take me along," advised my friend. "You're going down into the parts of this town where there ain't no Ten Commandments and a man with the price on him—yea, or a lady, even—can quench about anything he's got a hanker for. And it's not what it used to be, at that."

"No," I said; "he travels fastest who travels alone."

We came out upon the sidewalk and he signaled to the pompous, gold-braided starter, who salaamed and signed to a lolling chauffeur on the rank, who nodded to the second, who indicated the third, who jerked his thumb toward the fourth, who eventually drew up alongside the curb.

"What strate, ma'am?" demanded the gold-braided colossus as he flung open the door.

"It's complicated. I'll have to explain. Driver, I want to visit the Jewish quarter ——"

"I wouldn't advise ut," broke in the starter firmly. "No, ma'am. Whole blocks where a man couldn't sell a ham sandwich to save his blessed soul. But there's the Aquarium—now that's a grand place to visit—where you can see all the big ships come in."

"But I'm not a tourist. I'm a dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker from California." I turned back again to the chauffeur, a live youngster of seventeen. "Do you know where the Jewish quarter is?"

He threw me a smile keen as a knife blade.

"Do you mean de poor Jews or de tony Jews?"

"The poor Jews."

"Then I'll take you down where I live."

"Good! Drive me all around the whole quarter, up and down and crisscross. Then do the same thing with the Italian quarter. Do you know where that is?"

"Sure!" Again that keen hard grin. "Mostly west of de Bowery, see? We're east. But they're creeping across. My grandmother says when she come over from Warsaw they was all Irish there, clean t'rough to de East River. But de Jews come in and drove them out, and now we're getting drove out by de macaronies. It's fierce how they let dem Dagos in. They're swampin' de whole layout."

"And then," I continued, "I'd like you to drive over to the Russian quarter—the non-Jewish Russians, I mean. Do you know where they live?"

He scratched his head.

"Say," he appealed to another chauffeur who had just joined the conference, "do you know where dat Rooshian gang hangs out? The Bolchies and bomb-slingin' crowd? Ain't it down in de cellars around West Fourt' Street?"

"No, no!" I laughed. "Those are the Greenwich Villagers."

"Yeah; you're right. Dat's annuder gang."

"Wasn't it a Russian restaurant," put in the second chauffeur helpfully, "where they killed a Turk last night? Maybe you could git the Russian layout over there."

"Naw; dat was a Greek joint," said my driver. "Dey's bad actors there. It was like dis—see? A Turkish guy, one of dem ragheads, come into de Greek joint. He sits down at a table and ast de Greek waiter for some Turkish I don't know what dat ain't on de card—see? Just because he was feelin' mean. Dat got de Greek waiter sore, and he grabs a knife and stabs de Turk, who's got only a fork in his hand. Serve him right! What's dem ragheads doin' over in our country, anyhow? Let 'em stay at home in their own climate where dey needs to wear a hood. Us Amurrikens can git along without dem."

Us Amurrikens! The Irishman's keen blue eyes glimmered with noble wrath. He shot me a grim wink.

Studies for the Picture

"BUT say," my driver finished, "you could take in de Greeks—dat bunch don't amount to much—on your way down to see us. Afterwards, we'll cross de Bowery and round up de wops."

"All right," I agreed. "Today, Greeks, Jews, Italians. We'll save the rest for another day."

Thus the expedition into foreign home parts began.

It is not possible, within the confines of one article, to describe each and all of these foreign colonies. I visited them every one inside their homes; the Greeks with a Greek, Poles with a Pole, Bohemians with a Bohemian, Russians with a Russian, Italians with an Italian, and so on straight around the circle; and I backed up my first-hand observations with statistics and reports—health reports, school reports, criminal reports, industrial reports, Russell Sage and Carnegie Foundations sociological reports. All reliable fact statistics, dealing with large numbers in each group, and as nonpartisan as the sun. For I wanted my fact picture clear, unblackened by prejudice, suspicion, hate; and true; true not only of a unique and extraordinary individual in the group but of the group as a whole. Finally, after sober consideration, I chose from all the colonies the Italians more specifically to describe.

Little Italy! There are half a dozen of them, dotted all over the city; but the one I mean is the mother colony of them all, the general headquarters for the newcomers from Southern Italy, and particularly from Calabria, Basilicata and Sicily. It is a lively, smelly region, lying south and east of Washington Square; walled in on the south by Chinatown and on the east by the Jews. Out of this populous district pour daily the Italian labor gangs, those pick-and-shovel fellows who today do so much of the work of our Western civilization. They have not the brawn of the big, burly hunkies, nor yet of the Irish navvies of the good old pioneer days. Their chests are weak, and this cold, damp Northern climate often plays havoc with their lungs. Coming home late from the theater, a street flare reveals their dusky silhouettes repairing a leaky gas main; or you see them, through swirling snow mists, in rubber boots, shoveling snow. They dig our tunnels, excavate for our soaring skyscrapers, unload our ships. The scream of the midnight overland scatters them off the tracks. They are the toiling sons of Martha, forever on the go. Out in the big world they are exiles; here in Little Italy they are at home.

Pushcarts Decorated for Easter. The Italian Section of New York City

Busy Little Italy

LET us approach the quarter, as I did, from the west. A step below Washington Square, in Bleecker and Macdougal streets, and you plunge at one breath into another world, a teeming foreign life. You thread your way through a maze of pushcarts and bareheaded Italian women in aprons, staggering along under heavy loads of coats for home finishing, or picking out apples on a stand, or chaffering for spinach with a toothless little old Sicilian granny, scarce higher than her cart, whose bright eyes gleam like black malachite. Here are Italian barbers and bankers and hucksters and fish merchants, a *farmacia Italiana*, and *ristorantes* of Dante Alighieri by the score. A whole Italian "bisnisse" block. Yonder, a sign depending from a dingy fire escape overhung with tubs and rags, reads: "Midwife." Next door a magnificent window display announces "Wedding outfits for hire," with a blushing wax bride and groom in resplendent array. Cheek by jowl is an undertaker's shop with a silver-gilt coffin on view. Next door, through the frost lace on the window, you catch delectable glimpses of round white cheeses, strings of sausages and tinned eels. Next comes a wine merchant. The wine, for which he buys hundreds of tons of California grapes, he makes, of course, exclusively for his own use! Down in a neighboring basement one sells ice, wood and coal—and also other things. The police will tell you that here the snowbirds hang out. Next door is one of the prominent men of the quarter. He runs an employment bureau, a real-estate business, buys steamship tickets and sells foreign exchange, supplies boarders to families desiring the same, and in addition—and here is the real milk in this gentleman's coconut—he owns one of these private banks into which Italians, suspicious of outsiders, love to put their hard-earned coin, the price of years of grinding toil, without a single scrap of legal security. Yes, Mr. Buoncompagni is a big man down here.

This rich, fruity smell that greets our nostrils exhales from a glue factory hard by; and that whiff freighting the fragrant breeze is borne from a chocolate foundry, where Italian girls work for the magnificent reward of five and six dollars a week. Out of which fortune they support themselves and send back to Italy as much as fifty dollars a year, to pay back their passage money, to help old, wornout, destitute granny, or perchance to lay by a small dowry which shall pay for a better husband.

And now we thread a maze of great heavy trucks piled high with bales of cloth. We are now in the very center of the wholesale clothing district, where are

(*Continued on Page 135*)

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Street Peddlers' Carts on Elizabeth Street, New York City

A TALE OF THREE FILLUMS

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Well, Well, It's My Sweet Child!" She Exclaimed and Motioned Him to a Chair Near Her

I CANNOT understand how motion pictures can be so unintelligent," sighed Mary Byrd, and from the high office windows of the Magnificent Pictures Corporation she gazed plaintively across the broad panorama of the Hudson. The three sensationally successful novels with which she had enriched literature, Sweet Sin, Adorable Sin and Wondrous Sin, known internationally to the fastidious as Mary Byrd's three sins, were in the thrilled fingers of every reader of best sellers; so Mary was entitled to ignore everything and do as she liked. She was defiantly clad this morning in quite décolleté black silk that clung to her lean limbs like a coating of bronze, a black lace hat that she wore at the most rakish of angles, and long jade and coral ear pendants that dangled against her lean neck; while her face was whited and her eyelids purpled. She crossed her legs with a free, emancipated movement that floated her skirts, revealing both bony knees. She indolently covered them, and Andy Lochlaren, Eastern manager of the M. P. C., had a distinct impression that this humoring of the conventions was scarcely done for his benefit, he being bald, blunt and bilious. He smiled as he studied the incisive profile of the eminent authoress, and a smile on his solemn face would have meant wild hilarity on another. He had a head shaped like an egg, with an acute-angled nose which had apparently been stuck on as an afterthought. Mary Byrd's plaintiveness changed to acidity as she abruptly turned from the window.

"All pictures are stupid, but never has there been such puerile drivel as the Pinnacle made of my Sweet Sin and my Adorable Sin!"

"They may have been puerile, Miss Byrd, but they could not have been drivel, for they grossed nearly half a million each; and a picture which takes in that much money is a work of art."

"Mr. Lochlaren," said Mary Byrd, "it shall not happen again. I promise you and myself and the world that Wondrous Sin will be transferred directly to the screen from the book, for I shall supervise it myself or it will not be produced. . . . Why, what a sweet child!"

The solemn-looking Mr. Lochlaren almost snorted as he saw in the doorway, laden with hand luggage, the sweet child—a gangling, flat-stomached, long-necked young man with smooth, oval, olive-tinted cheeks in which there was youthful pink, the profuse curly hair of his race, eager, dark brown eyes and a cheerful grin; though as it dawned on the youth that the sweet child might possibly refer to him, the grin set itself into a meaningless mask, and a dull flush swept up his long neck to his face. Just then, from behind the embarrassed youth, came a voice, mild and unctuous:

"I wonder which one of us she means, Izzy?"

It was David Schusshel, back from the west-coast studios a day ahead of schedule, a kindly faced little old man who had grasped the motion-picture art by the throat in its swaddling clothes and choked the helpless orphan into becoming an infant industry. With the benevolent smile that was so useful alike with friend and foe, he stepped into the room and accepted an introduction to the famous authoress; then he hurried into his own office with Izzy, where Lochlaren followed a moment later.

"This is Isidor Iskovitch that I've told you about, Andy," and the Old Man beamed affectionately. "He dug up some stealing in the property department that saves me a lot of money, and I've brought him along East with me for a vacation."

"Why, what a sweet child!" said Andy, shaking hands with "it," whereat the youth flushed scarlet, and grinned, "Who is that old cluck?"

"Son," gravely returned Andy, "you should never use terms that indicate the age of a chicken. The lady so stricken with your fresh young beauty is Miss Mary Byrd—if that means anything to you."

Little did Andrew Lochlaren realize as he spoke these careless words that the gangling boy before him was the world's greatest motion-picture magnate—that is, in Izzy's own dynamic purpose; little did he know that Isidor Iskovitch Presents was to be the most familiar information at the tops of billboards—that is, if Isidor Iskovitch would have his way; little did he reck that by night and by day this potential magnate's only dreams were of practical roads to his own future success. So already his mind was an accurate cross index of every current fact in the industry, and he said eagerly, "Why, what's Mary Byrd doin' here? We ain't in her class! Is she gonna flop the Pinnacle?"

"I apologize," smiled Andy, and shook hands with the youth again; then he turned to Schusshel. "We can get her third book, Wondrous Sin, very cheaply, if we'll let her supervise. She's quit the Pinnacle on that account."

"They been stung enough on that supervising." David chuckled in enjoyment of the Pinnacle's folly. "It's like hirin' a chauffeur, then hirin' another one to tell him how to drive. They run your car into a ditch, sure. What kind of a story has this Mary Byrd got?"

"The book's in its hundredth thousand," and that answer satisfied all parties as to the eminent fitness of the story for a picture. "The Pinnacle has done our exploiting for us, and we can write three hundred thousand dollars on our ledger the day we finish the production. The exhibitors won't even look at the film before they buy it."

David Schusshel went over and sat at his desk; not the big carved mahogany one in the center of the broad, low room, but the little old scratched one in the dark corner, the desk with which he had started in business. He could think better there, and he rubbed the bridge of his nose reflectively with a broad forefinger. Three hundred thousand was the most he could gross. The M. P. C. didn't own and control first-run houses like the Pinnacle. Oh, well, the Pinnacle had spent a quarter of a million each on the Byrd pictures, so they had only doubled their money. He could do better than that.

"We have to see that the picture don't cost us more than a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to make, with what you have to pay her taken out of it. And you have to wire Jake Steinberg that she's to have full supervision, except when she wants to do something we don't want her to do; and you have to slip a clause in the contract that covers that, and that fixes it so she can't get out an injunction if the picture don't suit her; and if Lipsheim can't get the contract through with that in it, don't sign it. And say, Andy, get a hotel for Izzy, and get him a reservation for California two weeks from today. Here, Izzy"—Old David fumbled energetically amid the pigeonholes of his desk until he found a guide to New York—"this will tell you what you can see, and how to go to it. Get busy!"

With shining eyes Izzy took the little pamphlet and opened it. Here was listed everything, from the aquarium on the Battery to the zoo in the Bronx. Hot dog! And David Schusshel's west-coast lobbygow darted away to see the sights of New York.

Outside the door he paused, as a pigeon circles before its flight. The New York offices of the M. P. C. occupied the entire top floor of one of the tall uptown buildings. The private offices, hemmed in by violent sample lithographs that shrieked their cardinal colors from the walls, blocked off the north side; but the glass-partitioned hives, where labored accountants, the sales force, the publicity force and all the other workers of this gigantic concern, gave on the left a practically unobstructed view of the East River and its majestic bridges, with Brooklyn spread flat and brown beyond; down yonder the bay and the Statue of Liberty and the distant sparkling ocean; to the right the North River and the yellow and green cliffs of Jersey, and the rows and rows of big-funneled ships from every clime. Up from the streets came the roar of the traffic, and the clang and clatter of the transportation which was ready to pause in its mad onward rush and carry him, Izzy, away to all the glittering spectacles the great city afforded. He hurried towards the elevators.

On his way he passed the open door of the projection room, a gaudily decorated apartment fitted with huge easy-chairs for the comfort of the exhibitors' minds. Up in the operator's booth there was the click of reels being fitted into projection machines, and a dozen men were filing into the room. They were going to view a picture. In vain beckoned the bright sunlight, the tall buildings and the glittering water; in vain called the clang of the street cars. Automatically the potential magnate followed into the projection room, the door closed and the lights went out.

II

THERE is something about the projection room of the distributing office of any large motion-picture-producing concern which renders the running of a film in that black isolation far different from its exhibition anywhere else. In a theater the audience views the picture for entertainment purposes alone. It is willing and even anxious to be entertained; that is why it has paid its money. In the projection room of a studio, constructive minds are at work. The cutter, the title writer, the director, the script writer or editor, the general manager and all others who may be called in or admitted labor constantly with the

fragments of material appearing before them to make an acceptable picture out of that material; and whether they be right or wrong, stupid or inspired, there is the thrill of constructiveness in that darkened room. But in the distributing office, usually across the continent from the studio which made the production, the attitude is raspingly critical. No man is there to find entertainment or to construct and make better, but to tear apart, to pick flaws and find fault; for it is his task to sell the thing, and he is clammily apprehensive of the flaws and faults which his customers, the sovereign exhibitors, will certainly find in it. In consequence a release has a heavy percentage against it before it starts to unroll itself to the salesmen.

Izzy, of keen telepathic perception and of warm sympathy, sensed the grim, unintentional hostility in the dozen mute and motionless men waiting in the darkness; and it gave him a chill feeling, so that he started nervously when a voice, a quite ordinary voice, husked abruptly from an unseen somewhere a quite ordinary question: "How many reels is it, Mr. Thayer?"

The answer came from a dim shape right next to Izzy: "Seven reels; sixty-four hundred feet."

Something tense in that answering voice, a sort of gulp, as if the man were holding himself in control while judgment would be passed on his work—and on him. An outsider, an independent producer, trying to sell his film to these hard-boiled salesmen, for them to sell again! Izzy suddenly felt that if it were his picture about to be shown he would wish that he had never spent the money to make it. He peered at the dark shape of Mr. Thayer, but all he could make out was a dark shape, which shifted about uneasily until suddenly it straightened and stiffened; for the picture was on and the critical minds began to work at sixteen clicks to the second.

The Coryphée. Bad title. What did it mean? To the average unliterary mind, which is 85 per cent of picture audiences, it would convey no meaning whatsoever, least of all a dramatic meaning.

By Alexander Balinkoff. Who was he? A Russian apparently, but not one person in ten thousand among motion-picture audiences would have heard of him.

Directed by Rawlins Thayer. Who was he? An unheard-of director. The name was somewhat familiar to those who kept track of minor happenings in the business, but he had never done a big-hit picture.

There was no star, not even a big name in the cast of characters; and with all these elements against it, this picture was damned before it got through telling the names of the art director, the camera man and the continuity writer; for where was its sales value? In the picture itself? Never! If the picture was good it would satisfy those who had bought it, but the mere fact that it was good would not sell it. The ethics of a salesmen's run requires absolute silence during the showing of a film, lest one man prejudice the opinion of another; but there is no ethics against shuffling in the seat and fumbling for cigarette cases and cigars—and the fumbling was general. They were wasting their time; and here and there a match flared up.

Gripping drama unfolded itself in terms of graphic beauty, the tense story of a dancing girl in the Imperial Russian Ballet, scene after scene of lucidly told human emotion against artistic backgrounds so conventionalized that they could not protrude on the forceful action. Steadily the sympathetic tragedy mounted to its vividly emotional climax, sweeping swiftly to the surprise of its happy ending.

It was a masterpiece, a production which might well thrill the mind and soul and senses of any audience, for its appeal was based on the most fundamental of human passions, hopes and triumphs—and with an abrupt shock the lights went up on a cold dozen!

The chill silence continued as the jury sat revealed, thinking with whatever it had with which to think. In the darkness they had seemed an ominous collective presence, Jovian in their judicial power; but in the light, though still of Jovian power, they were, face by face, an accumulation of intellectual vacuity, from the scrawny little fellow with the funny mustache and beady eyes, over in the corner, to the general sales manager, Julius Bimberger, a particularly wide man, with a wide face and wide lips and a wide stomach, across which looped a heavy watch chain.

Julius turned from one to the other of the eleven good men and true of whom he was foreman. They held their little ballot slips in their hands, as per their custom; but they were not writing. Instead, they gave Julius an assortment of significant smiles and imperceptible shakes of the head quite sufficient to form a unanimous verdict; and Julius cleared his throat.

"We don't need a ballot, I guess. It's a fine picture, Mr. Thayer; but it isn't the kind of a picture we could sell to our exhibitors. It's too artistic."

Rawlins Thayer was a smallish man, neatly dressed, and passionate. He had a pale face and dark eyes which burned, and when he controlled himself it ate him inwardly, like a corrosive. That bitter bite was in him now.

"I think you're mistaken, Mr.—Mr. —— The public hasn't proved that it would not like an artistic picture, although it has emphatically flopped some bunk art."

"I was talking about the exhibitors," Julius jovially corrected him. "If we sold to the public we'd try to find out what the public likes; but we sell to the exhibitors. Take this Russian stuff in your picture, for instance. Nobody has put over a big-hit Russian picture yet, and we're off of it till they do. We have troubles enough selling the M. P. C.'s lemons."

The corrosive ate still further into the interior of Mr. Thayer as Julius Bimberger rose briskly with quite other business on his mind; and his eleven good men and true rose with him, all satisfied, for in the film industry nothing is predicated on logic and one man's guess is as good as another's. The little man with the beady eyes and the funny mustache crowded over toward the director, animated by his ruling instincts.

"How much you askin' for it, Mr. Thayer?"

"A hundred and fifty thousand," returned Thayer curtly. The corrosive was up to his neck now.

"It didn't cost you a hundred," judged the bulbous-nosed man with the red face and purple veins.

"No; eighty-five thousand; my own money"

Julius Bimberger was already close to the door, but on this startling statement he turned

"Your own money! And you've been four years in the business! And you made it without a release!"

"How else would I make this kind of a picture?" demanded Rawlins Thayer through his teeth, and his breath aspirated loudly, though his voice was low. "No producing concern would let me make it, no distributing concern would give me a release without picking the cast and rewriting the story and telling me what kind of sets I could use. The only way in which intelligent, dramatic and artistic pictures will ever be made is to have each one a one-man job, like the painting of a picture, the modeling of a statue, the composition of a symphony, the writing of a story. That is why I saved my money for four years and made the kind of picture I think should be made."

The jury stood numbly during this humorous speech; but Julius Bimberger was not a man to be numbed by anything. He was a man gifted in repartee, and he smiled with aggravating wideness as he jammed his fists in his pockets, and said, "Well, you made it, Mr. Thayer, and you can keep it to show your friends on Sunday nights."

That was Julius for you! Right there with the wise crack every time; and, roaring with merry laughter, the jury flocked out, leaving Mr. Thayer to collect his reels from the operator and depart.

Many a better man than Rawlins Thayer, and many a worse, has cursed out the motion-picture business, root, branch and gaudy blossom; but none has ever done it with more conscientious attention to detail than did he.

When he had it all out of his system, and not until then, an eager voice at his elbow startled him with: "Say, Mr. Thayer, your picture's swell! It's a shame you can't sell it."

"Who says I can't sell it?" demanded the burning-eyed director, turning fiercely; but he found standing beside him a gangling youth with tremendous sympathy in his dark brown eyes, and a most ingratiating grin; and there were few people who could resist Izzy Iskovitch. Thayer

"Where in My Book or in My Script Do You Find Warrant for Such an Interpretation? Even in Her Decadence, Lady Clare is Not Vulgar"

smiled, and now it was banteringly that he repeated, "Who says I can't sell it?"

"Well," considered Izzy with a thin little line of worry between his eyes, "I got my judgment against anybody that the audiences would like it fine if it'd ever get to 'em; an' if my judgment's no good, I can't ever be the big producer I'm gonna be." A serious statement that, and a big thing for Izzy to realize. He was suddenly avid to test his future success by a test of his judgment on Thayer's picture. "I wish you could get it released so I could find out; but I guess you got it flopped by all the high-class distributing companies or you wouldn't 'a' brought it to the M. P. C."

"I brought it here because I'm a blithering goof-headed jackass," laughed Thayer. "I've been three weeks trying to show The Coryphée to the Excelsior. They've made half a dozen appointments and put me off every time, so this morning when they told me to come back at two o'clock I lost my temper and swore I'd dump the picture to the first company that would look at it."

"Gettin' mad don't get you nothin' but a stummick-ache," protested Izzy, deeply pained. "If the word gets around that your film's bein' flopped by cheap-grade companies you hurt the value o' your property."

"I have to have action. I put all my money into this production, and forty thousand of my mother's. She mortgaged her house to give it to me." Thayer gulped, and the accumulated strain of the past weeks was apparent in the sensitive mouth and nostrils and deep-set eyes. "I had planned to sell this picture, make another with the money, and sell that before the loan comes due in the fall."

Izzy, quick of response to any emotional wave, hoisted from his pocket a remarkably gaudy big watch with enameled figures and gold filigree and a many-colored landscape in the dial, and looked up with a cheerful grin meant to convey hearty uplift.

"Well, it ain't two o'clock yet."

This eminently practical thought seemed to lift a weight from Rawlins Thayer, and he laughed again.

"You have the right idea, brother." He turned briskly toward the projection booth. "This work of art will be in the Excelsior office at two o'clock; but if they stall me again I'll screen it for every distributing company in New York, alphabetically, beginning with A and ending with Zeismann's secondhand film exchange."

"Hot dog!" grinned Izzy. "Say, Mr. Thayer, lemme go 'long an' carry the film. Looky! I don't want a cent. I got two weeks' vacation. I got nothin' to do but see the sights."

Thayer stared, and then he clapped Izzy Iskovitch on the shoulder

"Get the can!"

III

SOME class to the Excelsior! Vases as high as a man, and full of real flowers, in the reception rooms; and tapestried furniture; and no lithographs! It was like a parlor, and everybody spoke low and was polite as peaches and cream. And say, there wasn't any screens in the projection room! Just softly tinted walls, and mild, indirect lights like a pleasant twilight, and fine library chairs and little smoking stands. And no salesmen! Instead, just two educated fellows, who greeted Thayer as if he had come to do them a favor; and Izzy was thrilled to the core when he learned that they were Posmun and Johnson. Famous men, those two.

Hot dog! Johnson had touched a buzzer, and at the end of the room the wall began to open. Two panels slid back from each other noiselessly, uncovering a screen of white silk; and, with no darkening of the pleasant twilight, the picture was on.

"The Coryphée," mused Johnson. "Oh, yes, that's by Balinkoff!"

"Peach of a story!" said Posmun. "Have you brought it along, Mr. Thayer, or is it still in the book?"

"I'll leave you to judge."

Thayer smiled confidently and crossed his legs, soothing balm in the soul where the corrosive had been; while the boy in the corner watched, not the screen, but the two famous men who were next in rank to Joseph Silbernsmitt himself.

They liked The Coryphée. They liked it all the way through, and at the finish they said so with great enthusiasm, and without any apparent care for what the admission might cost them.

"It's rather a radical novelty," considered Johnson; "but I think we're edging toward these iconoclastic art treatments, and this is splendidly done. Suppose we ask Mr. Silbernsmitt to view it, eh, Posmun?"

"It's worth his time. I'd advise you to wait if you have no immediate engagements, Mr. Thayer."

"I'll stay until midnight if need be," rejoined the director with a carefree laugh; and as Mr. Johnson and Mr. Posmun went out Mr. Thayer and Mr. Iskovitch turned to each other with broad grins of elation.

Sold! The Coryphée was as good as sold, and to a distributing company which could make an independent producer's reputation in a week and his fortune in a year. The Excelsior distributed, on percentage, to its members, for whom it bought. The members included many of the big first-run exhibitors in the country, and they held in a vassalage of submembership an army of the little exhibitors. If Thayer's picture went over big he'd get the cost of his negative, eighty-five thousand dollars, on delivery, and could produce another picture before his profits began to roll in

An hour passed like minutes, as hours do when people are making money; and then, with a remarkably alert step, there came in the creator of this astute organization and the founder of all its politeness, Joseph Silbernsmitt himself. Two men followed him, a large one and a small one, and sat off to one side.

The big man was ox-eyed and thick-lipped and he had no neck, his face and head running straight down to his torso. The little man was pin-eyed and thin-lipped, and neither of them had any power of change of facial expression whatsoever.

"Mr. Johnson and Mr. Posmun haf toldt me that you haf a very fine fillum, Mr. Thayer," said Joseph with most warming cordiality, and seated himself in his favorite big chair by the little smoking table, passed Thayer a cigar and lit one for himself, then pressed the buzzer.

Izzy was thrilled to the core again, for Joseph Silbernsmitt liked The Coryphée. He followed it tensely all through, and he turned to Thayer beamingly when the run was finished, for it was his policy to be frank about the merits of a thing, and to fight about the price afterwards.

But before he said anything to Thayer he turned towards the two exhibitors who had followed him in, and asked, "Well, boys, what do you thingk off the fillum?"

The bulky exhibitor rumbled in his throat for a second before the words came up through the fat. "What's it all about?"

"That's what I say," piped up the wizened exhibitor. "What's it all about?"

The beam disappeared from the countenance of the head of the Excelsior, for the voices of his undertyrants were speaking. He moved uneasily. He had become aware that Izzy in the corner was bending on him the battery of a pair of eager dark brown eyes, and he shifted to escape their gaze.

"Well, Mr. Silbernsmitt, what do you think of it?"

"I've Stood All I'm Going to Stand!" He Told His Eminent Supervisor Between His Teeth. "I Quit!"

Johnson and Posmun had appeared in the doorway, apprised per boy that the run had finished; and the founder of the organization regarded them somberly.

"It iss not what I thingk off a fillum, Mr. Johnson; it iss what the trade thingks off it. These chentlemen do nodt seem to thingk it iss so good."

"What's it all about? That's what I say," rumbled the bulky exhibitor as Johnson and Posmun turned to the pair inquiringly. "What's it all about?"

And the wizened exhibitor snickered his entire acquiescence in this, the most mysteriously damning verdict ever heard in a projection room. What's it all about? There is an almost fatal finality in that stock sentence, and both Johnson and Posmun reacted to it as to a galvanic shock. They looked at each other, and the cheerful confidence with which they had returned to have their opinion of The Coryphée confirmed began to ooze away.

"Suppose you step into my office, Mr. Thayer. I'll see you there in a moment," suggested Johnson with suspicious kindliness, and five minutes later the fatality was announced.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Thayer. Mr. Silbernsmitt likes your picture. In fact, he was more enthusiastic than he has been about any feature in the past three months; but he doesn't believe it is a commercial possibility."

"On the verdict of those two ignorant men?" gasped Thayer. "You surely don't mean to tell me, Mr. Johnson, that his opinion was swayed by two exhibitors out of sixteen thousand!"

"Oh, no, he wasn't swayed by just these two; but he has proved that there are fifteen thousand five hundred exactly like them!"

Thayer's sensitive lips compressed as he realized the deadening truth. Men like this precious pair of exhibitors were the real power in motion pictures, the men who stood with the mighty club of ignorance between picture production and the public, who decided what their public should see, and were always two years behind the change of public taste because they persisted in playing only that type of pictures which had previously made money; persisted in playing them even after those pictures began to lose money—and there was no appeal from their verdict.

Thus began the forlorn dance of the poor little Coryphée. Izzy carried her about in her square tin box and Thayer put her through her paces, but all in vain she spread out her stiff little white tarlatan skirts and made her piteous appeal, for she was an orphan and a pariah. She was an illegitimate child, born into the motion-picture world without having been fathered by a release. Now a release is a contract for distribution and sale, and this contract is usually made before the picture is produced. Thereby the producer is certain to get his money back, and the distributor is in position to alter the proposed picture until it represents his ideas of what a money-getter should be, based on his ideas of what the exhibitor might buy. What could be sweeter? It stands to reason that a picture made in defiance of this august sanction is an insult to code and custom, and is futile, foolish, a *faux pas*, a fluke and a flop.

Thus The Coryphée was justly ostracized; and not any grace of her performance, nor art nor skill nor dramatic grip, nor any other virtue, could melt her stern spectators. Down the line she went, and the organizations of class and repute soon being exhausted Thayer found himself among the second-raters and then among the shysters; and there, grown desperate as he saw his chances fading, he made his last fatal error. He lowered his asking price for his production! In twenty-four hours the news was stale in New York's motion-picture guild that Rawlins Thayer was broke, and was peddling on a desperation basis a picture which had cost real money. It could probably be had for a song, and down they pounded him; but the more he consented to lower his price the more the timorous small fry hesitated to take a chance on his freak. At last, however, a manufacturer with sporting instincts offered him thirty-five thousand, if he'd accept ten thousand cash and five thousand-dollar notes at three, six, nine, twelve and fifteen months for the balance; whereon Izzy took an indignant hand and dragged the poor pariah and her creator back to Thayer's hotel.

"We gotta quit," he said. "Maybe there's a half a dozen more o' these little tinhorn junk dealers we ain't seen yet, but you're tryin' to sell somethin' there ain't any market for. The best time to peddle umbrellas is when it's rainin'. You gotta put The Coryphée on the shelf."

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WHY BOYS' BOOKS?

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ABOUT a dozen times a year some solicitous friend, who figures I am a helpless, footless individual in need of guidance, stands me up in a corner and demands to know why I waste time writing books for boys.

"It must take," say these friends, "as long a time to write a book for boys as it does one for adults; and you don't get anywhere near the money for them, do you?"

Well, that's that, point of view and all. All the world knows that no author writes for any other reason than the money he takes in over the counter, and that no other consideration could or should weigh with him; and when the world knows a thing, it's considerable of a heap of wasted time to argue with it. To these people I give the perfectly comprehensible answer that I write boys' books for investment purposes, as I would invest in good, sound, conservative bonds.

That expresses it exactly. Instead of investing a sum of money in securities, I invest a certain number of weeks of my time in a boys' book, with the same result. The return from a first-grade bond is not high; but it is continuous, and you may look forward to receiving it twice a year when you cut your coupons. The return from a boys' book is not enormous; but it does have the same qualities inherent in a bond, continuousness and safety of income. When I write a boys' book I am a conservative investor; when I write a novel I am a speculator. This is expressing the situation in the terms of the man who can understand no compensation for his labor that cannot be deposited in the savings bank.

Loyal Readers and Steady Buyers

I DIDN'T always know this. A dozen years of experience have taught it to me, and the start of the thing was more or less an accident. I did not commence to write boys' books deliberately, nor had I the slightest ambition to be a boys' author. As a matter of fact, in my then and since departed youth, I rather looked down on the juvenile writer as a penny-a-liner who did not quite belong in the great and glowing profession of literature that I meant to adorn with a succession of novels which would be of the three-volume, realistic, highly literary type so much appreciated by folks who read for exercise instead of playing golf, and who derive triple the benefit from a three-pound book that they do from a one-pound book.

As a matter of regrettable fact, I had just finished my first masterpiece in which I had speculated with some three years of my time—evenings and Sundays—and my soul was vastly edified when I regarded the bulk of it and perceived that no child could hope to lift the mass of manuscript. I give you my word, it was three hundred thousand words long. Well, at this time I was helping to edit The American Boy, a magazine for kids, and in my fevered search for serial stories I could not find one of a type I very much wanted. There were oodles of boarding-school stories and historical stories and Wild West stories, but not a one could I find about regular kids such as I used to know back in Portland, Michigan, when I was carrying on the profession of being a kid.

The sort of story I wanted must be about small-town kids, and it must be funny in spots, and the kids must have character, and they must look and act and talk and have adventures that any kid could have. Right off it will be seen that I was asking quite a consignment. What I wanted, of course, was another Huckleberry Finn, laid in a setting of today.

So, being young, I said to myself that if I couldn't find one made to order I would tailor one myself. I went at it with some interest in a novel job and did it as well as I could, but sort of sheepishly. The work wasn't worthy my great talents, but nevertheless I did it to the best of my ability. I invented a very fat boy who stuttered, and was, besides, an exceedingly practical and adroit person. I invented his parents—a father who was an inventor and did nothing but read Gibbon's Decline and Fall, and who named his son out of the book, Marcus Aurelius Fortunatus Tidd. I set out to make it as funny as I could within the decent limits of probability, and to write about kids as kids are.

Almost simultaneously I expressed to a publisher my nine-pound novel and my little sixty-thousand-word boys' book. On one I had spent three years of time, on the other three months. In due course the nine pounds came back by freight with a—or so it seems to me now—rather bewildered letter from the publishing house, showing that the writer had read my manuscript and had not wholly recovered from the strain. In another due course came a letter from the same publisher accepting my Mark Tidd for publication, and suggesting that I carry the characters through a series of books.

This was twelve or thirteen years ago. Twice a year since that date I have received from the publishers a royalty check for this book, and my statement for the six months just past tells me that the book sold a greater number of copies in the thirteenth year of its life than it did in its first. During these years the total has amounted to quite a respectable number. It has gone into several editions and is being reprinted again. More volumes of this boys' book have been sold than are sold of the average or better than the average novel.

Every year I have written another book for boys. These books have been printed serially in a magazine before book publication, and there is no uncertainty about marketing one as a magazine feature when I finish it, because I have established a market for my commodity with the boy consumer, and the magazine contracts with me for six books at a time, one to be delivered each year—which is something. As I say, the first of these books sold better this year than the year it appeared, and this is the average for the list. The thing is cumulative, it is compound interest. There are now ten of these books working for me, and I have no complaints as to their industry. To put the thing baldly and explicitly for the money mind, my boys' books have turned in at the box office something very like to fifty thousand dollars. Pick ten novels from the average list, novels for adults, and see how many of them earn for their authors five thousand dollars.

An adult novel lives usually a season. It sells for a few months, then other novels come along to displace it. Sales dwindle to nothing, and it is a very rare adult work of fiction that pays appreciable royalties to its author after a dozen years. A juvenile never dies. It lives on and on and on and on. Your boy is a loyal institution; he sticks by his own; he boosts it; he talks about it; he recommends it; and when he passes out of boyhood he hands down his preference as to books to a younger generation. With your adult a book is an ephemeral thing; it means a few hours' pleasure; to your boy a book is an institution, and in boydom becomes a tradition. If a boy likes a book he cannot read it too many times. He reads and rereads. He forces his book on his friends. When he grows to be a man he remembers how he enjoyed it in his youth and looks forward to the day when he can give it to his sons. Books are very real people to boys, who do not always clearly perceive that a book is fiction, and hold a sneaking idea that the characters are real and living some place—and that some day they may possibly be met. I know this, because heaps of boys have written me about Mark Tidd and about Catty Atkins, asking about them as they would ask about the health and fortunes of a cousin.

The Censorship of the Librarian

AS I HAVE said, boys are loyal to their books, and they are loyal to the characters in their books. It is not enough for a boy to read one volume about a character he likes. He wants more. He would keep on reading about that character endlessly if the author could supply the books. This, from a business point of view, is a great asset. My own books have been written in series—six books about the fat boy, Mark Tidd; six books about Catty Atkins. Each new book published reawakens interest in all the others that have gone before. Boys reading the third book of a series want to read the first and second. So, in many, many cases, what you are doing is selling to a boy not one book but six. I have known of boys' books running into series of ten, twelve, even more, and each succeeding book has behind it the prestige and the impetus of the ones that preceded it. Looked at purely as a sales makeshift, this is something hard to beat in the game of merchandising.

Then there is the matter of libraries. There are few libraries today that have not a distinctly juvenile department, and a boys' book that establishes itself is a necessity in such a spot. Boys know what they want to read very distinctly, and come demanding it. The library sale alone of juveniles is a very pleasant volume of business. And remember that the boy continues to read his books for years and years. He is still going to the library for Henty and for Castlemon and for Edward S. Ellis, who were popular with boys forty years ago. And bear in mind that the boy is a hard and athletic reader. He reads with hands and feet and sometimes with teeth. It is surprising how few boys it takes to read a book up—to abolish it. This violent reading and this continuing desire for the same books create resales. A library will order again and again and again—providing your book passes the censorship of the librarian. And thereby dangles many a tale of grief.

Myself, I am neither black nor white in the estimation of the purists who sit in judgment, but I fear I am rather tinted with gray. Where my good friend Heyliger is welcome in every library, and rightly so, where Barbour and Altsheler and James Willard Schultz, whose Indian stories are literature and deserving of a place among our classics, have the entrée to all library doors, I am not so fortunate—Mark Twain and I; and, strangely enough, for the same reason, namely, that all our boy characters have not, by the age of twelve or fourteen, equipped themselves with a knowledge of the grammar of our language which would be the envy of a Harvard professor of rhetoric. Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer did not always speak the grammar of the books. They talked as human beings talked

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MAPLE

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"I Miss It Right Now," Bartner Went On, "and I Haven't Seen It for a Year or Worse. I Tell You, When I Came Home and Found It Gone There Was Something Else Went With It"

AFTER the annual spring auction sales of furniture valuable, at intervals, for its antiquity a general tranquillity settled over affairs dominated by the piercing of a chair splat or the cornice of a primitive open dresser. It was, more directly, June; and Francis Jammes submerged the details of his main preoccupation for a placid fishing in a wide stream that flowed like smooth dark glass between banks green with ferns and blue with violets. It was beyond the city, in a park; and every morning—they were all hot and sunny and fragrant—at the same minute past nine Jammes would appear by the water with two small pasteboard boxes, one holding bait and the other a lunch, and from a disused boathouse produce a long bamboo pole. The line, hooks and sinker, however, he carried with him; and, rigged for carp, he'd sit on the thick sod of the bank, in the shade of a magnolia tree, and fish until noon.

After his lunch, with the pole leaned against the tree, he would sleep. The stream moved by with scarcely a sound, hardly a ripple, no more than brushed by the circling water bugs, while the pattern of the leaves and sunlight shifted over the ground and water. Invariably he waked with a start at four o'clock and fished again until past six, when he'd untie the line and return his dipping pole to its hiding place. He almost never caught a carp, perhaps one in a month. Other fishermen, up and down the stream, caught them far more often; one man had been known to land two, or even three, in a day. Yet a fish seldom swallowed Jammes' hook. Little darting silver shiners regularly removed the bait; but the sharp jerk, the heavy, lethargic pull of carp, was a sensation he rarely experienced.

But the infrequency with which Francis Jammes caught fish had nothing to do with his fishing. He enjoyed the excitement of the mild battle, when it came; but a far different magic held him by the stream—it was unutterably peaceful and green. Beyond the water an abrupt wooded hill met the sky, shutting out all the late calamities to the world; and the traditional act of fishing, so little changed by mere centuries of time, soothed him with the sense of its continuity with the past.

He fished and thought exhaustively about the details of old furniture. As he replaced the stolen bait Jammes would consider the finials of a mantel clock or the number of spindles in the back of a Windsor chair—he knew of one in York with eleven spindles—or the impropriety of pier tables with marble tops. He thought and subconsciously watched the line slipping beneath the stream, consumed his bread and cheese and slept; but never, if it could be helped, talked. This desirable silence, however, was not difficult to maintain, for the other fishermen, like him, were no longer young, and were absorbed in their own speculations, bitter or amazed or resigned. They had their own lives to look back upon, and they sat largely oblivious to the general present ruin and a verdant peace where the hours flowed by with the murmuring placidity of the stream.

Any newcomer they regarded with a voiceless and momentary annoyance, and then returned to their immemorial occupation. It took more than a season to become a recognized member of that company; and therefore, when a fisherman who was both comparatively young and an entire stranger appeared with a rod case and a tin box beside Francis Jammes, he was met with no more than a brief, disparaging look. However, after an offensively cheerful greeting, he began what Jammes came quickly to think was an interminable monologue. There was a vigor of life, of crude humanity, in him that nothing could dam. It was exactly as though a second and verbal stream had swept into being about Jammes' ears.

His irritation increased until it seemed that he must protest—move away from this one superlative part of the bank he wouldn't—and then it subsided. His mind automatically returned to what usually occupied it. He heard statements, facts, as though they came disembodied from a great distance—the man beside him had, unexpectedly, a whole weekday in which to do nothing; his employer's brother had died and the carpet factory was closed. He had thought of this and that to do, but had finally dismissed them all for a day's fishing. What were the chances of his catching a carp? There was, naturally, no answer. He guessed he'd get something, but it didn't much matter; it was only the whole long sunny day in the woods that did. Woods? Jammes wondered. Where were the woods? There was a strip, a mere fringe, of trees above the stream; but that was all.

He had told his wife that he wouldn't go to moving pictures or a theater or to see her relatives; he wouldn't take the children anywhere; the truth was, he'd do nothing but fish. He had bought his outfit, too, everything in it, only this morning. It had cost him five dollars and ninety cents, but about that he would say nothing at home. He talked and smoked a pipe—cursing a new tobacco for burning his tongue—and fished with the greatest awkwardness imaginable. Most of the time his hook was bare, picked clean by the shiners; and when he did get an authentic bite the energy with which he struck back would have dragged an iron safe from the bed of the stream.

After that he opened and inspected his lunch. A strong odor of coffee permeated the air, and he made the heated announcement that his wife too much favored cake. Undeterred by the total lack of response to all that he had said, he demanded Francis Jammes' opinion of a lunch box almost completely stuffed with cake. It was twelve o'clock, and Jammes propped his pole against the tree.

"Yellow cake everywhere," the complaint went on; "it's mixed right up with the hard-boiled eggs."

Jammes produced from his pasteboard box a wholly dried and partly battered piece of bread. This suddenly stopped the questioning—for the moment.

Then, "Do you do anything but fish?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied at last, the satirical intent of his speech carefully hidden. "I buy Dutch and transitional Americana."

"I got it," the other instantly replied. "I can guess you—you're an old-furniture dealer."

This identification did nothing to dull Jammes' resentment. "Not quite," he asserted; "I indicated my limits of interest."

"I missed that—only the general drift came to me, see? I knew it without knowing it. And every time I think of old furniture I get mad again."

"Why?" Francis Jammes asked dryly.

"My name's Bartner," he was promptly told; "perhaps you've heard it—it's known all over lower Delaware. Anyhow, I came up from there, from a farm. It was all broke up and sold, but I kept a family bed—kind of a sentiment. I paid for it in storage till I was married, and then soon as we had a house I set it up. But my wife didn't like it, see? She said it filled up the whole ceiling, and once when I was in Cincinnati she got crazy in the head and sold it on me."

"Well, what was it like?"

"High posts, over eight feet, and so thin you'd hardly think they'd stand up. But they were strong for all that. It was made of wavy maple, but it was so old it had got dark."

"Or else it was stained."

"Stained, hell!" Bartner indignantly exclaimed. "There wasn't even shellac to it!"

"It was queer about that bed," Bartner went on; "a lot of things. I don't know how long it had been around; but

there was a story my grandmother brought it up from Accomac when she was married. We were all pretty well used to it. I kind of remember it from a baby, like there were trees around me. My father died in it. You'd never guessed he was dead—just turned over with a sigh. But it wasn't that so much. . . . Damn those little fish" He stopped to rebait his hook. "Do you know, having that bed in the city was like bringing a part of the farm along. It stuck to it."

That, Jammes thought, was an interesting idea. The ceaseless talk no longer annoyed him, since, so strangely, it had taken the direction of his special application. He understood a great deal that Bartner missed in his own experience, particularly where it was concerned with the atmosphere that clung about old furnishings. There was nothing queer about Bartner's feeling the influences of his younger years in the high-posted maple bed. Jammes himself was frequently conscious of emotions held in the drawers of old highboys, of faint aromas rising from the tapering elegance of eighteenth-century card tables. There was furniture that definitely created the air of looped and brocaded skirts; day beds instinct with a delicate grace of high-breasted Directory gowns, sprigged muslin, the gilded Empire bees; while the haircloth sofas, the ponderous late mahogany, that Jammes detested, kept, like a breath of camphor, the stiff sweep of crinoline.

It was this, in reality, that gave his pursuit of apparently insensate woods an aspect of vital contacts. Some furniture lived for Francis Jammes; it was saturated with a warm personality. There were important, commanding, individuals in it as there were among men. And this, as he had found in Bartner, was not limited to himself. No, there was no queerness in such a response to a maple bed.

"I miss it right now," Bartner went on, "and I haven't seen it for a year or worse. I tell you, when I came home and found it gone there was something else went with it. Do you know that damn bed reminded me who I was; I mean, what I was. You soon lose that, working in a factory in a city! I could look at those posts and get a good opinion of myself. It came from a place we owned and where things would grow, where there was earth. I don't know what's under me now—it might be carpet or iron plates. Say, I can tell you what's wrong ——"

"Well?" Jammes broke his long silence.

"The people have been pulled up by the roots. They ain't growing any more. And once a root gets pulled up right you can't plant it again. It'll die."

That certainly was an ingenious idea; and again it was in keeping with what, generally, Jammes held to be true.

"Not that I'd go back to any farm," Bartner hastened to add; "not now. They've been spoiled with the rest and they're too easy to get away from. You couldn't get my wife onto one, not with a strap. She'd rather smell the rain on the asphalt than the sweetest rose you'd pick. She wants life—and so do I."

Francis Jammes was intent on the curly-maple bed. He was curious about its shape and said so. It seemed that if you could drag a vase out five or six feet you'd have some notion of how it looked. The feet were round, of course—turned. Round, nothing! They were square, below the bed part, and were wider right at the end.

It was Hepplewhite who invented that—the spade foot; but Jammes had never seen a Hepplewhite bed in maple. Certainly it was made here and not in England. Almost none of the walnut was English either. The memory of a walnut sideboard with the thinnest of square legs and a plain rectangular inlaying of lighter walnut recurred to him. He had thought that there was no English Hepplewhite in that wood, but he recalled a hunting table—high enough to be eaten from without spoiling the swing of powdered white hunt breeches. Nothing was exact in life or in furniture.

"We had it"—Bartner picked up his main narrative—"in a bedroom next to the kitchen. And that was funny, too, where we lived. People generally had their bedrooms upstairs. But this was so a person could tend the kitchen stove early, before they really got up. That was early, too—in the dark in summer. There was a baby that died of croup, a girl, and it came after me—oh, ten years!—and I remember her no bigger than a chestnut hardly under the quilt.

"There was a pear tree outside the window, and in May the blossoms would fall through on the floor. It near to filled the window, and it wasn't no good, neither, except for the wasps; but mamma wouldn't have it cut down—on account of the sweet smell. The grass would be thick with rotting pears and wasps. Beyond that was the stream—say, it was full of watercress—and the peppermint patch; and then the south orchard. But none of the apples got a chance to rot. Back of the orchard it was high, and bare rock came through, and that's where we played, with the orchard below us like a Turkey rug. When it's hot where I live now the fireman turns the corner hydrant on the children."

"And you wouldn't go back?"

"I couldn't. I guess it's me that's spoiled, with my roots in the air. The barn was on the other side of the house, and most of the time I was young there was a bull in the barnyard I was dead scared of. He was white except where he wasn't, and he'd rather kill you than not. When I had to go through the barnyard I went the long way. Yes, sir, that was quite a bull. He ought to have had a job in the moving pictures. And chickens, and sweet butter, and garden truck. Fresh-killed beef and slaughtering pigs in

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Francis Jammes Bid a Hundred Dollars for a Curly-Maple Headboard Without its Bed

NO SALE

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

Pete Smiled—All But Laughed. He Knew That He Shouldn't Have Smiled, But He Simply Had to Assure Bill Gorman That All Was Well

THE light of Sunday morning, drifting across Central Park, was turning gray the windows of Bill Gorman's two rooms and kitchenette in the Eldorado. At this time, Pete Pennefether, guest of Bill Gorman, bought one card and slipped it among the four heart cards he held. He gripped the five cards in his big and steady hands and commenced to separate minutely their joined edges and to peer between.

After each such cautious and cajoling glance he shuffled the five cards and peered anew.

Between the fourth and the fifth peering he rose and walked around his chair. Carefully he averted his eyes from his diminished stack of chips. They could be told at a glance, and Pete knew that if he counted them he would infallibly lose them.

He was due to fill this flush. He was overdue. During the seven hours since Bill Gorman had welcomed his guests and set out gin and ginger ale, Pete had drawn ten times to short heart flushes and had filled none. And this time it was a—it was a—a-ha, it was the ace of hearts!

Pete leaned back, his big and handsome face red with gin and ginger ale, his thick white hair tousled. Bill Gorman, sitting across the table, looked with veiled anxiety into Pete's bright brown eyes. Pete smiled—all but laughed. He knew that he shouldn't have smiled, but he simply had to assure Bill Gorman that all was well—good old Bill, whose heart was as much in the right place as was Peter's newly acquired one. Bill's narrow face was haggard. He had been winning steadily through the night, but he was a frail little, pale little fellow, and no such durable big-barreled block of a man as was Pete. But Bill was a poker player—oh, from away back! He used to say that he had seen poker played when he was a child. When he hit a winning streak he was merciless, driving after the last chip.

Bill was perfectly right to play so; a fellow must learn to play like that; that's the game.

"A dollar," said Bill.

Three other men stayed.

"Going up," said Pete.

"Again," said Bill tonelessly.

The three other men dropped.

"Come again," said Pete.

"Once more," said Bill.

Old Bill seemed stronger than Pete had reckoned on. Bill had drawn three and Pete had figured him for three of a kind. But Pete was not swayed by doubt as yet. When Pete got a good hand he bet it a certain length out of sheer exuberance of feeling. Sometimes this instinctive confidence served him very well, particularly against a newcomer.

"Up again!" rumbled Pete.

"Once more," whispered Bill.

Pete's big hand felt around on the table, and then he looked. His stack was gone.

"Can you spare those now, Kammerer?" he asked.

Kammerer had reached swiftly across the table an hour back and had helped himself to Pete's chips with a polite muttering. Pete had just won a pot and had told Kammerer to go as far as he liked.

"Aw, Pete, I haven't even got my own back!" whined Kammerer.

Kammerer's unwillingness to make good his borrowing daunted Pete. Kammerer was also a poker player, though not from quite so far back as Bill. Evidently Kammerer did not believe that Pete was going to win this pot. Kammerer was a man who should know. Pete slumped down into his chair and frowned at his cards. Did Bill know what he held? Some people said that Bill could look right through the backs of the cards and read a fellow's hand. Kammerer had said once, when stung by a loss, that Bill could read a fellow's hand without looking deeper than the backs. But that was all nonsense. Nasty tongue, George Kammerer had.

"Want another stack, Pete?" asked Bill Gorman.

"No-o," said Pete slowly. He reached into the pot and drew a chip toward him. "I'll call."

He commenced to lay down his cards.

"Full," said Bill, almost instantly; and he swept the pot with lean hand toward his neatly ordered stacks.

Pete grinned, leaned back and yawned deeply.

"Church time," said Bill.

"Suits me," said Pete. "I've got church money!"

He rolled to his feet, strolled to the sideboard and helped himself to a cigar. He clapped the nearest of the company on the back, waved to the rest and strolled through the doorway.

Bill Gorman called after him, "See you next Saturday night, Pete?"

"Yes, you will!" growled Pete ironically.

The lazy-moving, full-bodied fellow sauntered out into the public hall and to the elevator shaft.

"A man who will sit into an all-night poker game is a fool," muttered Pete. "If he wins he loses. He loses his sleep and ruins his health and isn't worth a damn the next day. Besides, I can't afford to lose. I need the money. And here I've gone and lost a week's salary and drunk up a lot of bum gin! I'm through with this! I'm done! Never again!"

He spoke with hearty conviction. He was sincere. He had said the same things to himself many times before, waiting for the elevator outside Bill Gorman's door in the gray light of dawn, and always with sincerity. The advice of the most abstemious person, the most ascetic, would not have been worth a hoot to Pete Pennefether; he knew it all already. He was wise, but wisdom is a vain thing as against the counseling of habit, as against the voices of the blood. Solomon, son of David and Bathsheba, wrote his wise saws, no doubt, for the sake of an intellectual pleasure. He knew that they were as ineffectual to influence conduct as were the propositions of the Egyptian geometricians. He knew that his readers would do as they liked; he said as much:

"When . . . knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul; . . . discretion shall preserve thee . . . from the way of the evil man . . . who rejoice to do evil, and delight in the frowardness of the wicked."

So now Pete Pennefether, having satisfied the clamor in his blood, could hear the voice of his reason. He did homage to it, now as always on Sunday mornings, while watching the bright cage rise in the dark elevator shaft.

He lurched into the car and stood beside the gayly uniformed and morose-eyed negro. He passed through the fine hall of the Eldorado and out into Central Park West, which was filled with dawn light as with smoke. He strolled around the corner and to Columbus Avenue, sucking on his cigar with relish. Pete's stomach had the digestive power of a chemist's retort. A few deep breaths dispelled the fuzziness from his head.

He searched his pockets, and found thirty cents. He entered an all-night delicatessen and bought two sandwiches compounded of rye bread, corned beef, coldslaw and mayonnaise. At the corner of One Hundred and Sixth Street he bought two Sunday newspapers. So munitioned for mind and body to stand a twenty-four-hour siege, he lounged across town again to Broadway and to his furnished room on an air shaft of a corner apartment house.

He tiptoed into the flat, putting his big feet down with that thistledown tread which is said to characterize that deft and cautious beast, the elephant. He did not wish to arouse his landlady prematurely to the soul-searching experiences of Sunday morning. He would have entered just as considerately if he had not owed a week's room rent. Still, there was that too.

He opened the window, pulled down the shade, hung his garments on the gas jet, entered his pajamas and climbed into bed. He petted the pillow into accommodating humor, uttered a single loud snort and fell into sleep as abruptly as though he fell into it from a roof.

On the pine chiffonier were toilet articles of solid silver and tortoise shell and boar's bristles. There were seven brushes. Among these was a sickle-shaped brush, intended to curve lovingly about a beaver hat and to soothe the uneasiness of the nervous and elegant hairs of its nap. Pete had no beaver hat. There was a mustache brush, and Pete was clean-shaven. There was a silver urn for pomade; Pete would as soon have put coal tar on his head. There

was a long narrow brush, as long as the back of the comb, and as narrow, and Pete didn't know what it was good for at all. He liked to see the things there, but his two military brushes and his twenty-nine-cent whisk broom served all his purposes. The utensils, and the walrus-hide container with ornate monogram, had belonged to his father, dead twenty-eight years.

His father's photograph, in a frame of chased silver, was on the chiffonier. It could have been a likeness of Pete himself. It had been taken when his father was fifty, and Pete was fifty now. It was the picture of a big-bodied, full-blooded, easy-going fellow. The features were generous, the eyes big and widely opened and smiling with love of life, the lips slightly pouting, the nose domineering but sensitive.

Had Pete put on such a tight suit and such an ear-high collar and such an Ascot tie, and had he clapped such a weeping mustache on his upper lip and such a comically low-crowned derby on his head, he would have been brother to his own father.

Pete cherished these mementos; they linked him with great days. Pete was a clerk in Hopper's real-estate office on West Seventy-second Street, a responsible and trusted clerk, but a clerk, bound down. His father had been a free spirit, living with sound and flash and fury. The best there was had been none too good for the elder Pennefether; nor, while he lived, for Pete. In common with four brothers, his father had been born to a share in a million-dollar estate. He had taken charge of the family affairs with quiet authority, had made investments with Napoleonic nerve, had bankrupted the family and had been kicked with fatal result by the finest saddle horse that ever trod a bridle path in Central Park. The state of his financial affairs was revealed by his death. Pete was not at all downcast by the discovery that he was a pauper; he found a faint satisfaction in it, a slight alleviation. It seemed to him altogether fitting and proper that his father's death should be an unmitigated calamity; he could have taken no joy in the money. He had loved his father, and was jealous of his sorrow

The four uncles had been less single-minded. Their references to Pete's father were sometimes unkind. They wondered what in the name of hail Columbia he could have done with all that money! They looked sourly on Pete. They died in due course and left Pete next to nothing. They were bachelors, and they left him all they had.

"Damn the money!" said Pete, riding in hired hacks to their funerals. "They left no children, so nobody's the loser now through poor dad."

He took a shy joy in hearing sporting men talk of his father. Their eyes glistened fondly. There had been a man! A square shooter, straight as a string! Of late years he had heard less frequently from the sporting men. The line of salty fellows who had known his father in the great days were kicked by their horses and bitten by bookmakers and run out of town by the police until they were all but gone.

Very few of them looked him up now and let him loan them a couple of dollars for the sake of old times. The glory of the debonair gentleman who smiled now from the chiffonier at the sleeping Pete had receded into history. His song was sung, his tale was told; the last echo of him, it would seem, had shuddered down into silence.

The window on the air shaft was darkening again when Pete awoke. He blinked, snorted, rolled from bed and drank a fair quart from the water pitcher. His head was clear; he felt only a luxurious languor. Pete was cursed with a strong constitution; he was always the brightest of the party on the morning after. There is no moral mentor like an aching head. It can't be put off by penitence and a promise to be foolish no more. It reiterates its complaint endlessly. It takes no excuses. It pounds away, deaf to all pleas. To exorcise it by the blue bottle is only to cast it out by the prince of headaches. It is very likely that Pete would have amused himself more rationally if his head had been less hard. He would have sat at home on Saturday nights and read a good book and been in all ways a better man for it, and would have admired himself and wondered at the others.

But his head did not ache, nor did he look with mournful and penitent eye upon the two lumpy sandwiches in their greasy paper. He took hold of them in turn and ate them with big bites, rolling them on his tongue, savoring them, swallowing them with gratitude. He filled a blackened pipe with cigar clippings and sat in his broken-springed armchair by the window and read the Sunday newspapers. He read them through from beginning to end, starting with the real-estate section and finding adventure and romance in the clipped records of sales and mortgages, and not slighting the magazine supplements with their accounts of prehistoric beasts and split-second chorus ladies of Broadway. He did not go out again, even after he had finished reading the newspapers by gaslight. He had no money, and he was lost without money.

He left the apartment house at half past eight the following morning and strolled down Broadway to Seventy-second Street and to Hopper's real-estate office, where he was the assistant manager of the renting department. Pete's gait was always leisurely, his manner unhurried. A sight of him, a glance from his eye, the sound of his full and rolling voice, were as good as a sedative to worried and nervous people. Pete never worried—almost never.

He went to the cashier's window. Ketch, the manager of the renting department, looked through his open door and guessed Pete's errand at the window outside. Pete caught the glance.

"Hello, Joe," he rumbled, smiling as though he and Ketch had an excellent joke in common. "How's your heart? Make it twenty-five, Fred," he said to the cashier in a lower voice, but still cheerily. He stuffed the advance into his trousers pocket and strolled to his desk. He sat down at once to write a letter:

MISS ELIZABETH PENNEFETHER,
STONE BRIDGE, N. J.

Dear Molly: Well, Molly, how is every little thing? I am sending you a bottle of Sirup of Pine for your cold. I bought it off a fellow on a wagon at Ninety-sixth Street who was preaching against patent medicines and saying nothing is any use for lungs but the good air of the pine woods.

Everything is aces with me. Old Man Hopper is thinking very seriously about giving me a raise, and then there will be more money all around. Meanwhile I'm inclosing fifteen dollars as per usual. I am saving money, Molly. Not a cent of this came out of my last week's salary. The bank got every cent of it.

Your loving brother,
PETE.

"The bank certainly got it," he chuckled, sealing the letter. "Bill Gorman was the bank. And before Molly gets this letter Hopper will be thinking about giving me a raise—mighty seriously too. Shouldn't wonder if the thought threw him into convulsions."

He sorted his mail, picking out the duns and putting them aside for serious consideration on the following Saturday noon. And then he lay back in his chair for a moment and looked in through an open door at Mr. Hopper

The Old Man looked serious enough already. Pete had never seen him look so forbidding. He looked fit to chew nails. He looked that way to Pete. Very likely he was a comforting and cheering spectacle to the other employees

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He Turned the Pieces and Tore Them Again. Ellerbeck Leaped Up With an Inarticulate Scream, But Pete Thrust Him Aside

ONE FATHOM OF ROPE

By Captain Dingle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

WHERE the Hugli rolls past Howrah it has lost all pretense. No longer does it deserve the title of Sacred that is bestowed upon its turbid waters up country. Calcutta, City of Dreadful Night, looks upon the mighty stream from Hugli Bridge to Kidderpur Docks rather as a yellow-fanged embodiment of foul mystery, its untold surface wealth but a gaudy cloak for the evil nastinesses it conceals in its bosom. Below the docks, down to the Sunderbunds and the sea, much of the evil that rolls past Howrah unseen is spewed up on mud bank and sand bar, perhaps to be seen and identified, more likely to be neatly disposed of by carrion-eating things. But all in all, there is a powerful suggestion of the inevitability of fate, of the futility of human loves and hates, of the grimness of life's jest.

Not that any such suggestion affected the men of the teeming ships in the river. In tiers of two, three, sometimes four abreast they lay, the white-winged vagrants of the sea, the sailing ships. Romance filled their yawning holds. Jute for Dundee; cotton for Liverpool; tea for London; rice for Vancouver; oil, opium, indigo, hides for the markets of the world—all carried with them to saturation Indian sun, Indian glamour, Indian mystery. But sailors from the ships knew little and cared less about romance and mystery, for all their sea-beaten faces, their sea-twisted bodies and limbs, their sea-patient eyes. There was more of allure in Bombay Jack's big whisky pegs, and in the black eyes of the bazaars, than in foolish brooding over the silent river or in wondering what story might be told supposing a bale of jute or a bag of indigo could speak.

Old Bob Stafford was different. His back was bent, his limbs were gnarled, his face was deeply seamed, and his eyes as sea-patient as any man's; he could relish Bombay Jack's generous whisky pegs, too; but the river had a message for him, for Bob was old in the Calcutta trade. He knew. He was a deeply thoughtful reader besides. He was that rare creature known to deep-water sailormen as a queer fellow. Men were not hasty in chumming up to him. Sometimes a youngster made up to him, and more often than not, when that happened, a full measure of respect, even awe, entered into the friendship on the youngster's side.

The Jubilant Voice of the Bacon Was Heard at the Ladder. "Cap'n Wants to Know If You Can't Find That Old Killer," He Said

Bob was spinning spun yarn on a hot afternoon. A second-voyage apprentice turned the wheel of the spinning jenny for him. There was no air in the brazen sky. The mighty city that seemed to squeeze the river reeked and simmered in the glare of midafternoon. The river slid past greasily. The full-rigged ship Sutlej, laden and ready for sea, lay the outermost of a tier of three vessels, and her crew pottered about desultorily in the heat. Nothing of importance remained to be done. The ship was sailing on the next morning tide. Sails were bent, gear rove, hatches in place, and towline coiled down ready. The skipper was ashore, relaxing, the mate relaxed in his cabin, and sailors, being much like mice, will play. One by one the men dropped from sight, some to steal a few whiffs of smoke, some of the more daring sneaking ashore to gulp down a hasty and bowel-scalding drink of raw liquor in the nearest native groggery.

Bob Stafford spun his yarn, walking backwards, facing the spinning wheel, making his yarns level and true, his bronzed old face puckered with the intensity of his interest in the work. And the lad turning the wheel gazed at him with rapt attention. He had seen much spun yarn made in the Sutlej, but none that could equal in excellence the spinning of old Bob Stafford. Everything Bob did was done shipshape and Bristol fashion, which is to say, as well as it was possible for a first-class able seaman to do it.

"Didn't you ever go up for your ticket, Bob?" young Betts asked the old chap when they came together in hitching another end of yarn to the whirl. The apprentice knew of the old chap's bent for books. A studious seaman, of such sterling quality as Bob Stafford, surely need never have remained in a sailing ship's forecastle.

"Tickets ain't for the likes o' me, my son," said Bob gruffly. "I see enough o' them that has got tickets. Don't let that worry you, though, laddie. You got the right stuff in you. I know it. Turn, now, watch your job, and leave tickets for them that wants 'em. Not so fast, boy, not so fast!"

The lad was young enough to glow at the old seaman's curt word of praise, and his pleasure quickened the wheel. He slowed down at the reproof, and Bob backed slowly along the deck. Two of the shore-sneaking crew came tumbling aboard over the other ships, ducking for cover, grinning stupidly. From the forward house the boatswain emerged, dressed gayly in much creased blue serge, with a crumpled linen collar about his bull neck and a ready-made tie athwart the front of it like a cock-billed foreyard. He grinned sheepishly as Bob glanced his way, walking quickly to the ladder leading over the rail, and standing there with a fine air of nonchalance, whistling through his teeth as he cut up a pipeful of tobacco.

"What th' 'ell you snickerin' at?" he suddenly growled at Betts.

"I was only pleased to see you looking so smart, boson," grinned the boy.

Boatswain Clegg swore evilly, and made to get down; then from the cabin stepped the second mate, dressed for the shore, and Clegg hastily clambered over the inner ships, followed by Second Mate Parks. They joined company on the wharf, and went off up town like two close friends.

"Mr. Parks isn't particular who he goes ashore with," remarked Betts with a grimace when Bob came up to the wheel again.

"Son, the world is full o' busted snoots, got o' stickin' 'em into other people's business," returned Bob.

When he started down the deck again, he whistled through his teeth, and from time to time his keen old eyes flashed shoreward.

Fifteen minutes after the second mate and boatswain had gone, Mr. Loring, the first mate, appeared in his shirt sleeves, looking sleepy and hot, glancing out over the river, scanning the blazing vault of the breathless sky.

"You can start balling up, Stafford," he said. "No need for you to keep Betts working when the other boys have the afternoon off."

"I like this, sir," said the lad.

The mate stared at him, and laughed pleasantly. That was an original remark, coming from an apprentice. But Betts always had seemed different.

"Carry on and ball up the yarn then, my son. Better off here than stewing in your own grease in the half deck like the others. Phe-ew! It's hot. Wish we were clear of the river."

"Same here, sir," grunted Bob, unhitching his yarn. "The river and the sky looks like it was cookin' something up just to show poor Jack Mucks what wuthless little louses they was."

Mr. Loring's mouth opened and hung open for a moment while he looked hard into the old seaman's dark face. There was no sign of sunstroke there, nor of liquor. Betts bent over his yarn ball to hide the grin that crinkled his own face.

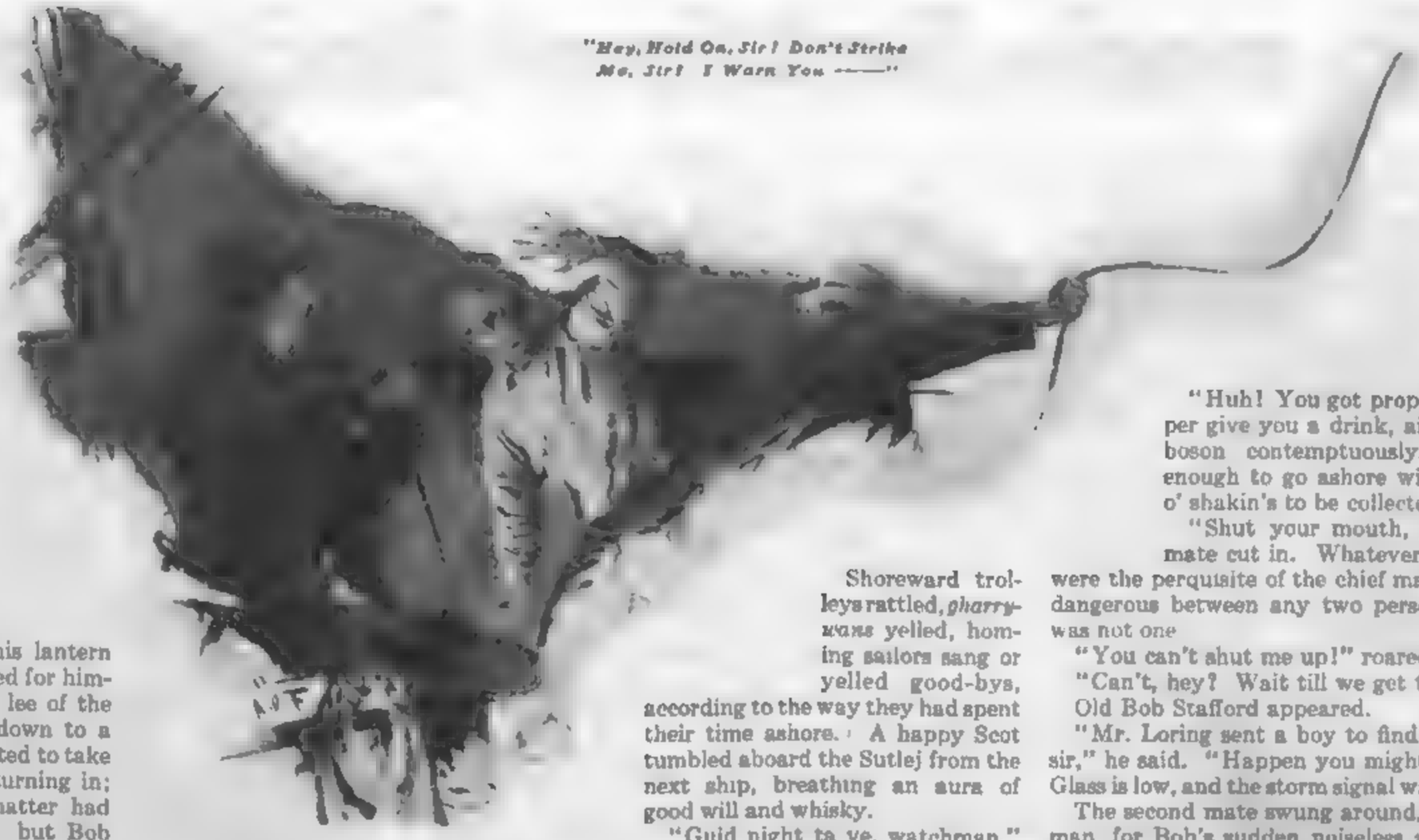
"You're quite an oracle," the mate said. "Ever try preaching?"

"Not exactly, sir," grumbled Bob, and went off forward in doubt whether the mate was making fun of him or not.

Just before darkness set in, the storm signal fluttered out from the staff on the stately Port Office Building. Small craft began to sweep upstream, huddling into eddies; a big P. & O. steamer hurriedly cast off from the wharf and sped seaward, hoping to get into open water before the bad breeze struck down.

A mail liner may not postpone her sailing for any such trifle as a typhoon.

Some sailing ships hauled off to midstream moorings; skippers came hurrying down from curtailed pleasures, anxious about their ships. The mate of the Sutlej paced the poop uneasily. He was all but alone. The crew had



"Hey, Hold On, Sir! Don't Strike Me, Sir! I Warn You ——"

sneaked ashore as soon as they had eaten their supper; the skipper did not appear; the second mate was ashore, and old Bob Stafford, teaching young Betts the mysteries of rope work, making a Turk's-head on a bucket becket, was the only man in sight.

"You'll have to stand anchor watch again, Stafford," the mate said when darkness fell. "Betts, put on a coat and see if you can find the Old Man uptown. Try the Captain's Room at the club. Just ask him if he knows the storm signal's up."

Bob Stafford hung his lantern at the gangway, arranged for himself a snug seat in the lee of the bulwarks, and settled down to a night of it. He had wanted to take a stroll ashore before turning in; his stock of reading matter had need of replenishment; but Bob was first of all a real seaman, and duty ranked before pleasure. Mr. Loring lingered for half an hour, keenly watching the barometer, and hoping the inshore ships of his tier would not decide to move immediately.

When the glass had remained at 29.90 inches for half an hour without change, he cast a last survey around the murky river and went below, leaving word that Bob was to call him if anything looked like happening.

The watchman read the last poem in a volume of sea verse, and read it over again. Then his only solace was a book purporting to be the adventures of a wicked sailorman who was converted at a revival and forsook the deck for the platform.

"We got plenty o' that sort aboard o' we," he growled, putting the book in his shirt and ranging the deck restlessly. "'Cept they'd ruther try the bar nor the platform."

Shoreward trolleys rattled, *gharry-wans* yelled, homing sailors sang or yelled good-bys, according to the way they had spent their time ashore. A happy Scot tumbled aboard the Sutlej from the next ship, breathing an aura of good will and whisky.

"Guid night ta ye, watchman," he uttered dignifiedly, getting the better of a hiccup and a stumble in one. "Here's a bit paper f'r ye ta read th' night. 'Twill help ye ta suffer yer lonely watch wi' godly patience."

Bob sat down under his lantern contentedly. He adjusted his heavy-framed old-age glasses. He peered closely, held the paper closer to the light, and closer to his eyes, then crumpled it and hove it into the darkling river.

"'Beware, for th' Kingdom of Heaven is at hand,'" quoted Bob, remembering that much of the first page his eyes had fastened on. "Scotty's got the right slant o' that stuff, anyway. He takes the blessed tract wi' its gloom an' glory, then gets his courage and good cheer down at Honest Jack's bar."

Wondering whether Scotty might not have a wee small drop in the bottle, Bob started forward to see; he was halted by the sound of a terrific wordy battle coming nearer across the intervening ships.

He recognized the voices of the second mate and the boson, both raised in evident anger.

"Mind your place, boson!" the second mate yelled as they reached the Sutlej's gangway together. "I'm telling you to mind who you're speaking to!"

"Huh! You got proper shirty since the skipper give you a drink, ain't you?" retorted the boson contemptuously. "Boson was good enough to go ashore wi', when there was a bit o' shakin's to be collected fer ——"

"Shut your mouth, you fool!" the second mate cut in. Whatever their quarrel, shakings were the perquisite of the chief mate, and the subject was dangerous between any two persons of whom the mate was not one

"You can't shut me up!" roared the boson.

"Can't, hey? Wait till we get to sea!"

Old Bob Stafford appeared.

"Mr. Loring sent a boy to find the captain hours ago, sir," he said. "Happen you might know where he is, sir? Glass is low, and the storm signal was flyin' at sunset, sir."

The second mate swung around, cursing the old watchman, for Bob's sudden noiseless appearance had shaken him.

"What in hell do I care about storm signals? What d'you mean by skulking in hiding and jumping out at a man like that? I have a damn good mind to haul off and ——"

"Go on, mister, don't you stand for it!" grinned the boson drunkenly. He took out a flask and twisted out the cork with his teeth.

"I wasn't skulking, sir; I been here all the while," Bob said hotly. The second mate stumbled slightly, and Bob steadied him with a hand on his shoulder. Drunk or sober, civil or not, Mr. Parks was his officer. "Here you are, sir; I'll show y' a light to yer berth."

Bob took down the lantern from the bulwarks, and the boson behind him laughed. Something swished through the stagnant air, and Bob felt a burning pain shoot

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The River Tide Rose Like a Wall, Sweeping All Before Its Fury, and Daylight Came Upon a Picture of Ghastly Terror

Yo-Ho, and a Bottle of Sarsaparilla

By

CARL CLAUSEN

I HAD been told by my family doctor in Los Angeles that a long sea voyage and an absence from work and worry of any kind for at least six months were absolutely necessary. He mentioned the Orient, Honolulu and New Zealand. His advice was interspersed with alluring word pictures of balmy isles and a world viewed from a canvas deck chair.

"You forget that I am a writer, doctor," I said. "Did you ever hear of one of my breed who had made enough money to do the things you suggest?"

"Borrow it then, or steal it; only get away or they'll be putting you away," he replied.

I digested this piece of news for a week. At the end of that time I wandered down to the port of San Pedro and looked around. For several days I sat in the little park on the bluffs overlooking the harbor and watched the big liners come and go. One day two fussy little champing tugboats towed a large five-masted barkentine into the harbor. Her crew, swarming up the fore rigging, were making the sails fast. I watched them with interest. I had been a windjammer sailor myself once.

I wondered if—well, why not? Anyway, it was worth a try. Half an hour later I walked down her gangplank. The crew was busy coiling up the ropes and putting rat guards on the hawsers. I looked around. There was nothing of the old-time clipper smartness about her. She carried no teakwood deck house. The crew's quarters were under the foc'sle head, one compartment with six bunks on the port side and a smaller one with two bunks on the starboard. The mess room was a small triangular space off the chain-locker runway, with a seating capacity of four persons. Directly abaft of this was the cook's galley. Her poop deck was high, reminiscent of the Spanish galleon or the modern oil tanker—more of the latter.

Aboard the Barkentine Forest King

I WAS amazed when I was told that she was less than two years old. I had guessed at twenty. Inboards, she was painted white. That is to say, her original color had been white. They do not believe in wasting paint in the Pacific Coast lumber trade. Below decks she was roomy. Nearly two million feet of lumber could be stowed away there.

I was told that she needed an able seaman. It was with some hesitation and fluttering of heart that I showed my eighteen-year-old discharges to her skipper.

"What have you been doing since 1905?" he asked, glancing at the date of my last discharge.

"Everything," I replied, "selling life insurance, real estate and iceless refrigerators. For the last eight years I've been writing stories," I added blushingly.

"Sea stories?" he inquired, with the faintest suggestion of irony.

"Even that," I admitted.

"H'm," he said, folding up the discharges. "What's the idea? Going after material for stories?"

"Something like that," I replied.

I wanted the job desperately. I didn't dare to tell him what my doctor had said. Besides, I didn't believe it myself.

"Think you can hold up your end?" the skipper asked.

I replied modestly that I thought I could.

"The wages is sixty-five a month and found," he went on, "with no special privileges because of your past—er—occupation," he added with a snap of his jaws.

"I'm not asking any," I informed him with some spirit. "I merely told you because I wanted to be fair. I don't want you to buy a pig in a poke. If you feel like I need a cussing out there'll be no restrictions. I might even be able to assist you. Exotic profanity is my specialty—in print."

"Thanks, but I don't think it will be necessary," he said dryly. "I have a fair vocabulary. Can you have your duds aboard by noon tomorrow?"

I told him that I could.

"All right, come with me to the shipping office."

Having grown to maturity on the sea, it was not difficult to take up the threads of my new life. I soon found out that they had never been entirely broken. As I arranged my donkey's breakfast and my blankets in the bunk assigned to me, I remembered with what pride I used to contend that I had never earned a dollar on dry land, and hoped devoutly that I never should be forced to. I was barely twenty-one then, with seven years of sea life to my credit. The seven years between fourteen and twenty-one is almost a lifetime. I am thirty-nine now. I had no nerves then. I haven't any now. At least, my doctor says that they are completely shattered. So I am starting even.

My fears over whether I was going to be able to hold up my end were soon put to rest. The Pacific Coast windjammer sailor of today is not the craftsman of twenty years ago. If he knows how to splice a four-strand Manila rope, make fast a sail and box the compass he is considered efficient. His working equipment is a single marlinespike and a sheath knife. I reflected upon the contents of the tool chest I used to carry in the old days, consisting of half a dozen sizes of marlinespikes and hickory fids, three sizes of serving mallets, as many sailmaker's paws, with a box of assorted needles, awls, beeswax, and so on.

They do not splice wires or patch sails aboard the coasters nowadays. Broken cables and torn sails are sent ashore to be mended.

One of my earliest and most thrilling recollections as a cabin boy was that of sitting astraddle the main royal yard helping the sailmaker put a patch on the clewed-up royal. We were running with a light tropic breeze on the starboard quarter. The sky and sea rivaled each other in blueness. The ship was the Endymion, a twelve-hundred-ton Russian full-rigger, one of the handsomest little three-masted full-riggers that ever came out of the Baltic.

You have seen sailing ships come in and out of port. You have watched them make and shorten sail. You've seen them tacking away from a lee shore, and running free. But not until you have viewed one from a royal yard will you appreciate the true beauty of a windjammer under full sail. Through the network of standing rigging and running gear and over the curve of the swelling sails the deck looks like a long, narrow plank, pointed at one end and rounded at the other. You wonder at the mind that conceived a two-hundred-foot ship with a scant forty feet of beam and a spread of canvas and spars many times larger than her hull, to stay upright.

I wondered what this ship, the Forest King, would look like from aloft. She is a five-masted barkentine, which means that she is square rigged on the foremast and fore-and-aft rigged in the other four tops, all of which carry topmasts, but no topsails. She carries double topgallant yards on the foremast. I learn that her tops are designated as follows: Fore, main, mizzen, jigger and spanker. There are many other things I must learn. Almost everything is couched in different terms than of old. But I must look and listen. It won't do to show my ignorance by asking questions. I'm an A. B.

The sails are stretched by steam, a hugh donkey engine belching smoke abaft the mainmast, so only the foretop is visited by the crew. The tug is towing us around the end of the San Pedro breakwater. I, with another, am sent aloft to shake out the lower topsail. I shin up the ratlines, hang for one puffing moment, clinging to the monkey stays. Next I am loosening the gaskets of the starboard yardarm. The freed sail begins to flap and pound against the footropes. I feel a thrill percolating up and down my sedentary spine as the ship rises and falls to the incoming swells. No, it isn't fear; it's pleasure, exhilaration. In one moment I have bridged the twenty-year span. I am a sailor. I have always been a sailor. My stories were written in a dream. Indeed, I am not sure that I ever wrote one. I am perfectly at home here between sea and sky.

The watches have been divided. I am on the mate's, the port watch. I like our young first mate. He is not more than twenty-eight or nine, a ruddy-faced young giant of viking ancestry.

Port Watch Turned Out

AS THE starboard watch is taking the last two hours of the dog watch—it is now six P. M., four bells, and almost dark—we of the port watch are straightening up our duds in the foc'sle. I am not so much at home now. Human contact has come between myself and the elements. I take occasion to size up my three watchmates. One is an elderly man, bottle scarred—by the contents of the bottle, I mean—and a motionless placidity of face that is in strange contrast with his restless black eyes. His name is Bill. The other two are quite young. Ted has been a man-o'-war's man, leaving the service for the better pay of the merchant marine. He is a lusty young cigarette-inhaling villain of the hard-boiled type. Pete, the other, is slow and morose; says little, but scowls much. From his few contemptuous remarks about windjammers I gather that he has been an oil-tanker hand for several years. I decide that I'll be able to hold up my end very well.

Climbing into my bunk, I stretch my limbs and relax to the gentle movements of the ship. She is running steady by the wind on the port tack. The tugboat pulled us out to sea far enough so that we'll clear Point Dume at a ten-mile offing. The wind will then be on our forward quarter and we'll be running free. My bunk is very comfortable. But a plank would be, after wrestling with sails and running rigging for four hours. I am bodily exhausted for the first time in years, and glad that tomorrow is Sunday—also for the first time in years. I doze for a few minutes.

Then a lusty voice roars through the foc'sle door, "Eight bells!"

I scramble out of my bunk and don my rubber boots and new suit of oilskins. I've been asleep for an hour and a half and feel that I need about forty-eight more.

"Starboard braces!" the mate's voice booms from the poop

We scramble out into the cavernous gloom of the deck and find the weather pinrail, where the starboard watch is standing by the braces in the dark, waiting for us. To leeward we hear the dull thud of coiled rope striking wood as the mate throws the brace ends off the belaying pins to the deck.

Then his sharp command, "Haul away!" followed after a brief pull by "Well, the fore! Belay! Top'sle next!"

Topgallants and royal braces are given a pull too.

"Well, and belay! Relieve the wheel! Starboard watch, turn in! Port watch, coil up!"

Bill, of our watch, shambles aft to relieve the man at the wheel. It's my turn next, at two bells—nine o'clock.

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GEORGE — By Frederick Orin Bartlett

NAN HARRIS had her pretty way with life until she was twenty-four, and then life began to have its way with her. She was not in the slightest aware of this change, because never had she felt herself more securely intrenched than at this point. Her two older sisters, Elizabeth and Helen, had been married five years now, and through frequent visits to their homes she had gained something of a perspective—a dangerous, double-edged weapon that, say what you will, does not properly belong in the armory of a young woman. Neither Elizabeth's husband, Sam Burroughs, nor Helen's husband, Arthur Hill, deserved any severe criticism. If they did not appear to anyone quite the world conquerors they did when they marched down the aisle with their brides on their arms, they had jogged along at a fairly even pace. If Burroughs was not yet a supreme-court justice, as when fresh out of Columbia it seemed possible to Elizabeth he might well be within this period, he had at least worked up a fair law practice, bought a modest home and helped to install there two lusty children. Though Hill had not wholly fulfilled his early promise of immediately making a million dollars by some superbrilliant coup, he had at least developed into a fairly good bond salesman and established his wife in a pleasant apartment in the Bronx. With this lot these same wives, if not so gushing as they used to be, seemed on the whole satisfied. That, to Nan, was the tragedy. Their shining wedding gifts had tarnished and they did not realize it at all.

In the meanwhile her own life remained brilliant. She was living at home with her father and mother, where she was needed. This comfortable house in a comfortable community at Chester, an hour's run from New York, was a nice place to be. It was half country and half town; an electric-lighted and steam-heated bit of Nature, aloof from but convenient to the distractions of the city. What with her social activities, her music, her minor household tasks, her golf, she found her days satisfactorily filled. Therefore she had not the slightest intention in the world of falling in love with anyone, least of all with George Broughton.

Kitty Marden introduced him quite casually one afternoon at the country club—a big lumbering sort of chap who produced the general effect of untidiness. She felt like straightening him out on the spot, twisting his cravat into place, brushing his hair and bidding him sit up straight. The trouble seemed to be that there was too much of him; too much bristling hair, too much head, too much nose and mouth, too much neck and far too much body, although he did not appear overweight. With her as partner, he made up the foursome that Kitty was anxious to play with her husband, Jimmy. The latter, a neat and precise man, was at this time taking golf very seriously. He was strong both for form and the etiquette of the game and found a certain supercilious amusement in the way Broughton made his strokes. The disparity between the size of the man and the size of the ball made Marden smile to start with, and on top of this Broughton always swung as though instead of playing from hole to hole he was playing from county to county. When he hit the ball fair it went out of sight straight ahead; when he did not it went out of sight somewhere else. The direction seemed to be more or less a matter of indifference to him as long as it went a long way.

But he had one bad habit which disturbed Marden; he insisted upon talking to the ball while addressing it. That was not golf; it was more like craps.

"Oh, you ball, you are certainly going to take a long ride this time! Listen to me, honey, 'cause this time you're bound to learn what those big clouds are made of."

"Only the green isn't up there, George," Jimmy commented dryly.

"No? Well, just you keep your eye on this one and you'll learn where the green is. Now, honey, sit tight until you feel the club head, and then ——"

He reminded Nan of an ancient Norseman swinging a war club. But his calm satisfaction at the end of the stroke, whatever the result, was that of a schoolboy, and he was equally good-natured about her own poor strokes.

"That was a beauty," he invariably assured her. "Jimmy'll break before long, and then—woof! We'll go!"

They came home with a score so high that Broughton refused to add in the last two holes, but she felt at that she had enjoyed a very agreeable afternoon. The picture of George Broughton remained rather persistently in her mind into the evening.

She ran across Kitty a few days later and questioned her.

"He's a good sort," said Kitty. "A Tech man, I believe, and in business with his father. They build factories and things. Did you like him?"

"Yes," answered Nan quite deliberately. "I think I did."

"He gets on Jimmy's nerves, but that's good for Jimmy," declared Kitty.

"Perhaps in time he'd get on most anyone's nerves," smiled Nan.

"Every man does—in time."

"Except Jimmy?"

"Not excepting Jimmy. There are moments when I could cheerfully choke him. But that's a secret, my dear."

Nan met Broughton at the country club pretty regularly from week to week after this, which was natural enough, for it was a small and chummy sort of club. He was one of half a dozen men who always showed her thoughtful attention. Perhaps he did so with less formality than the others, and this was pleasant. She was moving away from twenty rather than toward it, and sometimes she felt the distinction was made a little too openly between her and the insistent flock of débutantes continuously fluttering up from school. There were certain differences of which she felt proud, and others—well, Broughton seemed able to recognize just what she meant.

At what point Kitty and Jimmy dropped out of the Saturday foursome and left it a twosome Nan never knew. It just came about. Each hung around a score of one hundred and twenty, and perhaps it was this that kept them together. Every now and then—perhaps once in two weeks—Broughton drove to within a hundred yards of the green on the long hole and got all puffed up with pride.

"I sure did lean on the ball that time, eh, Nan?"

When he first began to call her Nan she never knew, either, but it seemed a natural enough development.

"Right within speaking distance of the little cup in two wallops. That's real golf. If I keep that up I ought to have a score below ninety."

If he kept it up—yes. But a hundred yards from the green is a hundred yards from the green. On his approach he went over and it took him three to get back—then two putts. This was disappointing, but he did not allow it to take away anything from the glory of the first shot.

In the fall Broughton persuaded her to enter with him the club tournament for the mixed-twosome honors. They were, of course, given a generous handicap, but even so it was a proposition to which ordinarily she would not have listened. She submitted just to please him. From that point on he began to talk to himself and not to the ball.

"Steady, man! Don't try to knock the pill into kingdom come. Just take things easy and keep the ball straight."

To Nan's surprise, and somewhat to her consternation, they actually began to win games. In the course of time their progress brought them against Kitty and Jimmy Marden once more. The latter always declared he was talked out of the contest, but Broughton went around in an even hundred, and steadied Nan to the low score for her of one hundred and three. With their handicap, they won easily. They were put out in the next round, but it took the club champions to do it.

The following week Broughton proposed to her. Nothing in particular seemed to lead up to it. They were sitting quite by themselves on the club piazza over a cup of tea when he leaned forward and made the ridiculous statement, "Nan, you're by all odds the finest woman in the world."

"It's—it's nice of you to think so," she gasped.

"I know it's so—way into the marrow of my bones. I've been loving you a long time."

"You mustn't talk like that," she said in a panic.

"I want more of you—a thousand times more of you. I want you to marry me."

She shook her head quickly.

"I don't want to marry anyone."

"You don't love me—even a little?"

She almost smiled. How could anyone love George Broughton, if at all, a little?

"Why can't you let things be—just as they are?" she asked plaintively.

"Because they are as they are, Nan," he answered.

"That isn't my fault."

"Nor mine. You see, there's something more in this."

"That isn't sensible."

He considered a moment.

"No," he admitted. "It doesn't sound sensible. Yet here I am, wanting you more than I ever wanted anything in my life, and you don't want me at all."

"I didn't say—not at all," she hurried to explain. "Only not so much as you want me to want you."

"It would be asking too much to ask you to want me that much."

"Then ——"

"But I can't stay where I am—any more than a half-finished building," he declared. "It's like stopping before the roof is on. Nan, dear, there are great things ahead for you and me, if you will."

She was afraid of his voice, afraid of his eyes. They were actually making this situation appear plausible.

"If—if you'd only wait a little," she trembled.

"It's as though I'd been waiting all my life up to now," he insisted. "And, Nan, dear, the firm has just taken a big contract down in Texas. They want me to boss the job, which means being away a long while.

(Continued on Page 74)

Broughton Read the Passage Twice. "What in Thunder is the Driving at?" He Questioned

A Storm at the Crossroads

By TRISTRAM TUPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

SHE was seventeen, then twenty. And during those three years there was a curious formula that she said aloud, over and over, innumerable times, almost every day. It was this: "Left, right; left, right; don't step on your partner's toes."

Toi was giving dancing lessons to young children.

Possibly it never occurred to her that this formula might make a good rule of life by which everyone could live happily: "Don't step on your partner's toes." No, this never crossed her mind, for she was very young—seventeen to twenty

Nevertheless, it must have become ingrained.

At night during those three years there was another formula that this girl, Toi—her name was Antoinette—used to say over and over. But this was to herself, alone in her room, after she had rinsed out a number of flimsy silk under things and hung them on a string from the washstand to the bureau. This formula was much shorter: "He's going to come home."

The reference was to a man named Merwin. Keat Merwin was in a British hospital. . . .

"It's Like the Nursery Rime!" Cried Toi. "Something About the Old Woman Who Lived Under a Hill"

These two, Toi and Keat, had lived for a time on the same city block. That was when Toi's father was an eminent divine, but after his death Toi and her mother moved away and the mother became a seamstress. Stitch, stitch, stitch for a number of years in this city of shadows, where neither the God of her father nor his parishioners seemed greatly interested in what had happened to them. It is impossible to say just when the mother died. I haven't any idea.

Keat's father was not quite so eminent. He left an estate consisting of a medical library and very little else, which ended Merwin's academic career in its incipiency. Merwin found something to do on a newspaper. More important: He also found Toi.

She told him frankly she could make a good living in the studios and in the life class of the Art League. Possibly this was true, for she was young and, no doubt, lovely to paint. But she did not want always to be an artists' model, and though Merwin said nothing, she could read him clearly. And that settled it; because—well, they were going to be married some day.

Before the arrival of that day a shadow intervened. After being a reporter for hardly more than an appreciable time Merwin marched away to martial music—in his nineteenth year.

"Left, left ——" fainter and fainter. "Left, left ——" while all the Avenue was gay with bunting and flags.

Then, for Toi: "Left, right; left, right; don't step on your partner's toes."

For some reason it seemed quite terrible to dance and give lessons in dancing when Keat was away at war. It was not so easy or so beautiful as you might imagine. But she had read Merwin clearly, so during those years she danced at least the distance to the moon and back, this girl alone in the city of shadows.

Her room was in West Eleventh Street, and at night to her half-closed eyes, after the gas had been turned out, a ghostly thing was visible. It was always there, almost directly over her bed—a strangely formed spot of light on the ceiling, a grotesque halo.

The street lamp far below her window was responsible. Nevertheless it was eerie, and particularly so because of the flimsy things floating between the washstand and bureau in the semidarkness.

Toi had never quite forgiven God for the things He had done to her mother. She did not even believe in Him. But she believed in that halo. She used to talk to it, saying, "Keat is going to come home."

And the halo never once denied this, despite the fact that the assertion was absurd. For, of course, there wasn't any home to come to.

This was patent to Toi, even as young as she was; but it did not worry her in the least. She merely continued to dance to the moon and back as a remedy. They were going to have a home some day.

One night in discussing the matter with the halo she coined a startlingly new formula: "He's going to come home and"—she sat up in her bed, lips parted, gazing at the ceiling—"and—he's going to have his chance."

Perhaps, as ambitions go, Keat's was not as magnificent as many another. But to Toi, now that she had thought of it, it seemed very fine.

She sat there in her bed remembering back as far as she could, and that was when they had lived on the same block and her father was an eminent divine and Keat's a good physician. He had told her solemnly he was going to be a great writer of books. Everyone would hear from him some day.

Yes, she could remember his exact words, so impressive they had been: "Toi, I've decided to be a well-known novelist." But he was going through college first; he would wait that long.

He hadn't gone through college, but—well, he had entered a harder school: a newspaper office, then the war.

And Toi continued to tell these things to the halo.

But before that year was out a sinister notion took hold of her. Perhaps there was some excuse for this. She was still rather young. And, also, on that day news had reached her; something about Keat. He had been terribly wounded. Others had been wounded, but this was Keat—Keat had been wounded.

"Left, right; left, right; don't step ——"

She put her handkerchief to her lips and left the dancing class. And even the children understood. Miss Toi's soldier had been wounded.

In her room that night the notion took hold of her. Gazing through the darkness at the spot of light above the limp things floating as usual between the washstand and bureau, it came to her that if her halo ever disappeared, then she would know that Keat wasn't coming home. And she determined what she would do.

Through those days, those months that stretched out into years she continued to dance and give dancing lessons, and it wasn't as easy as you might imagine But every night when she turned out the gas, sure enough, there was the halo as bright as ever. Perhaps a lowly unknown god, a lamplighter, was responsible; but nevertheless the halo was always there. And Keat did come home.

He came limping home two years after the bunting and flags had entirely disappeared from the Avenue. He was leaning heavily on a cane and, further, his right shoulder was in bandages when he descended the sloping gangplank.

They said only two words:

"Toi!

"Keat!"

And people smiled as they passed around them. These two. No one else in all the world. Merwin was gaunt. And no wonder! But to her his face was like the profile on a Roman coin; and to him she was a painting by Romney.

Toi had a theory. She propounded it to Merwin when they stood together for a moment on the broad stone steps of City Hall after they had passed through the simple routine in the basement of that fine old colonial building They had just been married, these two, and Merwin was looking across the square at the gilded dome beneath which, back in the dim antebellum days, he had worked as a reporter.

"Keat, I know what you are thinking," said Toi, "but you can't run around the city covering assignments."

This was true. Merwin frowned at his heavy cane. "But they'll give me something over there." He could do something.

"Yes," agreed the girl, "they would be very good to you. Then in a week or a month they will say, 'Mr. Merwin, run uptown and interview So-and-So,' or, 'Merwin, there's a fire at the corner of Fifth Avenue and such-and-such a street.' In the end you'd be lame for life. The war"—this was her theory—"Keat, the war has made it necessary for a great many people to start all over again. It has done that if nothing else; it has given them a chance to do the thing they have always longed to do."

This, no doubt, was a happy way of looking back at the war, and also of looking forward into the future.

"We have only ourselves to consider," said Toi. "Let's decide what we really want to do—and do it."

"That's an idea." And Merwin grinned at the girl. "Toi, you're right—there isn't anyone who gives a tinker's dam what we do."

"But they're going to give a tinker's dam," declared Toi positively.

What had he done during those long months and months at the hospital? she asked. And he told her he had done nothing. And this made the girl laugh happily enough—for she could see through him so clearly. He had read every book he could lay his hands on. Yes, of course. Nothing else to do.

"And you scribbled a little—just as much as possible with that arm of yours?"

"Well—perhaps."

"Keat ——"

"Toi?"

"You still want to become a well-known novelist. I know it," she laughed. "Don't you?"

He replied solemnly, "Yes."

Now everyone has written at least one novel, or can easily do so within the next twelve months. The recipe is simple: Go to some crossroads and faithfully record what happens there. At the crossroads people must turn one way or the other. They have a choice. They can go up hill or down dale. And there you will find both romance and realism. Indeed, it is possible that Toi and Keat, despite their city surroundings, understood that they themselves were standing alone at the crossroads. But they didn't stand there long.

They walked slowly through the square, talking so earnestly that people who passed them would have given considerably more than a tinker's dam to know what it was all about. Merwin waved his cane at a passing taxi.

On lower Broadway there's an interesting office where you can purchase anything you want—that is, of course, if your wants are pastoral in their nature: Farms, plantations, ranches. An interesting office in a tall building. And perhaps the man in charge had a certain kindliness, more possibly a sense of humor, for he sold them the place at Buttonmakers Corners.

But he dealt with them fairly—charging eight years' back taxes plus this and plus that.

When he mentioned the purchase price Merwin frowned. "You're sure there's a house goes with it?"

Yes, he was sure.

"It can't be anything," laughed Toi.

"But you can make it something," suggested the man.

And he must have sighed when they left—they were so young and so inordinately happy.

The following day Merwin surprised Toi by purchasing the other necessity. Their place was a hundred miles away and twelve miles from the nearest town and two miles from the nearest store. The man had told them this. Perhaps it was farther. A motor therefore was a necessity, and this one was beautiful as well. All its ancient brass trimmings glinted in the afternoon sunlight. It looked like a chariot, and Keat a charioteer.

Toi named the car at once: "Ben Hur."

"You needn't laugh," Merwin shouted above the roar. "It's old, but it's got a powerful engine."

"I'm not laughing," laughed Toi. "I love it."

And why not? This car had lovable qualities. It was quivering all over. A powerful engine indeed! And Keat knew about these things. Perhaps he had been a newspaper reporter, but nevertheless he knew all about engines. In the March of that year Ben Hur carried them with dispatch safely to Buttonmakers Corners.

There is nothing at the Corners—empty intersecting roads, a tumbledown rock fence, telephone wires that moan in the March winds, and hills that roll away to the south and east, on and on to a far horizon.

"But where's the house?" Poor Toi!

"I don't believe there is any." Poor Keat! He was terribly lame after the long drive.

They had alighted and were surveying their country estate. More exactly, they were making a thorough search for the house.

"Anyway, there are lots of wonderful trees."

"Lots of them," agreed Merwin.

"And, Keat, it belongs to us."

"Down to the center of the earth, Toi, and up to the farthest star."

Yes, it belonged to them. Beyond the tumble-down wall, once there had been a garden. The grapevines by their weight had caused the arbor to collapse, the orchard had been pruned only by keen wintry winds. And here was a foundation where, it was evident, a rambling farmhouse had stood.

This made Toi very sad. "It must have burned down, and all the outhouses with it."

But she was not as sad as one might imagine, for, as she pointed out to Merwin, of course they would never have owned this wonderful place if there had been anything here.

They came upon the foundation of the barn. And look! There was something—a long, low shed. The girl ran toward it, and Merwin, grinning broadly, hobbled along as fast as he could. A home for Ben Hur!

When they rounded the shed they stopped suddenly in their tracks and shouted at each other:

"Keat!"

"Toi!"

Across the brook, on the wrong side, surrounded by elms and flanked by willows, stood their castle—a thin little three-story house.

"It's like the nursery rime!" cried Toi. "Something about the old woman who lived under a hill, and if she hasn't gone she lives there still. Keat, how do you suppose it got over there?"

They had reached the brook. A skeleton was all that was left of a wagon bridge. A foot log had taken its place. They stood there, entranced.

"Adorable!"

"He was right when he said we could make something of it," agreed Merwin.

"Keat, it must have jumped the brook the day of the fire."

"I wouldn't be surprised." It looked slender enough to jump anything; also a little frightened.

"Curtains will take away that frightened look," laughed Toi.

Yes, this was their castle—three stories in front, two in the back, where it sank into a heavily wooded hill. The brook ran almost into the front door.

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They Clung to Each Other for a Moment, These Two, Leaning Against the Storm

YOUNGSTER YEAR

By HAROLD DURST HAIL

Church Service at Sea

"WOW! Snap to it in here!" A tall sunburned young man dressed in faded and well worn, but not too well washed khaki, kicked open the door as he shouted these words. The two occupants of the room sprang to attention at his appearance. They were dressed in the same fashion as their unceremonious visitor except that their clothes showed much less wear and much more recent laundering. Also, they whipped their white hats from their heads while the first-mentioned gentleman continued to wear his battered top piece well down over his left eye in approved sailor fashion.

He dropped the canvas sea bag that he carried and addressed the nearer of the two.

"Bust out your shaving gear, towels, bar of soap, clean suit of skivvies, pair of socks, and a fresh handkerchief, mister!"

The frightened plebe leaped to his locker and brought forth the required articles.

"And you, mister, put one of your fresh cap covers on that seagoing lid of mine while I take a bath!" ordered the intruder.

He looked as though he needed a bath and a shave and a hair cut and a lot more personal attention. For Marmaduke Pendleton Satterlee 3d, Midshipman, Third Class, U. S. Navy, had just come ashore from his summer practice cruise with the midshipmen's practice squadron.

"Ah-h-h!" he sighed in ecstatic anticipation as he turned on the shower and heard the cheering hiss of rushing water. For days, weeks, months, Marmaduke had dreamed of that shower bath. There were no fresh-water showers on the ship, and salt water, which will not lather soap, is a most unsatisfactory cleanser.

He had just been disembarked from his ship and had dashed with his baggage to his old room in Bancroft Hall. It had been his domicile, as well as that of his roommate, Venus Kent, during his plebe year. That was before he had risen to the heights of youngsterdom and become a deep-sea—he pronounced it "dipsey"—salt, with tar on his trousers and a roll to his walk.

Rough Life

NOW he found the room tenanted by two new plebes, and his own future quarters still uncertain. But what mattered quarters! Was it not the first of September, the end of the cruise and the beginning of September leave, the month's vacation given annually to the three upper classes?

He lost no time in preparing for his departure, assisted by the two fourth classmen, who became his willing aides when they understood the situation.

A plebe himself but a short time before, he was all the more pompous and commanding in his authority over these new subordinates. One of them, the brighter-appearing of the two, was a model of respectful eagerness while he busied himself with carrying out the dictates of his awe-inspiring guest. As Marmaduke peeled the paint-smeared and tar-stained seagoin' clothes from his rangy frame he enlightened this plebe on the hardships of life on the briny deep.

"You don't know what it is to go to sea, mister!" he declared. "You have to scrub your own clothes, and scrub decks, and scrub all the paintwork, and then every week or so scrub your hammick and sea bag." A hammock at sea is a hammick. "And you don't get but half a bucket of fresh water a day for shaving, shampooing and bathing. Beans for breakfast, and sleeping in a hammick. Ever sleep in a hammick, mister?"

"Yes, sir," modestly answered the plebe.

"How long?"

"For two years and a half, sir, I was an enlisted man in the Navy before I got into the academy!"

"The hell you say!" ejaculated Marmaduke, losing some of his lofty air. This plebe had had just exactly ten times as much sea service as he had. But then his composure returned. After all, he was a youngster and the other was only a plebe. That was what counted in Bancroft Hall.

Taking Snapshots During the Summer Practice Cruise

Three months of living with three hundred of his fellows in the close confines of a battleship's gun deck, with but a canvas bag to contain his personal wardrobe had stripped Marmaduke of the veneer of modesty that civilization had hung upon the young savage. So he strode like a Solomon Islander, garbed only in his dignity, across the room and into the shower. He was as lean as a rail and as hard as nails. Well-knit muscles rolled across his flat straight back as he chinned himself on the lintel of the shower door before jumping with an Indian whoop beneath the water.

"Got a chisel, mister?" he called out a moment later. "I may have to chisel this high-water mark off my neck!"

Two hours later he stood on the top step of Bancroft Hall and complacently surveyed a world that was all his. Two bulging suitcases rested beside him. He was dressed in a beautifully pressed blue uniform that set off his slim straight figure most admirably. On each sleeve was a diagonal stripe of gold braid, a hash mark, the badge of youngsterdom! Only with greatest difficulty could he resist an impulse to stand at all times with arms akimbo so that he might continually see and admire the insignia of his rank.

Truly, the first promotion is always the greatest!

On the Top of the World

IN HIS pocket was a leave card granting him untrammeled freedom until October first. In his heart was a vast contentment.

A negro boy dashed up to him.

"Cahy yo' bags, suh?"

With a lordly wave of his hand Marmaduke indicated the heavy suitcases and strode majestically out towards the gate, followed by the laboring negro and his luggage.

What cared he if this personal service was to cost him a whole dollar—he who the day before had been scrubbing his own clothes and hoarding a pint of fresh water as though it were the elixir of life! For now he was going home, home in all his glory, to spread his magnificence around the courthouse square of Cedar Bluff! And he had the whole of his amount available at his disposal.

His amount available was the sum that he had saved out of his salary during the past year. His pay was sixty-five dollars a month with an additional thirty for subsistence. Out of this ninety-five dollars he had to pay his board bill, tailor bill, barber, commissary store, athletic dues, and such other regulation expenses as came up. His cash allowance for one month, if his conduct warranted it, was one dollar. Otherwise he drew no cash. But since his liberty of two afternoons a month also depended on his behavior, it was only when he had been careful in his conduct that he needed spending

money. By cautiously guarding his expenditures he could eke out two riotous afternoon orgies of movies, peanuts and a soda at Al's place from his monthly dollar. He was strictly forbidden to receive money from home. Truly, the sons of the colonel's lady an' Judy O'Grady are brothers from the skin out at Annapolis, for here there is no distinction within classes.

Cæsar returning to Rome with several miles of captives trailing at his chariot wheels was no prouder figure than Marmaduke descending the Pullman steps to the platform of the railway station in his small home town. The only difference between his reception and that accorded the governor was that the brass band did not turn out to greet him.

For a week or two he trod the streets of his home town with an exaggerated military carriage and the conscious air of a superior being. Then one day he was followed several blocks by an inquisitive little negro who finally accosted him and asked, "Is you wid a circus, mister?" This flattened him somewhat, but the death blow to his vanity came when a nearsighted lady called, "Have you a telegram for me, boy?"

He devoutly hoped that the very complimentary and quite inaccurate notices of his return that appeared in the local weekly papers would not find their way back to Annapolis. For one of them stated that he was home from the Naval College at Indianapolis, and the other announced that he was a midshipman at West Point.

To his family he spun highly colored yarns of his experiences as a plebe, and his recent cruise to foreign ports. His mother was openly, volubly proud of him; his father treated him with a new respect; and his grandmother cried over him. That gentle old lady urgently pleaded with him to be merciful to the plebes when he got back. Marmaduke patted her shoulder and said nothing.

Standardized Chamber Work

HIS isolated grandeur fell from him when he merged with the returning horde that poured into Annapolis on October first. Going to his new room he found his roommate, Venus Kent, sitting on his bare iron bed with his chin in his hands, gloomily surveying a stack of textbooks he had just drawn from the midshipman's store.

"Gosh, wid you look at the lay-out!" groaned that rotund young man. "We're bilged before we start!"

"Oh, dry up and straighten your side of the room!" irritably growled Marmaduke, who was suffering from the usual post-leave grouch.

From his packing box he pulled his mattress and bed clothing. He had stowed it there before the cruise. Making his bed down neatly according to regulations—"lower sheet tucked in at head and sides; upper sheet, blankets and spread tucked in at foot and sides; upper sheet turned back six inches over spread and tucked in. Pillow in place."

Then he stowed his locker, a large oak wardrobe some seven feet high. There was a specified shelf for each article of clothing and a specified way for each piece to be folded. His shoes, neatly shined, were set in a row under the foot of his bed, toes on a line, laces coiled down. On a shelf bolted to the wall he arranged his books, largest books on the right, tapering off to the left. Across under the mirror, also bolted to the wall, was a rack on which hung a canvas apron or spatter cloth having pockets for each of the regulation toilet articles of a midshipman.

New Plebes

IN THE closet that adjoined the room he hung his overcoat, rain clothes and laundry bag. Finally he swept out carefully and stood the broom, as per regulations, "in the corner nearest the washstand." Then his room was in order. No pictures, no pillows, no pennants. Only one two-by-three prayer rug by each bed. The very antithesis of luxury No chance for a man to grow soft in such environment! One of the most unusual experiences that a midshipman can enjoy is to sit in a rocking-chair.

Venus, likewise, had been arranging his side of the room. It was identical with Marmaduke's. In completion of his labors he thumb-tacked a large blotter to the top of the square table that stood in the center of the room and served as a desk for them both. Then he sighed, "God bless our happy home."

Naturally, their interest was in the plebes. One of the first things they did was to go around their deck and look 'em over

The procedure was the same in each case. They would fling open the door with a loud bang, whereupon both occupants of the room would leap to attention.

"Where you from, mister?" Every plebe is a mister

"Massachusetts, sir!"

"Ever been to Hairvud?"

"No, sir!"

"Say 'army'!"

"Ahmy, sir!"

"Hell! Say it like I do!"

"Orm-meh, sir!"

"Fine! Now that's United States English! Savvy, mister?"

Or: "Mister," Marmaduke would say severely, fixing his eye sternly on some unfortunate plebe—"mister, which of us is the ugliest?"

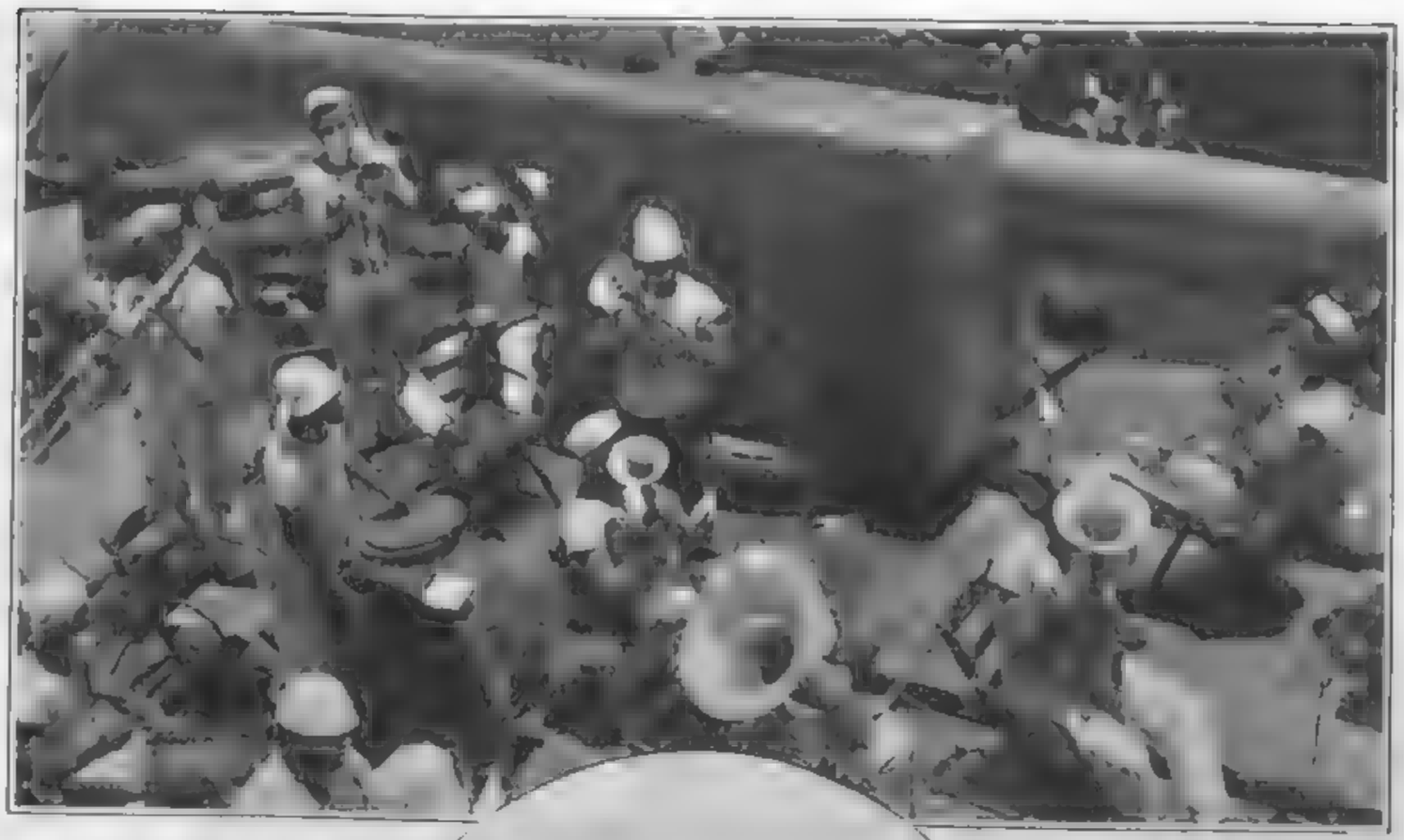
The plebe would look desperately from Marmaduke to Venus. "I er—sir, you are both very handsome!"

"Oh, blah! Quit trying to grease us up! You know dern well that that tub of cheese there would make a Sioux squaw look like a candy-box cover! You tell us who is the ugliest, mister!" he addressed the roommate.

"You are, sir, without question!" promptly answered that young man.

"Atta boy!" chortled Venus.

Continued on Page 116



Resting During One of the Recreation Periods. In Oval—Coaling Ship. At Top—The Band Playing While the Boys are Coaling

Buried These Twenty Years

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Miad!" she cried. "Oh, Miad, My Dear, Dear Boy, What is the Matter? What Has Happened? Tell Cornelia"

THE saddest conflicts in life are the battles of misunderstanding which happen only to frank and basically lovable people. The minds of all such persons have the selfsame bolting quality that distinguishes a runaway horse. All masters of indirection, all shrewd people, all involuted thinkers such as old man Crabbe and Miad Blake, as well as all human weasels such as Mr. Levis, automatically escape the disasters attendant upon taking the bit in one's mental mouth. Lawyer Grimble and his son Harold, on the other hand, were exceptionally frank individuals.

If only Harold had said to the elder Grimble, "Father, do you remember when I was a kid there was some cock-and-bullatory about the disappearance of the entire Van Suttart family? How they cleared out with all their own money and left a baby girl behind? Well, she's grown up into one of the most extraordinary creatures you ever saw. Beautiful, well-bred. Gee! I wish you could talk to her. I saw her at Barmingdale."

With that opening gambit Harold would have immediately drawn from his father a two-hour reminiscent summary of the great Van Suttart mystery. He would not only have put his father's mind in harness but would have held both reins and the whiphand. He could have driven him gently but at a rapid pace up to the point where the elder Grimble's face would have glowed with pride at the news of his son's marriage. He could have gained from the very start a stalwart ally. Did he do these things?

Well, put yourself in his place. Consider that he had just turned twenty-two and remember, if you can, how twenty-two could love Cornelia Van Suttart at eighteen. Recollect the matter-of-fact manner in which Miad had declared that someone had to marry Cornelia in a hurry, if not Harold, then himself or old man Crabbe. Lose her? Never. Money or no money, he had to marry her. He did. They drove away from the house in Hague Street. With all the cash in his pockets and some more that Miad had thrust into his hand, Cornelia bought herself a hat and certain other things, less conventional but more necessary. Then they drove around some more and finally returned for their honeymoon to Cobbled Court and the room where Miad Blake was born.

In that breathless journey there had been no moment in which to think of father and mother or what he should say or do, but when Cornelia fell asleep it was different. Cobbled Court at night was very quiet. A summer moon slanted through the open window of the second-story front and glorified with its reflected radiance all the meager furnishings of the abode that had been the scene of such extraordinary happenings in lives of apparent inconsequence.

Here John Bluke, porter, had given refuge to Mary Malone Van Suttart in the day of her greatest need. Here he had married, lived with her and loved her. Here she had met the terrific blow of the news that her husband, William Van Suttart, had returned from the war and the dead. Here she had known utter agony and triumphed, surrendering her first-born, at the behest of an inexorable fate. Here John Blake had understood and continued unshaken in his love to the day of his death. Here the baby, Miad, orphaned, had become the son of the city of New York and set out at a tender age to take life as it came, by assault.

Is it stretching the point to believe that nobility of action and conduct can infect a locality for good? There are rooms that are irreparably stained by the people who have lived in them, and why not the opposite? However that may be, Harold Grimble felt something new spring up within him as he looked at the young girl who had become forever an integral part of himself. Propped upon his elbow, he saw that her hair was a smoky cloud, black as ink upon the white pillow, a dark nest that lifted her lovely face to his gaze. The normal pallor of her cheeks held a faint pink glow, deep down, under the petal surface of the skin. Her fallen lashes were startlingly vivid, fantastical, like black crescent moons against a clear sky. But her parted lips were real, human, incomparably sweet. To look at them made his heart swell to the verge of bursting.

What could not a man do for such a girl? Burn the candle. Pay the piper. Face the music. Do you begin to get the mood that possessed Harold when in the morning he first talked things over with Miad and then intrusted Cornelia to Miad's guardianship while he walked, head up and shoulders squared, straight to his father's office and in? Do you wonder that he scarcely heard the elder Grimble's tight-lipped request for an explanation of a night-long absence that had banished sleep from an entire household and driven Harold's invalid mother to distraction?

"Father, I'm married."

"What!"

"I'm married to the ——"

"Stop! Wait a minute! One thing at a time. You are twenty-two years old, a few weeks out of college, and you were getting fifty dollars a month. You have read law for ten days, but aside from that you probably know what constitutes a marriage. Now, can you say again that you are married?"

Harold, tossing back his head and looking his father straight in the eye: "Yes, sir. But ——"

"That's enough," interrupted Mr. Grimble, leaning forward. "Get out of here! Get out, and don't come back! I'd rather have a madman with a stick of dynamite in each pocket around the office than you. By golly, if it wasn't too late to do any good I believe I could thrash you!"

Harold, gulping shamefully: "You try it! You just try it! Listen. She's ——"

Mr. Grimble, pounding his desk with a violence that drowned his son's words: "Get out! Get out! Get out!"

That is what comes of frankness without circumspection. Harold walked out of his father's office to look for a job and to face several years of the hardest kind of sledding. He and Cornelia moved to a very small house in Waverley Place. The first baby came on the seventeenth of August, 1891, an extraordinarily hot day, and was named Harold Van Suttart Grimble; the second baby came just a year and a month later and was called Cornelia Van Suttart Grimble. The first of these advents saw the finish of Cornelia's four-thousand-dollar bank account, and the second forced the acceptance, under protest, of the last of Miad's surplus cash. Things looked blacker and blacker for Harold, for Cornelia and their youngsters, and—by indirection—for Miad, Mr. Crabbe and anyone who by any stretch of circumstance might possibly bring aid to the hard-pressed young couple.

Old man Crabbe dated the blight that had fallen on his establishment in Cobbled Court from the day on which Miad Blake, at the age of eleven, had shown a congenital honest streak. It may be argued that Miad had not been consciously honest when he deprived Mr. Levis of the profits accruing to the skillful smuggling of three magnificent pearls, but Mr. Crabbe was a wizard at perceiving fundamentals. Whether Miad knew or did not know himself to be honest was neither here nor there: what mattered was that his act had betrayed an inclination to travel in a straight line and damn the consequences. That he had hated Mr. Levis and wished no truck with him at any price was merely a corollary.

Miad dated hard work from the same occasion; but not trouble. Mr. Levis had been the source of much annoyance and had finally succeeded in hounding the embalmed body of John Blake from his long home in the cellar under Crabbe's shop to a short sojourn in Dutchy Eckstrom's place and from there to a precarious haven in another dime museum; but so far he had failed in his main purpose, which was to railroad Miad Blake's father into the grave. He had driven him into dignified seclusion but not into the ground, where John Blake would spoil.

By the way and as a matter of idle curiosity, where are the once-famous waxworks of the dime museums? Where are the personages, the royalty, the murderers and murdered that once graced those halls of notoriety? Where are all those pink-cheeked and goggle-eyed atrocities that entertained and improved—save the mark!—the young of a bygone generation? For most of them let ragman and ashcan answer, but not for John Blake, who resides, unburied to this day, in a chaste, templelike structure in Greenwood Cemetery, which bears, besides his own, the family name of Crabbe. There is a bronze door, and a small high window which sheds on John Blake's peaceful countenance just such a soft light as used to illumine it back in the days of Miad's childhood and of the cellar under Mr. Crabbe's shop. But wait. Halt. We have skidded thirty years.

Miad Blake dated all real trouble from the summer of 1890, when he engineered the marriage of Cornelia Van Suttart

and Harold Grimble by the underground route, yet, paradoxically, over the head of Mr. Prosper Frete. Considered in the light of events that transpired subsequently, the enmity of Mr. Levis, long quiescent, dwindled almost to the vanishing point. As an enemy Mr. Levis, when compared to Mr. Frete, was less than a sparrowhawk; he was a mere barnyard catbird. For Mr. Frete combined in himself the attributes of a bald-headed eagle and the propensities of a mole. He worked from high above and from deep below; his animosity recognized no limits and was as merciless as the Infinite and almost as omnipresent.

What bothered Miad most was that it was not directed at him alone, but against Cornelia, against old man Crabbe, against Harold Grimble and even against Mr. Grimble, although the lawyer, completely mystified as to the source of a species of persecution, had never weakened for a moment in his determination to have nothing to do with a scatterbrained son, and remained in pig-headed ignorance of whom that son had rashly married. A long time, you will say. Well, think it out. A successful disinherited son bobs up under his father's nose on the first high wave; an unsuccessful one, if he has any guts, keeps out of his father's way.

Miad was acquainted with grudges and had observed at close quarters a large variety of feuds, but this was something different, something beyond his ken. It puzzled him, and from his infancy to be puzzled short of a solution was nothing less than torment. There were certain persons who had it in for you and gave you a dig whenever they got the chance. That was all right. In the long run they either forgot their grouch or you learned never to give them the chance. But here was a man who did not know when to quit, a sinister influence that reached over, under and around an entire group of people with a bulldog pertinacity that was surely choking the life out of them. Why? In his perplexity Miad decided to tap the source of all knowledge; he went to Mr. Crabbe.

"Fine," said the old man sarcastically. "Oh, fine! Get yourself all messed up through being too gol-durned honest, and then come to an old crook to learn you how it happened. You couldn't let me and Mr. Levis get rich overnight. Oh, no. You couldn't let this here Mr. Frete marry a long-legged girl you didn't want yourself, and keep on sending us orders. Oh, no. You couldn't make that Grimble boy lie sensible to his father about what he been and done, and keep Cornelia dark for a while. Oh, no. You can't even let them two young fools and their babies starve to death and tend to your own business. Oh, no."

"Say," interrupted Miad, "what's the matter with you? Didn't you help them get married? Wasn't it you swore that Cornelia was of age, and you was in Van Suttart's office the day she was born, and heard about it? Didn't Harold marry her just so you and me wouldn't have to? Weren't you going to fall into Frete's trap of another mortgage on this here place only yesterday so you could give the money to her? You make me sick. You're getting too old to think."

"Old!" grunted Mr. Crabbe, leaning forward in the high chair he had contrived for the harboring of his declining strength. It was an extraordinary contraption with broad hickory arms and a strong rung in which he could catch his heels. Perched in it, with glasses pushed high into his snow-white hair, he looked like a gray gnome, all cavernous eyes and a wisp of mist for a body. "Old? Ha! Well, there is them as might call me old in a manner of speaking, and then again, there ain't; 'cause they're all dead, see? Why, son, I been old since before you were born. Right upstairs, over our heads. Yes, sir. John Blake, him we preserved as mortal sweet as a jar of spiced peaches, him was your father."

"Why, Son, I Been Old Since Before You Were Born"

Suddenly Miad forgot his impatience. He hitched himself to a seat on the ancient workbench where he had sat through various epoch-making occasions of his life since before the age of three.

"Yes, Crabbe," he said with childlike fervency. "I remember him; but what about my mother?"

"Your mother, now," said the old man, puckering his withered lips. "Oh, she was just one o' them wimmen."

"Yes," persisted Miad, his eyes gleaming belligerently, "of course she was just a woman. But what was she like, Crabbe? What did she look like? You tell me."

The old man tried honestly to remember. "Well," he said at last, "she was kind of dark-favored. Fine eyes, she had, gentle ways and a soft voice. When I first seen her she was the spit o' that long-legged girl, only older than her is now."

"Do you mean Cornelia?" asked Miad.

The old man nodded. "Your father, John Blake that was, must have worked for her father or grandfather; I dunno which," he continued, apparently letting his thoughts wander at random along the channel of least resistance. "Porter he was; porter around to Hendricks', Jacob Hendricks, Van Suttart and Partners as was. Then he got sick. Folks said he was sick; but I ain't never seen nobody could twirl a case lighter than what he could when he was supposed to be ailing. No, sir. And after that the whole Van Suttart family disappeared. Yes, sir. Lock, stock and barrel. All on 'em except this here baby."

"Cornelia?" demanded Miad, slipping off the edge of the bench and standing poised, while his mind raced this way and that like a hound on a first true scent.

"Well, I dunno," said the old man indifferently. "It's nothing but guessing, come to think on it. Seeing of her name all writ out when I was fool enough to swear to that preacher I knowed her when she was born made me think she must of been kin to old Skinflint Van Suttart. Dead or alive, I hope I done him a bad turn."

There ensued a long silence, during which Miad never moved. Finally he broke it.

"Crabbe," he asked, "don't you think it's kind of funny the way Mr. Frete has kept after all on us so long? There ain't nothing mean and nasty that has happened to us since that pig-eyed Levis let up but what I could run it back to the door of Mr. Prosper Frete. Why don't he get tired and quit? It ain't only me and you. He's bought seven jobs away from Harold. Never mind how I found out; I did, all right. And now here's this case in the papers where it looks like he's got Harold's old man tied up in three kinds of knots, and Mr. Grimble never even speaking to Harold since the day after he was married. Think a minute. Ain't it funny?"

"Funny!" scoffed the old man. "It's so funny I'm 'mazed you and me don't laugh ourselves to death instead of starving. Funny? Bah! What I say is this: With all the world to choose from, why in blazes did you have to pick on Levis and the Board of Health and the judge and this here Mr. Prosper Frete to stamp on their foot for? Why couldn't you look around for something soft and easy about your own size to let your honesty chew on? I make you sick, do I? Well, you make me sick. Gol durn it, I'm hungry and I can't even give you work to get even with you."

"I guess perhaps you're right about honesty, Crabbe," said Miad, turning to the bench, picking up a tool and twirling it listlessly. "I guess perhaps it don't pay to be honest and stupid. From now on I quit."

"What you mean, Miad?" asked the old man, suddenly dropping the carping tone out of his voice. "You going to do something crooked? You going to quit being honest, Miad?"

(Continued on Page 153)

"Stop!" Cried Cornelia. "Don't You Dare Say Another Word Against Harold. You Were the Wooden-Headed Indian!" You Were! You Were!"

HITTY LIZ

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

HER real name was Mehitable Elizabeth and she was the ugly duckling of a heroic sisterhood. The other ladies boasted no such euphonious appellations as did Liz. They went by numbers. But what they lacked in harmony of name they more than made up in the majestic harmony of deeds. One hefty lot of girls were Hitty Liz's sisters: a brood of giantesses who could heave unbelievable weights about, or who, like terrific but obedient jinn, could make stupendous fabrics spring as though by magic out of barren concrete.

They were seven. Number 4 and Number 5 were a lovely pair of duplicate Gulf-Cities; twins that though rated at ten tons let no such thing as bloodless figures stand in their way when it came to obliging a friend. Let the rigger boss run afoul of a twenty-ton lift in company of either of these misses, and out would go brace beams and down rail clamps, and up would come the twenty.

Number 1 and Number 2, twenty and thirty ton Mine-Westerners respectively, went gliding quietly about; sleek and dependable, these two, masking their might in trim looks and silent operation; but ready always for anything, day or night. An upset train of red-hot two-ton rail-mill ingots? For Number 11 Duck soup. Digger chain broken and the whole machine a hopeless, inextricable knot, with hot pots scarce and the blast-furnace super scattering hair to the breeze? Easy! Leave it to Number 2.

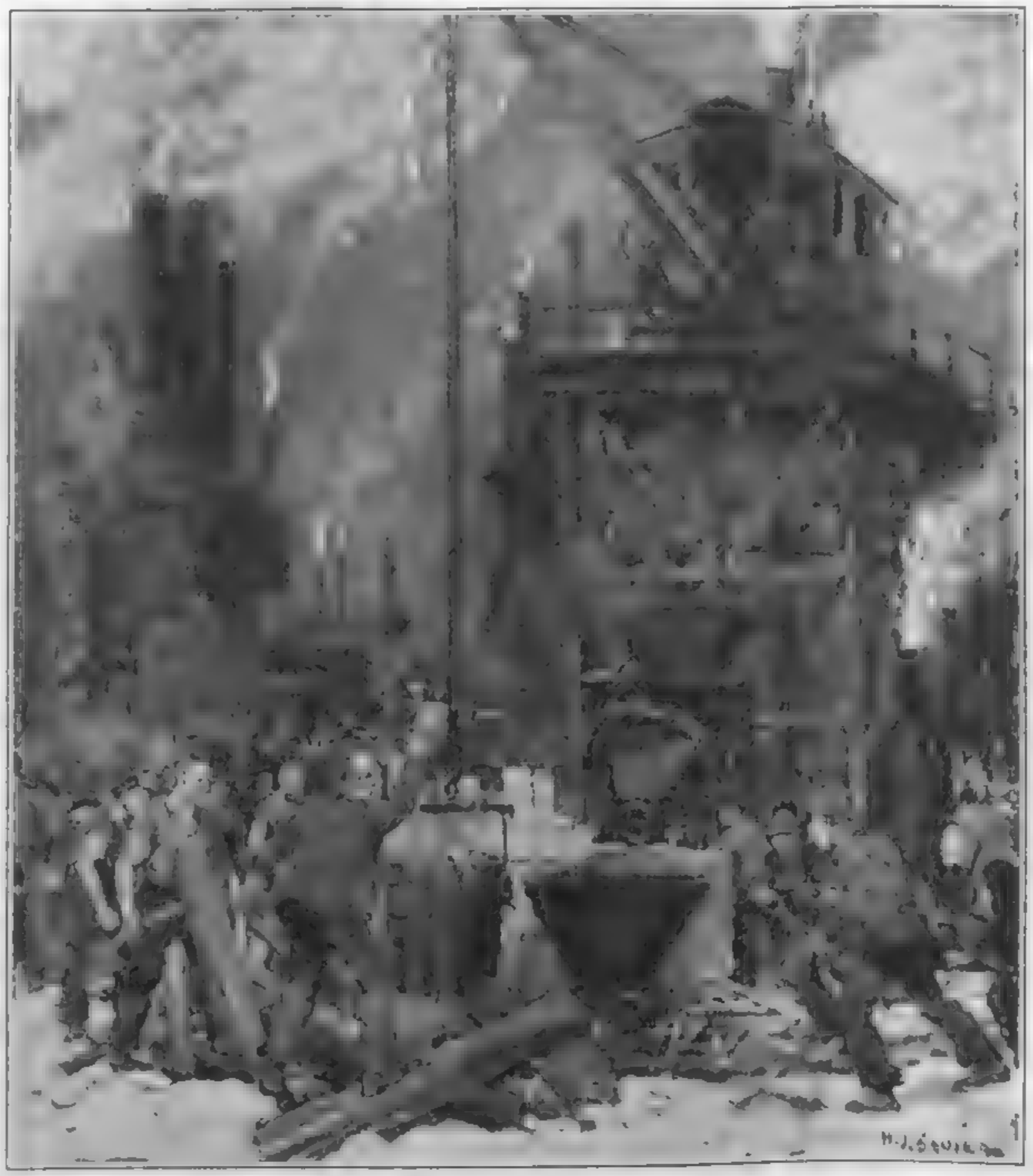
Number 7 was the pet of the transportation department; most versatile of the mighty company; quick on her feet, fast in her hoist, speedy of boom falls and swing, and able to reach out sixty feet with her long latticed arm and pick five tons—seven times that, close lift.

And then there was Number 6, the queen of the fleet, a Juggernaut railroad wrecker, ponderous and squat. A mogul is in the canal! Went over the bank when a worn rail failed and nose-dived twenty feet downward into the water and mud. Number 6! Number 6! Number 6! Plumb Number 6's multiple cables over the wreck. Give her throttle handle a touch. The mogul rolls up workway, floats free of the muck, wafts up to track level, swings, and comes down feather-light onto the steel again.

There was this sublime sextet—and there was Number 3; Number 3, rechristened by a steel-plant world derisive of all things weak and inefficient. Seven in all, if you counted Number 3—if you counted Hitty Liz.

Liz was a locomotive crane. She was also a mess. A byword and a hissing and a shaking of the head was Liz throughout the length and breadth of Susquehanna Steel. She was not, perhaps, a tinkling cymbal; but we thump keys to tell the world that she had many a sounding brass about her. As a clanker Hitty Liz was in a class by herself. She was also fair at clattering and knocking. And when it came to puffing, wheezing, gasping and the asthmatic arts in general, she performed par excellence, she was unbeatable. But she couldn't pull the hat off your head.

The year of Hitty's vintage no man knew, nor her genesis. Without doubt these were matters best left to the kindly shadows of the past. Regarding her age, it is true that a story circulated to the effect that when the well-known blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ refused to trust his bulk upon the gangplank, Brother Noah rolled a certain ancient lifting engine up alongside his craft. No names were ever mentioned in this innuendo; but there could be no doubt that at some day anteceding the memory of the oldest blast-furnace foreman at Susquehanna, Hitty Liz had sprained a drum gear or a clutch or something at a task beyond her strength and had never been the same woman since. As to her origin, dark hints went whispering about the plant concerning the alleged amours of a merry-go-round with a peanut roaster; but in this chronicle we shall not descend to scandal.



For a Moment the Chief's Brow Went Into Terrible Furrows

Hitty Liz cleaned yard. While her sisters went about their mastodonic tasks, Liz got herself between a couple of battered old gondolas, hooked up a much-dinged dump bucket and prowled prosaically about the yard with Andy Zalinsky and four Polacks at her apron strings, tidying up. And it surely seemed that Hitty's Neanderthal designer must have had this yard-cleaning job in view for her when he first laid T square to his slab of drafting stone; for if Hitty could do nothing else, she could step about. She could run like a rabbit. So she was able to clean up many an acre of yard in a day; and what was indispensable to her job, she never got in the way of the plant's main traffic. She would scuttle for a siding like bunny heading for home in a stone pile. Tight are the switches and sharp the curves of a steel plant's crowded tracks; and in laying them, many a daring liberty is taken with the accepted standards of broad-gauge practice. But Hitty could take them all on high in a quarter the time her mighty sisters required to groan and screech into clear. So Hitty earned her keep by rambling peacefully over the plant with her skewed and rusty bucket, and her two moth-eaten high sides and her five moth-eaten Polacks, seeking what dainties she might devour; a morsel of spilled coke breeze here, a tasty lump of soft coal there, a generous helping of clinkers where one of her haughty sisters had hurriedly cleaned her fire—these and such other odd snacks as railroad mishaps scatter along a steel plant's trackage.

Left to her job of cleaning yard, Hitty Liz's days would have rolled past tranquilly enough; but the trouble with her was this, that though in appearance and performance Liz was a sort of comic-supplement mechanism, still she looked more like a crane than she did like a carload of open-hearth scrap; and so, for this or some other equally imbecile reason, the transportation department would assign her every once in a while to a bit of work that it took a sure-enough locomotive crane to perform.

Then all of a sudden this evil practice became a frequent one. For Susky Steel was at last forced by the first law of Nature to begin a startling program of construction. Overnight, so it seemed, all over the plant time-worn landmarks were lost to the eye. Ancient structures, dilapidated and disgraceful, senile shops, feeble mills and spindle-shanked trestles tumbled crashing. Goggled men with long tanks and thin hoses straddled about the fallen skeletons, burning the bones apart; and a horde of laborers swarmed, clearing the ground for deep foundation pits and mighty structures soon to go up.

At once a wail for locomotive cranes started its long crescendo. Old equipment to take apart here, worth-while stuff to be moved and set up again there, wide holes to be dug everywhere, endless carloads of junk to be loaded for the scrap shears and the skull cracker and the high dump banks, endless foreign cars of new materials to be unloaded and checked, and a forest of tall columns, with massive machine bases scattered here and there like great gray bowlders in a wood, to be set up on acres of scarcely hardened concrete. Cranes! Cranes! Cranes! Cranes!

Mr. C. B. Henry, the mightiest bluff slinger of all record—C. B. H. himself, superintendent of transportation at Susquehanna Steel, at this turn of affairs put forth fresh bluster as a spring onion puts forth verdure. C. B. H. smelled trouble. But trouble was C. B. Henry's dish. On trouble C. B. Henry flourished like the green bay tree. So flourishes for a space the occasional pugilist who has a reenforced-concrete jaw. He can't be hurt. He eats up punishment. Such a battler, however, as you may know, never reaches the top. If he's too dumb to be hurt, he's too dumb to be a champion. Mr. C. B. Henry had held for ten tough years a job that had wrecked the nervous systems of a half dozen better men than he, and that had actually put two of these six out where the fellow lives who thinks he is Napoleon Bonaparte. And now Mr. Henry's locomotive cranes were in desperate demand, and where heretofore they had rolled leisurely about from job to job, or had lolled indolently in the shifter house awaiting the call to action, now they were harried about the plant with a trail of sulphurous language marking the importance of every move they made. Small wonder that Mr. C. B. Henry's chest, head and vocabulary acquired new dimensions at this fresh evidence of his indispensability at Susky, or that Hitty Liz cleaned yard less and less, and attempted more and more the work at which her Amazon sisters hourly strained their mighty thews.

But cleaning yard was Hitty Liz's job. In any other work she fitted like a square plug into no hole at all. Witness a narrow-waisted, thunder-browed young gentleman charging across the snow-filled combination switches toward the transportation offices at Five Scales. Young Thunderbrow burst through a door, carrying a frigid

breath of January into the gloriously stifling railroad holy of holies.

"See here, C. B.," snorted this Thunderbrow, "I ordered two cranes over at the new blast-furnace job. I ordered 'em yesterday at four. Dutchman Schell said I'd get 'em. And today I got eleven thousand five hundred cars of new material to unload and not a single sufferin' cable to unload 'em with. Do I get crane service at this office or am I at the wrong place?"

Mr. C. B. Henry, feet high, chair cocked, cigar comfortably aglow, surveyed his caller silently a moment. Then he snorted back.

"Two cranes!" is what he snorted. "Two cranes, is it? Say, Decken, who do you think you are? Two cranes you order, so two you got to get! Say, Decken, do you know how many crane orders we got in this office for today?"

A rhetorical pause in Charley Henry's snorting. Charley Henry's order sheet showed seven crane orders for the day—enough to make any transportation chief with six and a fraction cranes at his disposal pause rhetorically.

"We got fourteen crane orders," stated C. B. Henry, doubling the facts like a true steel-plant railroader. "So you got your order filled 100 per cent out of a 50 per cent supply. What've you got to chew the fat about?"

And C. B. Henry traced an arc of his favorite lung poison in the air, flicking ashes as the gesture ended over a brass vessel of classical proportions known poetically to steelworks offices as a goboon.

It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast between two men. Cal Decken young, at the bottom of the grade, eyes set on the top of it, jaw fixed for the tortures of the long, hard climb. Charley Henry middle-aged plus ten, down grade ahead of him if he but dared to look. Cal Decken determined, efficient; grim with the grimness of ambitious youth. Charley Henry sitting snug; carrying it off with magnificent bravado, bluffing high, wide and handsome, getting through the endless harassments of his job by endless blusterings that had not a pound of pressure back of them. The young man hard and lean, taking his job as resident engineer at the new blast furnaces with deadly seriousness; the older soft and fat, secretly laughing at the never-ending drive and hurly-burly that seethed about him seven days each week; and in this last regard pursuing the wise course, like as not. Taken too seriously, that job of Charley Henry's killed you off. For the transportation boss in a steel plant is everybody's son of a sea cook. Slab mill, billet mill, merchant mill, rail mill, structural mill; machine shop, boiler shop, pattern shop, forge shop, carpenter shop, tin shop, electric repair shop; blast furnaces, open hearth, Bessemer, iron foundry, steel foundry; lumber yard, brick storage, storehouse and dump—each of these and many a unit unmentioned depend on switching for their very life. Add to their incessant demands the wail of a big construction force for engines and cars and cranes and new tracks, and let each one of these howl at once for precedence over all the others. Then put behind all this bawling a pressure no other business knows, a pressure set to the incessant urge for steel, most needed of all manufactured things, and perhaps you'll vision it. In all the world, since it began, the devil has concocted no such man-wrecking job as superintendent of transportation in a steel plant. And on this job at Susquehanna Steel was Charley Henry, sitting fat and pretty.

"You young construction cubs give me an ache in the gizzard," stated C. B. Henry loftily to the young man standing at his desk. "You blow in on a busy plant to put up a line of mills or furnaces, and in a year or so out you blow again; and all you've seen of steel is what you get in front of the cross hairs of your transit. For a little while you ought to have to help make the steel you raise such a row erecting. You'd ease up on your everlasting bawl for preference over the mills that are making the money to pay for the stuff you're putting up. Sit down and rest your hands and face and let's talk about the hops and raisin crop."

And without altering his comfortable position, C. B. lowered a practiced foot, hooked a chair away from the end of his desk and kicked it out toward his caller.

But it wasn't conversation that the caller wanted. Conversation unloaded no mantle plates. He had a bunch of foreign cars to release, this caller had, and the demurrage on them was adding daily to the costs of his job. He needed cranes. He explained the facts in detail, tersely; and they got home to Mr. Henry. They annoyed him. Facts generally did. Besides, for ten years now, when C. B. Henry had felt the oratorical pressure high within him, he had needed only to turn a valve, and never without an appreciative ear or two waiting under the faucet. Who then was this young transit squinter to shut off the tap of C. B. Henry's eloquence? Mr. Henry decided that it was time he declared himself.

"Say, Decken," said he, "listen! You walk in here like a steel man, requesting service, and you get it up to our capacity. You blow in here like some high-school boy demanding impossibilities, and you can go to hell. There's other work on this plant got to get done besides sticking up those new blast furnaces. You ordered two cranes and you got two. If you'd 'a' ordered seven you'd 'a' got two. And that," Mr. Henry explained to the alleged high-school erection engineer, "is that!"

But the young Thunderbrow seemed to doubt it.

"I got two cranes like hell, and then I didn't," he started in by way of showing that that didn't come within nine hundred miles of being that. "I got Number 6 and Hitty Liz. Number 6 has her gooseneck off and the hundred-foot erection boom on. I guess that's why I got her. No one else but the bridge gang's got nerve enough to use her with that stick on. They're raisin' blower-house steel now. But I got cars to unload, Mr. Henry, and you sent me Hitty Liz. So I ran her back to the shifter house. I got cars to unload; and if I hitched that old wreck onto an armload of bosh plates and tried to swing 'em off a car she'd kick up her tail and dive boom first into the six-foot. The job I got is unloading cars, Mr. Henry; cars of blast-furnace castings. They quit making 'em out of cork some years back. They make 'em out of cast steel now. So I'll need a locomotive crane to get 'em off. And as we're just out of pork casings, I called up Dutchman Schell and told him to run that old sausage stuffer through the sand wharf block and into the river for all the good it'll ever do my job. From now on, Mr. Henry, when I ask for a locomotive crane don't send me Hitty Liz. Send her to some museum where they can set her up alongside the diplodocus, or run her down under the skull-cracker ball and pull the switch. Say, Mr. Henry, let's you and me get down to cases. My chief doesn't like excuses. Either I keep up to construction schedule or I get fired. So I got to have cranes. Three or more a day for a couple years. Do I get 'em, or do I tell the boss there's not enough to go round and to buy a couple specially for my job? I'm not gonna ——"

But here C. B. Henry interrupted. Complete boredom suffused his smiling features.

"Aw, can it!" said C. Henry tolerantly. "Hire the Yale Bowl if you want to give your college yell. Are we a bunch of men working here together, or a gang of little boys? Listen, Decken! The world would keep right on a-spinning if those stacks you take so earnestly never got higher than the tap hole. Can't believe that, can you? 'S a fact. Sit down. Cool off. Smoke and consider it."

And Charley plucked from his vest a mate to the fumigator he was burning and poked it sociably at the younger man.

Now here was an implacable young Thunderbrow who had come charging down on Five Scales; object, cranes. And yet, before the front of C. B. Henry he found his determination yielding. So had innumerable yieldings been effected by Mr. Henry during a decade on his job.

And the peculiar fact was that C. B. Henry bluffed no one but himself—himself and Carnell, the general super, maybe, who, though a master in the technic of steel, would never in this life master the much more subtle material, mankind. Carnell mistook gab for gumption, which perhaps explains Charley Henry's ten-year incumbency on his job. But everybody else was onto C. B. Henry's curves, and so was young Cal Decken.

Cal had long since spotted C. B. Henry as the weak sister in the family of tough men who superintended Susquehanna's various departments. Cal had pigeonholed C. B. along with Hitty Liz as one that clanked and clattered and puffed a brave exhaust as it dashed gallantly at a job of work, and then when it got there couldn't lift a pound, the old boiler having exhausted all its steam in the business of arriving.

But what Cal didn't know was

Hitty Earned Her Keep by Rambling Peacefully Over the Plant With Her Skewed and Rusty Bucket, and Her Two Moth-Eaten High Sides

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 16, 1923

Emerson Hough, American

DEATH brought to a sudden close, on April thirtieth, the labors of a great and patriotic American. Millions knew that Emerson Hough had long stood in the forefront of American novelists, yet only the hundreds were aware of the devotion that actuated a long life spent in the single-hearted service of his country.

It is well within the truth to declare that Mr. Hough's dominant passion was love of his native land, her history, her institutions and all that goes to make up what we call America. Good citizenship is no rare virtue among us; but his was of a peculiar order, for his patriotism began where that of common men leaves off. There was something wondrously close and intense in his personal relationship to his country. Those who knew him best say that his vision and his capacity for feeling were such that to him America was a great, all-embracing personage, as it were, a benign goddess, or a kind and glorious mother whom as a faithful son he served with instant loyalty. Equally as her son, he had his part and share in her estate to enjoy, to conserve, to increase and to pass on unimpaired. All her pride of clean blood, daring deeds, great memories and fine tradition was his. Her rocks and rills, her woods and templed hills engaged his mind not as mere literary allusions, but as real and tangible items of the estate of which he was alike an heir and an administrator.

Some such conception can alone explain the urge and motive that made his life work what it was. Granting this deep conviction of birthright, heirship and stewardship, it is easier to understand why he fought for nearly forty years to secure proper protection for wild game, the birds of the air and the fishes of lake and stream. They, like the giant redwoods of California that he loved so well, were part of his and our inheritance, and it was second nature with him to make a fight to deliver what was his and ours out of vandal hands. Urged by like motives, he was among the first to perceive and to preach the wisdom, the duty and the good sense of putting under national control forever those regions of the West and Southwest that are unrivaled the world over for natural grandeur and beauty. In season and out of season, he claimed on behalf of his fellow countrymen the right to have these great national shrines set aside and sequestrated for the use of the whole people forever. He made his voice heard from coast to coast, and Congress heeded its echoes. The cumulative effect of his efforts was tremendous. For years he watched our national-park system with jealous eyes, and his voice was raised in protest whenever private enterprise or needless development schemes attempted to drive an entering wedge into the public domain.

Mr. Hough reasoned that to know America is to love her, and with the zeal of an evangel he embraced every opportunity to persuade Americans to get acquainted with their own country. Boundless was his contempt for those who rave over the charms of Europe without having first seen their own land. More than once we have heard him whimsically observe:

"You know they have named a lake after me. It is five times as large as Loch Lomond and ten times as lovely; but this summer ten Americans will cross the Atlantic to see Loch Lomond for every one that visits Lake Hough!"

He believed that what America needs is advertising to her own people, and that simple idea was the impelling motive that underlies more than half his novels and stories. It was part and parcel of his intent to unfold for Americans their own past, that they may keep themselves up to the standards and qualities and ideals that their forebears set for them. We can name no living author who is quite so well qualified to do this as he was.

The transition of our immigration from what was mainly North European previous to 1880 to what afterward became largely Central and East European filled Mr. Hough with apprehensive forebodings, and he was among the first to detect the menace that we are only just now tardily striving to ward off and guard against. Again, as an heir of our past he lifted up his voice in protest against unrestricted immigration, and again he made himself heard in the land and in Congress.

Though a man of wide reading, Mr. Hough could not find in all the clutter of centuries any history so fascinating, so inspiring or so full of color and romance as our own. Even his private conversation would drift into the past and light up with vivid references to the bold spirits of the Revolution, the hardihood of the early settlers, the exploits of the old trail makers, the daring of the Indian fighters, the hardships of the Oregon Trail or the roistering, hair-trigger life of the frontier. Waking, he wrote and talked about America; sleeping, he dreamed of her.

The great ambition of Mr. Hough's life was to win a commission in the United States Army. During the war that ambition was gratified; but the prize lost half its glamour when he found that his superiors could not be wheedled into sending to France volunteers of sixty, even though they had the heart and stomach of three-and-twenty. His lesser wish was respected and he was buried with full military honors under the flag that meant so much to him.

The personality of a gallant gentleman will keep green the memory of Emerson Hough in the hearts of his friends; and certain crags and buttes and peaks will be his monuments, more lasting than those that are built by men.

The Value of Stability

THE inspirational idea as applied to business in this country is being carried to an extreme that is not a little ridiculous and sometimes dangerous.

Clerk, mechanic and salesman are taught to keep a wide-open eye fixed on the day when they will be ensconced behind a flat-topped desk, operating a battery of push buttons. Become an Executive, is the shibboleth of the battalions of the Efficient. Never Stand Still, Know Where You are Going, Make Yourself a Five-Figure Man—these are catchwords of the creed. It is impossible to withhold praise from the idea that the young man should strive to better himself and to improve his position. That, after all, is one of the best fruits of democracy. But it is necessary to recognize that, after all, there are limits. Every soldier in Napoleon's army carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, but it is a matter of record that the number who actually achieved a command under the Little Corporal was small—say, roughly, a score.

Not more than one man in a hundred can become an executive in American business as it is organized today. The worst feature of the personal-uplift cult is that too many of the ninety and nine who must always remain in the ranks become unsettled and lose some of their value as subordinates. If the determination to advance manifested itself chiefly in a keener attention to the details of the job in hand, the snarls and perplexities of business would smooth out as though by magic. Unfortunately, however, the forward-looker is often likely to gain a contempt for the insignificant job of today because it contrasts so meanly with the emoluments of his mental future. Too often, also, he is persuaded to discard the substance of a sure job for the shadow of an opportunity. Witness the many stock-jobbing concerns and sales organizations which flourish today by enlisting men who are looking for a chance to "make good," to "seize an opportunity," to "become an executive." The plan is quite simple, entirely legal and amazingly effective. Advertisements are inserted in the newspapers, calling for men who desire to qualify for high-salaried posts—executive experience not so necessary as the will to achieve. A sure-fire appeal!

The devotees of the inspirational cult respond by the thousands. They are told that, as a sole preliminary to occupation of a swivel chair and a mahogany desk, they must demonstrate for a brief period their personal capacity to sell. Accordingly out they go to put over the stock of a new industrial company or to market some newly patented article. The jobber who employs them is operating on the safe principle that every man can sell a little stock once—to his wealthy uncle, or to his friend who has been left a few thousands, or to the grocer around the corner. The aspirant almost always sells a little stock, but rarely stays long at the work. His former job has been filled in the meantime, so he is out in the cold. It is good business for the stock jobber, who collects his percentage on the incidental sales of thousands of temporary salesmen; but it is hard on the victim himself and on his former boss, who has had to break in someone else.

There are always big jobs waiting for men with the ambition and the capacity to fit themselves for promotion. The supply of coming men will probably never meet the demand for them, and on that account the utmost encouragement should always be accorded to employes who strive by study, by special courses and by observation to make themselves worthy of more responsible work. Intelligence and hard work bring generous rewards; but there is never any easy money in legitimate business, and the inspirational appeal should be shaped to apply only to those who are willing to pay in application and time the price of success, and not to create false hopes and unsteadiness among the great majority who are interested only in rewards and who can never make the grade.

The Decline of British Let-Alone

GOVERNMENTAL experiment with business continues. A new regulation threatens to be enacted in the United Kingdom. Some time ago the government appointed a high-sounding Agricultural Tribunal of Investigation. It is composed of sirs and professors. It has just issued an interim report. Among other things, the commission recommends that an export tax be placed on grain offals—mill feed—ten per cent ad valorem; and that importers of wheat flour be required to import twenty-five parts of offals to seventy-five parts of flour. In other words, the wheat may be imported ground or unground, if all the material comes in, and no domestic mill feed may be sent out. The purpose is to cheapen mill feed. This would naturally make the price of flour higher. Thus the city would pay for part of the cattle feed.

According to trade predictions, such a regulation would be favorable to Canada and Argentina and unfavorable to the United States and Australia. For a country that has decontrolled trade, this is certainly a serious relapse. The proposal has not yet been adopted, but in view of the strong feeling now prevalent in the United Kingdom on the subject of agricultural decline, we must be prepared to see the proposal put into operation. With subsidized cattle feed in the United Kingdom, subvention on cattle in Australia, and a new wheat pool in Canada, the British Empire seems to have deserted the old principle of let-alone.

MEXICO AND THE RED FLAG

By Sir Basil Thomson, K. C. B.

Former Assistant Commissioner Metropolitan Police, London

STRANGE weeds have sprouted from the seed sowed by that woolly-faced and woolly-minded German fanatic, Karl Marx. A dingy little shop on the sea front near the customhouse in Vera Cruz is the headquarters of the Bolshevists of the most Bolshevist state in Mexico. A red flag, correctly emblazoned with the star, the hammer and the sickle, advertises its purpose to the world; and if you look in any morning you will see a peon behind the barrier enrolling the names of two or three barefooted fellow peons who have come to inquire what they will get out of their membership.

That is during the daytime; in the evening there is a certain liveliness. At nine o'clock, provided the attendance is large enough, the members form a procession; if it is too small to impress the public mind the demonstrators sing the Mexican version of the International in various keys with varying degrees of enthusiasm. I watched them with curiosity. They were quite unlike the earnest and fanatical people who keep the red flag flying in other countries. There were a few old men, a number of old women and a herd of chattering boys and girls. Whatever their creed may be, they have no reason to be ashamed of it, for they apparently enjoy the active sympathy of Señor Adalberto Tejeda, the governor of the state of Vera Cruz, if they are not actually under his distinguished patronage.

It would be safe to lay a bet that not one of the demonstrators has ever heard of Karl Marx; or if he has, what doctrine Marx stood for. All he knows is that propagandists from New York told his leaders that no one ought to pay rent to landlords any more, and that this squared so exactly with his own inclinations that it must be true. And so the Bolshevists of Vera Cruz hoist the red flag over their doors, pay no rent and are happy; and if the landlord attempts to evict them the hornets will be about his ears. It is true that their foreign propaganda friends wanted them to take a shorter way with their landlords than merely withholding the rent; but they have learned that two can play the game of violence, and they are content to wait. For some six months ago they engineered a general strike which extended to the docks and the trolley cars. The national troops, which are not under the directions of the local governor, received orders from Mexico City to disperse the mob, which they did with so much decision that more than one hundred of the demonstrators found their way to the cemetery; the remainder returned to work.

The no-rent campaign has gone merrily on in the town of Orizaba; and the landlords, knowing they can look for no support from the governor, are powerless to evict their tenants. All that they can do is to refuse to pay the taxes on their property or to keep it in a state of repair. The next logical step is for the government to seize the property and sell it for the tax arrears; but, of course, when this was tried there was not a single bid. Everyone concerned is now sitting still to see what will happen next. As far as the poor owners of house property are concerned, the game is an unequal one; if things become more settled and they regain possession of their houses, the government will present a bill for the unpaid taxes, whereas they can never hope to collect the unpaid rent. All they can do is to regard their losses as an offering laid on the altar of their country. The immediate result is that there are no houses for the growing population of Vera Cruz; whole streets of shacks built of rusty sheets of corrugated iron are growing up because no landlord will build houses without security that his rent will be paid.

The Mexican Government is in a curious dilemma. The officials recognize the rights of private property, except in

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"THERE'S MAI"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Blocs

A Rimed Editorial

"There is a menace to the nation in the perpetuation of class and the organization of blocs." —*President Harding.*

"I DO not wish to seem to knock,"
The harassed statesman said,
"But this here business of the bloc
Is crazy in the head.
If we don't stop it pretty quick
The country's going to get right sick!"

"You said it," is my prompt reply.
You statesmen are correct.
*You're absolutely right, say I,**
But what can you expect?
Your sentiments we all admire,
But where there's smoke there must be fire.

If farmers' blocs and jobbers' blocs
And labor blocs as well
Are going to act like fighting cocks
The world's sure bound for hell.
And yet, though statesmen wag their jaws,
Who seeks to find the basic cause?

Yes, blocs are wrong in every way,
Still, reasons there must be
Why blocs exist. What's that you say?
Me find out why? Who—me*?*
That job's too big for me to touch!*
Mental reservation:
'Twould cut into my golf too much!

*Or any other farmer, jobber, laboring man or voter in general. —*Baron Ireland.*

Laddie Boy—"If We Don't Bust That Jug I Can See Trouble Ahead for Warren"

Today's Girl

WHEN gran'maw gits t' thinkin' about th' pleasures an' opportunities o' th' present day she must wonder how she ever survived th' ole poky croquet-playin' period of her uneventful girlhood. We wonder what she thinks when her tender striplin' of a niece tears out o' th' house an' jumps int' a powerful liver-colored machine an' spins away in a cloud o' cigarette smoke with some close-reefed irresponsible pompadoured dude that don't expect t' git married fer fifteen years. Our girls are gittin' out too soon. They don't work at mudpies long enough. We no longer see th' meekness that used t' lurk under th' long lashes o' Miss Sixteen. Th' candy-apple flush that used t' rush t' her face at th' slightest slip o' th' tongue no longer rushes.

Th' miss o' t'day is interestin' like a snake charmer, but not girlish. She fills th' neighborhood with apprehension, while her folks trust t' luck. Ther's somethin' about th' girl o' t'day that disarms those who would like t' love an' protect her. Her eyes sparkle with a challenge, an' out in society her bearin' carries an independence that makes th' feller who would like t' git married an' settle down decide t' put th' matter off. Th' painted thin-spaced girl o' t'day with her pin-stripe eyebrows an' red tacky lips an' cerise nose has all th' peculiarities o' those grown callous in th' whirl o' pleasure.

But, after all, ther's some things t' admire about th' new girl—her pluck an' her determination t' be self-sustainin'. We love t' see her smilin' cars t' stop that she may ride t' work an' save a nickel. We admire her bravery when it comes t' jumpin'. We love t' see her at th' noon hour in a cafeteria selectin' th' things she likes, an' payin' fer 'em. We like her in business positions—especially haberdashery stores, 'cause she never shows us th' kind she wears. You catch a girl clerk when she hain't fixin' her hair or powderin' her nose, an' you've got as good a clerk as one would want. But we miss th' ole indescribable somethin' about th' girl in her teens that used t' make us stutter an' tremble in her presence.

—*Abe Martin.*

Imaginary Interviews

Our Star Reporter Interviews H. G. Wells

OUR star reporter found Mr. Wells in his library dictating to ten stenographers. From the adjoining room came the clatter of innumerable typewriters.

"In primitive times," Mr. Wells dictated, "life was exceedingly primitive. The Pliocene Period . . . Cyril seized Ruth's hands passionately. 'It has been a beautiful adventure,' he murmured softly, 'but now' . . . The theory of marginal utility which was first advanced by . . . 'Beastly, I calls it,' grumbled young Alf. 'A jolly lot 'e cares.'"

The star reporter coughed politely. Mr. Wells looked up.

"Don't mention," he said. "You've come to interview me, I suppose. . . . During the period that followed the Thirty Years' War the . . ."

"If you're busy," suggested the star reporter, "I could come at some more convenient time."

"I'm always busy," said the noted author with a smile. "One of the secrets of my success is my ability to do a dozen things at one time. Speed! Quantity production! Those are the things that count. Posterity may not consider me the greatest author of all time, but I shall certainly come close to being the most prolific."

"A man can't know everything," said the star reporter.

"Why not?" Mr. Wells retorted. "Has anyone ever tried? I have written textbooks on chemistry and mathematics; a study of conditions in Russia; an authoritative analysis of conditions in America; books on socialism; two books on religion; two histories of the world; a study of marriage; a psychoanalytic novel; a book on education; and in addition to several exhaustive studies of contemporary civilization, both humorous and serious, I have written a number of extremely accurate descriptions of future life. In fact, in The Time Machine I have brought my studies down to the destruction of the earth."

The star reporter gasped for breath, while Mr. Wells turned to his stenographers and dictated rapidly a chapter of his new novel and several pages of historical research.

"I am rewriting the Bible," Mr. Wells resumed. "As you know, in God the Invisible King I devoted considerable attention to religious problems. I am also working on an enlarged edition of my condensed version of my Outline of History."

"Don't you ever take a vacation?" the star reporter asked.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Wells. "I am planning a two-weeks' vacation this summer. I am going to do something that I have had in mind for several years."

"What is that?" the star reporter inquired.

"I have rented a little cottage in Southern France where I won't be disturbed," said Mr. Wells. "I am going to take two weeks off and rewrite the Encyclopædia Britannica."

A brief pause during which Mr. Wells dictated a chapter of his book, The Political Systems of the World.

"The trouble with the Britannica," said Mr. Wells, "is that it lacks coherence. At present it is merely a succession of unrelated articles. I demonstrated in my Outline of History that a proper perspective can be obtained only by

(Continued on Page 104)

Wife—"Have Some More, Henry." "More What? Ants, Bee Stings, Poison Ivy or Sandwiches?"

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Stop and listen, your eyes will glisten—
This signal is meant for you.
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Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

HEAD WINDS

By A. M. Sinclair Wilt

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

V

PATRICIA woke after a sleep wonderfully sound, considering the gravity of her situation. However, her inherent aversion to constraint had inured her to predicaments, as a wide variety of nurses, governesses and teachers could testify. She had gone her own way and asked no odds, according to Ted; and that she was always ready to accept the consequences of her indiscretions with cheerful gameness was the one thing to be said for her. It had become proverbial among the Van Pelts that to make a suggestion as to her conduct was to invite the opposite; the opposite, with Pat, spelling trouble for someone. No one coerced Patricia in the slightest degree and escaped punishment.

Predicaments? Why, all her life had reeked with them. This was merely a grown-up example, as might be expected; but as she lay watching a blob of sunshine which moved lazily with the smooth lift and dip of the yacht, she frowned, then suddenly blushed. The blush was followed by a pressing together of lips, somehow cruel.

She reached for a dressing gown and, kneeling, tied it about her. The position brought a porthole near. She appraised the day.

"All sparkly, and everything!" she approved; and thus having accomplished her morning devotions, let down the brass bed rail, stepped across to the bath door and pushed it open.

Before the mirror, his face covered with lather, stood Peter but partially dressed and not one whit embarrassed. The lather parted in a wide and happy smile. From Patricia a shocked cry as she closed her eyes to the indecent spectacle.

"'Sall right, Patsy," he excused her. "I'll be through in a second. Tried not to wake you; but it's a braw morning, and I'm glad you are up."

But she had slammed the door shut. Instantly, from the other side, she heard a low whistling which changed to loud song. Later he tapped.

"I've finished. Breakfast will be served in forty-five minutes. Will you be ready?"

"No," said Patricia.

He laughed aloud.

"In forty-five minutes I shall come in and act as escort. I'd like it above anything I know."

She knew the brute spoke the truth, so in thirty minutes she stepped out into a transformed cabin. Sun and fresh air streamed down from the opened hatch; a white cloth covered the table. A bowl of California poppies matched the gold of grapefruit, iced, sugared and inviting; but no sign of Peter. She tapped cautiously on the door to the storage room and applied an ear, but could hear nothing. She was examining the contents of a bookcase when steps sounded.

She slipped behind a table where she was hidden by the partition. Eight bells struck as he reached the foot of the ladder. He tramped down toward her room, portentously, resolutely.

Patricia changed her position better to observe him; eyed his back in deep entertainment. He knocked smartly. She watched the expectant bend of his head. He knocked again.

Peter Tackled the Bundle That Was Pat as She Made a Flying Start

"Patricia!" kindly, very kindly at first; and then with stern warning, "Do you hear me?"

Even that did not fetch her. Then he opened her door! She had known he would be capable of it.

He disappeared within, to say palpably to the bath door, "Ready?" A pause heavy with threat. "Nothing is to be gained by this. Come out!"

A stifled sound from the cabin brought him again into the passage. He strode forward. Patricia sat at table, stabbing, with deliberation, a pointed spoon into the sugared heart of her fruit. Without a word he sat opposite her, shook out his napkin and watched her expression. She finished her grapefruit in obvious satisfaction, and looked exactly like a cat that had swallowed the canary. Peter knew it to be his canary, and suspected that it might be of the capering variety, with horns and four legs.

He waited.

A shuffling of straw sandals introduced a rotund little Chinese who removed the fruit. A tray and plates were placed before Peter.

"Eggs?" he inquired, ready to serve her.

She did not hear him—looked at the boy instead, and ordered toast and coffee. Peter served himself. A rack of toast was brought; a coffeepot, cups and saucers; and these, with sugar and cream, were laid before Patricia. Peter bent forward, eyes alight and happy.

"Three lumps for me, please, Patricia; and pour in the coffee before you add the cream. . . . Three lumps."

Patricia selected two lumps, dropped them in carefully, added the cream and then poured the coffee. Peter dismissed Wah Sai and leaned back. She took a sip meditatively and helped herself to the toast She was beginning on the second canary and finding it as much to her taste as she had the first.

Peter grinned.

"Why do you invite trouble?"—he hesitated, and added "dear." Liking the effect, he repeated it.

Patricia set down her cup and stood. Peter rose, too, with an alertness. She stopped, undecided.

"Sit down," he said, and though his voice was pleasant, she sat down.

"Pour my coffee, please," he started afresh. Patricia broke her toast and seemed bored. "Oh, come, Pat, don't be silly! What's the use? Will you do as I ask, or are you going to force me to ——"

He left the inference open.

"To what?" Patricia, mildly interested, poured herself a second cup. "Torture your other guest?"

Peter's hands smacked down on his chair arms; he half rose; but controlling himself, rang for Wah Sai.

"Foo! Here!" he ordered savagely.

"Foo not come cabin!" Wah Sai rebuked him, and offered Pat the cream, smiling at her blissfully.

Peter's bellow rattled the plates. He made one leap for the small Chinaman, missing his jacket by an inch. Wah Sai gave a squeak of anguish, cast down the cream jug in an extreme need for haste and scuttled distractedly up the stairs, aided the last two by the broad flat of Peter's stinging hand which shot him out on deck.

Foo came, stood at attention, and without show of surprise listened to his Captain Boss. Missy did not understand their talk; therefore he, the big mate, must look pleasant, to show that everything was well. Foo, accordingly, smiled.

Now Foo was not only huge, but he was remarkably ugly; and his ugliness when he was grave was beauty compared with that ugliness when he was merry. The smile was altogether horrible. There was a gloat to it, apparently about something cruel, bestial; a ferocity in it past belief. Patricia gasped.

Peter went on with his orders. Patricia could only guess their purport from the gestures. She watched, fascinated, as Peter made a suggestive twisting movement of the hands, as if wringing out a wet towel. Foo's repetition was efficient, though the wrung or racked imagined object did not suggest a towel—not at all; and as he made it, he smiled again, his tongue licking hungrily across his wide mouth. He turned to go.

Patricia reached for the sugar.

"How many lumps did you say?"

"Three, please," said Peter before stopping the eager departure of Foo. He sent the terrible mate away; and then to Patricia, calmly as if nothing had occurred to mar the cheerful ceremony of chow: "The coffee next; that's it! Now the cream. Thanks very much. So much of the harmony in life depends upon the little things. Have you noticed it? Please don't go! I believe in the old-fashioned family breakfast; where they all come at once and sit with

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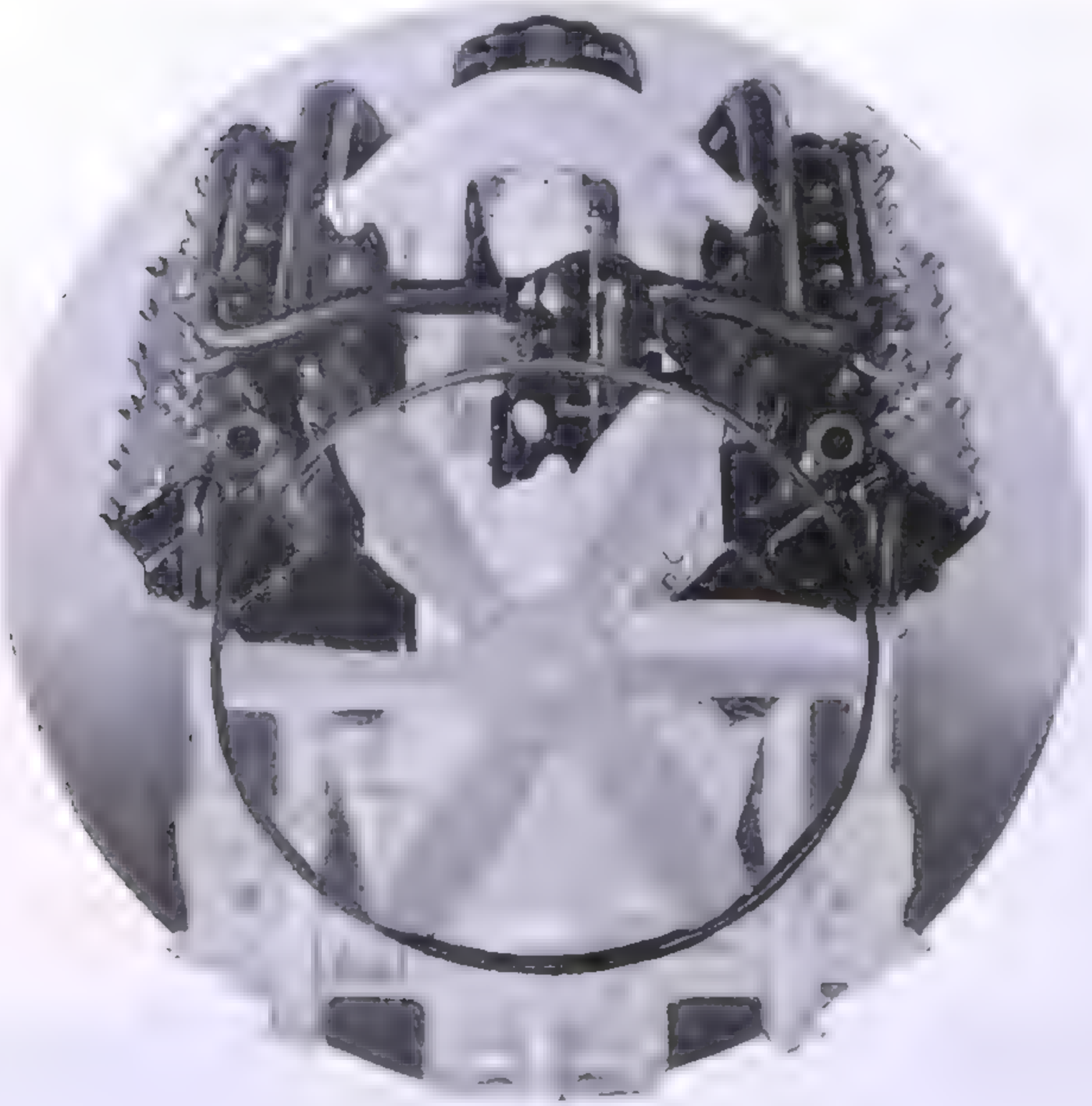

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CADILLAC

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 32)

each other all the way through." And there was a gleam from him that kept her all the way through.

After breakfast, and again after luncheon, she disappeared immediately; and there was no sign of her reappearance until Peter called through her closed portal, "You may as well enjoy this cruise; it's going to last long enough. Come out. Get your wraps on. . . . Why, Patsy, can it be possible I heard a swear, and from you? Come here to me!"

She was wrapping a cape about her as she came. At sight of his twitching mouth she lifted a contemptuous chin and passed him; but he stayed close in going up, hoping very likely that the Averna would pitch; but nothing happened.

When they stepped on deck Patricia caught her breath. The yacht was white and gleaming from bow to stern. With all sails set, the spread of her white canvas was dazzling in the sun. Peter's schooner was nearly a hundred feet long, just short of twenty beam, carried a small boat and a launch; and, as he said, was perfectly equipped for deep-sea travel; had, moreover, comforts in plenty for a guest or two; lots of room for plunder, even if the plunder happened to be a lady; and he led her aft toward the cockpit.

"I wished to name her the Patricia," he confided, "but decided it might seem too suggestive." For his presumption he received such a glare that he added, "So I compromised by calling her the Averna, and knew you'd understand."

They met each other's eyes in a long look; but to Pat's credit, Peter dropped his first.

She must have had some appreciation of the Averna, of her sweeping lines, her grace, her finish; but no hint had Peter if she shared his thrill. Instead she shivered, suffering a martyrdom of cold, so that Peter left her near the cockpit while he ran back for rugs. When he came up he found her making her way forward again. The wheel was in the cockpit and the helmsman was Foo.

"What's the trouble?" demanded Peter.

"I need exercise," she explained; "I am taking a walk."

"Good enough!"

He tossed the coverings into the shelter, caught up with her, tucked her arm securely within his own, and they had exercise, if not much of a walk, in keeping their feet. The wind was brisk, the Averna heeled to her sailing angle, chopping as she went. Twice Patricia fell against him, and twice he threw his heavy arm about her to hold her up; and though she examined him with suspicion, he seemed too impersonal for guilt. She let it pass. Peter grew promptly cheerful.

A big man in uniform was standing in the bow. He turned at their approach. His was the face she had seen the night before; the same flared nostrils, same mustaches, same scar, all worse by full daylight.

Peter addressed several words to him before saying in English, "And this is the lady;" and to Patricia, "Woo Lang, next to my father, is the best friend I have. Make him yours."

Patricia bowed slightly, her face as inscrutable as the Manchu's. Woo Lang, hands folded, bowed ceremoniously and paced aft. Patricia, unconsciously, had pressed close to Peter's side; gradually, now, and as unobtrusively as possible, she began drawing away. She thought she had accomplished it without arousing attention, for after standing braced, studying the sea ahead, he spoke unconcernedly about Woo Lang.

"He looks capable of cutting a person's throat," she unbent to remark.

"I don't believe he'd go that far, though life and death do mean little to an Oriental."

Foo had been relieved at the wheel, and the new man was comparatively insignificant. Patricia stepped down into the pit and threw a quick glance down the two companion ladders. Both ended in heavy doors at the bottom. Peter smiled grimly at her interest.

"One leads to Woo Lang's habitation," he said, "and the other"—he hesitated slightly—"to the chart room." He did not specify, however, as to which was which.

But Patricia was not half attending—remarked instead, "The wind is biting."

"Should be," said Peter. "It comes in a straight sweep from the steppes of Siberia," which may have been stretching it some, but sounded good.

She made no demur when he wrapped her up and settled her on cushions inboard the cockpit coaming on the weather side, her back to the chart house, near one of the ladders. He shook out a second rug to add to the first, and tucked her in, arms and feet; and seeing that she could not free a hand to replace a lock of hair tickling her nose, he tucked that in as well. She scowled; but he saw nothing, and sat below her with pencil and pad, offering to show her the ship's position.

He made a rough sketch of the California harbor and the shore line north for about five hundred miles. He dotted a point west of the Golden Gate.

"We have been standing straight offshore all night. Sixteen hours of this going will carry us one hundred miles outside the steamer lanes. At four bells, two o'clock, we come about and shape a course for Cape Flattery, up here at the top of the map, in one long slant."

"Why not go directly up the coast? Wouldn't it be shorter than coming way out here?"

"Head winds," said Peter; "you wouldn't like it—bucking head winds."

"Is it impossible?"

"No; but what's the use fighting with an engine"—with all a sailing man's distaste for machinery—"or have to be tacking back and forth, when by standing offshore we can make one long reach, with the wind in the right quarter, and have some good sailing?"

"I imagined," commented Patricia idly, "you would prefer bucking head winds."

"What do you mean? There'd be no sense to it!"

Darned if Peter could see where she got this canary, but she evidently thought she had one.

"Is that a whale?" Pat pointed with her chin.

"It is. Having a good time, isn't he?"

So, if he were any judge, was Patricia. The white canvas, the crisp wind and cloud-flecked sky, the tumbling sea, all had made her forget that which he hoped she could forget.

Sailing above the ship was a great bird, turning his eyes, first one and then the other, down upon them in that staring, interested way they have. He was coasting with

(Continued on Page 36)

For a Flash Peter Saw Her Incredulous Face as She Was Hurled Down, Engulfed and Swept Aft

The Improved CHALMERS SIX

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Sharply defined superiorities in beauty, in performing qualities, and in dollar-value, make the Improved Chalmers Six a conspicuous car in today's market.

ALREADY admired for its beauty, the Chalmers has now been made more beautiful—in outline, in finish, and in trim.

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The finest of design, the highest grade of coach-work. Broadcloth upholstery, satin-finish hardware. Door windows and quarter windows adjustable. Both front seats tilt forward for easy entrance from either side. Double ventilating windshield, hinged at both top and bottom. Large trunk. Yale door lock. Heater, windshield visor and wiper, rear vision mirror, disc steel wheels and non-skid cord tires. Five-passenger Touring car, $1185; Seven-passenger Touring, $1345; Sport Touring, $1445; Seven-passenger Custom-type Sedan, $2195, including 33 x 4½ oversize tires. Price F. O. B. Detroit, Revenue Tax to be added.

(Continued from Page 34)

not a movement of the wings. Peter called him a gooney, a sort of albatross, not often seen so far north; and said some of them measured seven feet from wing tip to wing tip.

"They fly with almost no wing action, just an occasional flap, more to rest the muscles than for flight. Easy going!"

"What a bore!" was Pat's decision.

She watched the bird lazily; she was warm and sleepy and comfortable. Peter watched Patricia. The wind had whipped her cheeks scarlet; tendrils of her bright hair curled from under the soft hat, and the hat was blue—sea blue. She was quiet, pensive, and Peter remembered! Ted had warned him almost at the last, "When she is quiet, and looks soft, mousy soft, old scout, watch out! That's when she gets her hooks in."

No hooks for him! He had his mission to accomplish. This was no way to keep the upper hand, a hand of iron in a velvet glove; that is what they had planned for Pat. He stood up. But so did the Averna. Peter tackled the bundle that was Pat just as she made a flying start for the helmsman

Was the bundle grateful?

"You take liberties!" it told him. "You take liberties continually. I had rather you kept your hands off me. I do not like it!" Thereby proving she was neither willing nor—on that yacht—happy.

Peter was genuinely astonished.

"I didn't realize!" he stammered.

"You realize now!" The reply was staccato. "See that it doesn't occur again."

Gray fire met blue blaze.

"You will beg me," he promised her—"you will beg me to touch you the next time I do!" And he sat down on the coaming on the lee side, far enough away from her to satisfy both of them.

Four bells sounded, and in a grand sweep the Averna came about. With a roll the weather side became the lee; the vessel buckled to a thirty-mile breeze and there was a fine list.

Patricia, a mere roll of rugs, tipped and headed straight to destruction by way of the ladder.

Peter, with folded arms, let her go.

She cried out.

He did not move.

Then it came: "Stop me! Save me! Please!" quite complete.

Back in safety, Patricia examined him as if seeing the man for the first time. Peter was stubborn enough to have let her go—and she might have been killed!

"I am going below," she announced. He was carrying things too far. A space of time followed. "Help me off with these rugs!" He deserved the sharpness. "Does one have to ask for ordinary civility?"

"My ordinary civility has been misunderstood once. Unlike certain persons, I had my training early. I need one lesson—once!"

She made ineffectual attempts to free herself. Peter had done his work thoroughly, and, satisfied, made no move to undo it.

"I'll not be so humiliated!" she told him between her teeth.

He had been looking off toward the horizon; now he moved away.

"Please!" she capitulated furiously.

It wasn't much of a capitulation, but he unfastened his ingenious contrivance and suggested softly, "Can't you put my name to the end of that 'please,' Patsy? It would sound more friendly." She seemed half stifled with unspoken words; but the strained patience of his "Well, never mind, dear; we'll have to wait for that," was too much.

"Mr. Rosslyn, really, what can you hope to gain from this?"

He replied as if by rote from a much recited formula, "First, your respect, without which the rest will be impossible."

"And the rest?" she cross-examined haughtily.

"Don't call me Mr. Rosslyn." One thing at a time for Peter. "The formality is very bad from a psychological standpoint. You said you wanted to go below. Shall I take you fora'd?"

Patricia, alone, stepped off a vow, word by word, while she went down: "No—matter—how—slowly—these—three—months—pass, Winthrop—and—Theodore—Van Pelt—and—this—creature—shall—find—out—what—it means—to—coerce—a—woman."

She selected from the bookcase a volume entitled The Frozen Pirate and read that harrowing tale contentedly until the sounds from above grew too illustrative. The high cry of the watch; the monotonous repetition by the steersman, alien, unintelligible; the pacing footsteps; the slap-dash of waves, made the tale too real. She hustled on deck into the sunshine.

Nothing in the universe but sky and sea, sun and Siberian winds; and she and this Rosslyn person, who was not even aware that she was holding aloof, in his marching over and in and about his schooner, getting newly acquainted with his salt love after their long separation.

"I'm sorry to take your attention from the Averna" and she sounded resentful for some reason—"but I wish to know where we go from Cape Flattery. You did not finish."

Puzzling for the reason of her injured manner, he came to the conclusion, "She is jealous of the Averna!" He was deliciously amused.

With a trace of tenderness he anchored her in a steamer chair in the shelter of the small boat, laid his map on her knee and traced their progress.

"We carry on till we see Tatoosh here; then down the Straits of Juan de Fuca: turn into Port Townsend, at this point, for fuel."

"Do we land for that?"

Peter, dryly, "I do." But seized with a pleasant thought—"Would you like to go ashore?"

"Yes." Patricia was becoming positively wordy.

"Your parole, then"

She lifted innocent blue depths. Peter laughed aloud, but he was implacable.

"Give me your word not to make any effort to get help or to escape, and I'll take you with me. You'd enjoy it."

"If I do not promise?"

"It won't be fun for you. Be good, and promise."

"No, it will be fun without," she decided ambiguously. "Then where do we go?"

Peter told her.

Her head tilted as she watched his departing back; and that evening she wore at dinner a mystery of rose and gold so unsuitable for a schooner as perfectly to distract Peter Rosslyn.

Wah Sai had removed the cloth. Peter turned on additional lights for reading; but the girl tapped her lips to conceal a yawn, prepared to leave. To keep her he showed her some war pictures; even told some stories about them. In her absorption she leaned close to see the views; a softness and a fragrance that was her hair touched his cheek; and though there was practically no break in the narrative, the story that Peter brought to an end was not the story that he had begun.

He had right-about-faced square in the middle—changed tales, and never knew it.

But not a feather of this canary did Patricia show.

The scream came sharp through the night, like a knife; then muffled, but near! Close to her, where she had been deeply asleep—vague noises, distant slamming, pounding, voices. She fumbled for the light over her bed; could not find it. She must know!

Her door opened slightly, and Peter's voice, quick and decided, "Patricia!"

"Yes, yes. I am here; what is it?"

"You're all right, then?"

"What is the matter?"

"I don't know yet. I'm coming in to bolt the bath door; never mind the light. Done! Now I'll lock this on the outside."

Her door closed, the key was turned in the lock.

"You can't lock me in here!" In all that clamor, half asleep as she was, it seemed unbearable.

"Don't stop me! You're safe!" And his retreating feet—running.

More fully awake, she realized that the noise was lessening, and found out that she could walk out by unbolting the bath and passing through the other stateroom. The passage was dark, but a patch of pale light showed that the companionway was open.

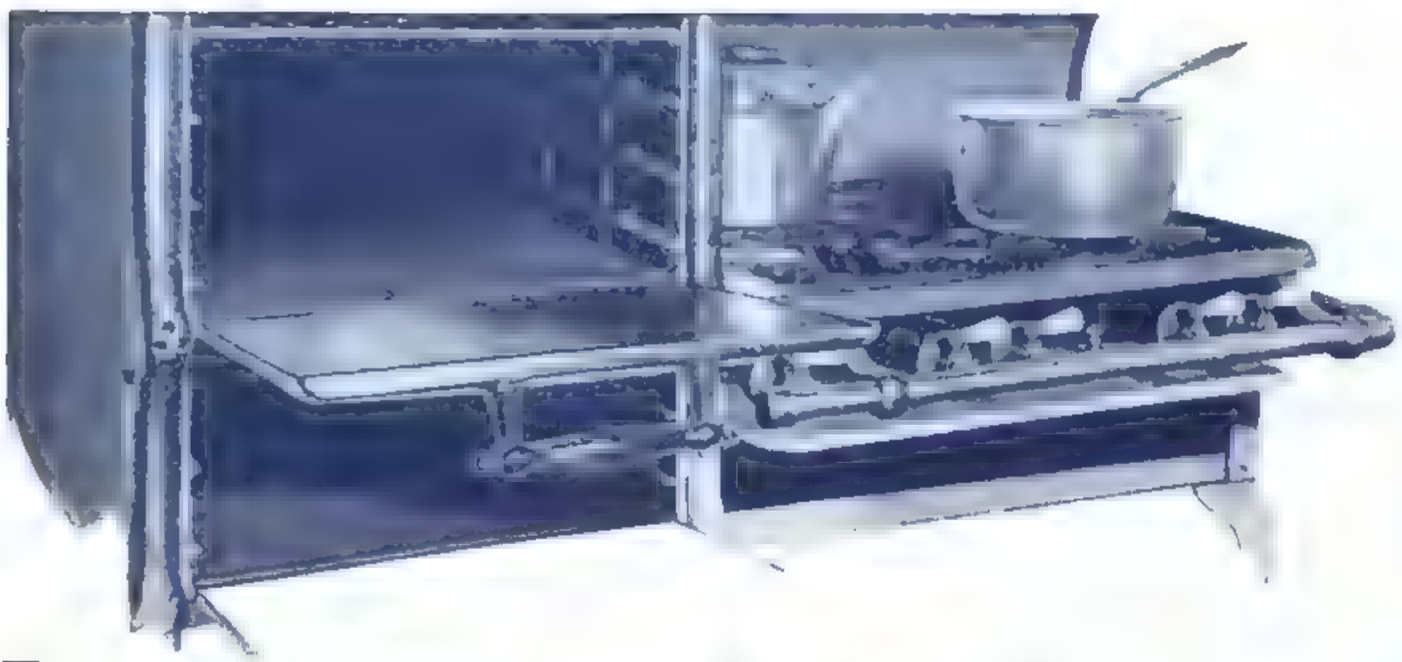
Again in her own room, she shot the bolt. Peter had merely been making sure that no one else could come in. She had been acting like a little fool. Of course she was safe—Peter was here to insure her safety. But that other? What of the other—the one who screamed?

If anything happened, Peter Rosslyn would be held accountable. Piracy too! Criminal! Why, Peter Rosslyn was no criminal—not at heart! She would be fair; but what judge or jury ——

After a final flare, deep silence took place of the uproar. Peter came back to find her white and shaken, demanding explanations; and he interpreted her anxiety as being all fear for

(Continued on Page 96)

They Were Far Away From All the World in the White Cover of the Fog



It sweetens and purifies, too—this *"double action"* cleanser

Sunbrite does not stop with ordinary cleansing —it purifies as it cleans and scours

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For it is not merely a case of keeping it *visibly* white and clean. There are many places that need more than scouring. The oven, the broiler are very apt to hold food odors and flavors. Like other kitchen utensils, they need not only cleaning but sweetening and purifying as well.

For this very purpose, Swift & Company have perfected **Sunbrite.** It is a *double action* cleanser which cleans and scours thoroughly as all good cleansers do, but it does much more; it *sweetens* and *purifies* also.

In the composition of **Sunbrite** is an element that has this special purifying action. It is also abrasive enough to scour thoroughly and yet it will not scratch. Nor will it harm the hands, having in it no harsh, irritating chemicals.

Double action—and yet a can of **Sunbrite** costs only a few cents. The great production facilities of Swift & Company make possible this low price—lower much than you often pay. And count a United Profit Sharing Coupon with every can, also.

In kitchen or bathroom, **Sunbrite** is a real contribution to household cleanliness and sanitation, a new conception of what a cleanser can be. Try its cleansing power on your stove, in all your kitchen cleaning.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

So many places and utensils require more than mere cleaning and scouring to keep them sweet and fresh and free from stale odors. They need the purifying action of Sunbrite

Double action *yet costs less*

Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion, then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there. A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor

MAPLE

(Continued from Page 13)

the winter—I can hear them holler yet." All this the thought of the high-posted bed brought back, re-created out of the lost past. "Yes, now it's gone, I don't think near so good of myself."

"Who owns it?" Jammes asked. "Did it stay around here?"

"Some millionaire; I don't know his name or just where he is."

Bartner apparently dragged his bait from a carp just in time to preserve it.

The sun, Francis Jammes realized, had sunk below the ridge at his back. It was after six o'clock. He drew in his line, and, unrigging it, put it in the box that had held his lunch. Then he ranged his bamboo pole through the supports of the boathouse roof. He nodded to Bartner. He, it was clear, had had a severe loss—his fundamental supporting pride had been invested in the curly-maple bed. How dark, suddenly, the stream was. Its sound was less than a gurgle; less, almost, than a whisper. Over the trees there was a white rim of moon, a fragile cyma curve.

It was very dark and hot in Francis Jammes' rooms. The moon that he had first seen over the trees dipped behind metal roofs; but the air, even in the city, was scented—it might be by late lilacs. The voices of the negro children on the narrower of the streets rose gay with impromptu play. He was tired. Tomorrow he wouldn't go out to the stream to fish, since the rheumatism was again acute in his knees. Or perhaps that pain had only come from the cramped position in which all day he had sat. What was the fellow's name? Bartner. After all, he had been very interesting. And there was a chance, the barest in the world, that the bed was good.

Jammes felt—its influence considered—that it must be authentic. No mere copy, innocent or guilty, could arouse such emotion. Bartner ought to have it. He needed it. Everyone, in the disastrous present, had the most pressing necessity for something of the sort. A reminder, that's what it was; a reminder and a challenge. With the curly-maple bed in his house, Bartner was not a nameless part of the city's labor; his roots were imbedded at least in their native spiritual soil; he reached back into the tradition of the past; but without it he might easily become no better than a menace to all that Francis Jammes upheld.

Of course, there was no possibility of his getting the bed back—it had been sold more than once, and in the last month the value of good curly-maple pieces had doubled and doubled again. And the people who now had it, Bartner said, were rich. He knew at least that much about them. That was little enough. There was only one detail he had retained that was valuable—the spade feet.

They were extremely rare. The wood was dark. Some curly maple was very nearly as old as walnut; it had belonged in country scenes, exactly as Bartner had described, with the petals of the pear blossoms, ethereally white, dropping through the window to the floor. Did they fall on old dark wood or on a rug, bright or trodden into a soft monotone?

There would have been an endless argument, too, about the worthlessness of the pear tree—it only brought the wasps, and pear trees had no sweet smell anyway. There was little conscious beauty about a farm. That vision dissolved, its place taken by the bed itself. Even he, Francis Jammes, probably couldn't find it; why, it might be anywhere in America—or rather in what passed for America now. To begin with, politicians had named it America when it should have been Columbia. And where children once grew up by streams filled with watercress, now they lived in paved streets and had to depend, for cooling water, on the corner hydrant and a fireman.

Jammes considered all the collectors of early American furniture who, to his knowledge, had or were interested in fine curly maple. But when he realized that the list was coming to include every one he recalled he stopped. The man, though, should have his bed back. Even if he were beyond its beneficence, if circumstances and his wife had been too much for him, there were his children still to watch. No one could fix the limits of influence exerted by a thing of beauty on very young minds.

A new doubt was added to the large company he entertained; or, rather, he suddenly saw the danger of gathering into the private collections of the very rich what had once given the country its tone. He was, for the moment, skeptical of himself. Once Windsor chairs, handsome beaufets, had been more or less everywhere; the world could, in the degree of its varying susceptibility, pattern its conduct on the best precepts of dignity and use; but now that was all different, ruined, like so much else. All that this reflection accomplished for him was a deepening of his conception of widespread disaster.

The truth was that only a very few people cared for simplicity—a spare hoop of hickory in a chair back, an old, clear, uncomplicated panelling. They wanted most of all red varnish and black oak, phonographs and blazing electric lights. Jammes saw, in imagination, a low room with rafters lighted a pale yellow by the radiance of candles. A breath of air passed, and there was a momentary fluttering and bowing of the flames. The candles were set in brass candlesticks on a pine table and in rubbed tin sconces on the wall. There was a pine table, a tavern table with primitive stretchers, the brass and pewter, a cupboard in apple wood with its shelves bright blue, and a bench with a high, solid back. The floor had been freshly swept and sanded and marked in a design by the broom, and from the oven set in the stone beside the fireplace came the crisp brown smell of fresh bread.

Candle flames nodding in a passing air from an opened door and little owls in the trees and dusk outside. Frogs in the spring meadow. Moist sod. Patches of Quaker ladies. Quiet. That was it—quiet. The sound of chopping, the regular impact of an ax outside, made it more perceptible. The forest was only across the little clearing; the trees made a ring of profound shade about planted corn.

But he saw no one; he heard nothing but the ax. Where they were he couldn't think. The bread might be burned, and this filled him with such an anxiety that he moved forward to the oven, and it all, brutally, left him.

He was in his room at the heart of a great modern city; the forest was gone, the quiet was gone, no ax would ever be heard again there. And he was old, he wasn't well. Who was—now? He couldn't sit all day on a rock fishing. Maybe he could manage half a day. But then someone else would get his place, drop his hook in the particular ripple that he so painstakingly, and with such small return, affected. Perhaps if he wore thicker pants the ultimate chill of the stone wouldn't strike in. Bartner! Well, his bed was gone, that was sure. Sold by his wife.

"But the Reason I'm Certain in This Case," Francis Jammes Moved Back, "is Because I Have This Bed's Original Headboard"

Francis Jammes conceived an intense dislike for her—a woman who objected to a fine bed because it filled up the ceiling. He would like nothing better than to find it and return it to its owner, to where, properly, it belonged.

In such a happy case he'd charge Bartner nothing, or perhaps, in order to hold the bed's imaginary value intact, what Bartner's wife had got for it. It might cost him, Jammes, anything. But that wouldn't matter. He could pay for it, he told himself. He continually spent sums on rare furniture that the prodigal rich held back from. Such things, Jammes felt, were superior to mere price; they were outside economic laws. And, where Bartner was concerned, Francis Jammes was dealing with the essence of his whole conviction.

The curly-maple bed had posts like vases long drawn out. And the inimitable feet! Jammes, in imagination, had already become their herald and patron. But it was essential that the bed should, in a manner at once allegorical and actual, be restored to vitality; be put back a part of the living and tonic past into the failing present. Yes, it was lost in the stagnation of a rich man's collection. Any collection was synonymous with death. He, Jammes, was an undertaker, burying in the museums the worthy dead—the furniture of the colonies in America. He saw himself, at the edge of sleep, in a black stovepipe hat—he turned into the six plates of the stove, and when he spoke there was an iron clatter. It was a late truck on the street below, but he left it, and all noise, in the swift stagecoach of dreams.

He stopped, as was his habit, to see Cardell, and found him in the reverse of a hospitable mood. Cardell couldn't, to save his life, understand why Francis Jammes had acted so mysterious about a William and Mary highboy Cardell had bought at Scarn's.

"Either you know something or you don't," he complained again; "and if you do, why don't you tell me? And if not, why did you stop bidding on it? Nobody ever saw you do that before. It almost looked as if you and Mrs. Royer ran the price up on me together . . . the way you were whispering together."

Jammes paid no attention to this.

"What did you do with it?"

A smile reluctantly appeared on Cardell's long face.

"I sold it to a Boston dealer," he admitted. There was, however, a tone of triumph in his voice. "I told him I thought it was good," he continued, "but that you had doubts. I want to be fair to anyone in the business."

"What did he say then?" James instantly demanded.

"Why, he was one of those educated dealers, and he made a remark about Jove nodding," Cardell replied. "I thought at the time if anyone nodded it would be some customer in Boston. But I'm convinced the highboy's good. Why did you stop?" he persisted.

"Have you seen Mrs. Royer since the sale?" Jammes apparently drifted from the subject of old furniture. Once, it appeared, Cardell had met her on the street.

"She sent her best regards to you," he told Jammes gloomily. "I like that woman." His hand strayed to his necktie. "She just suits me. And with that house in Virginia filled with furniture! And a widow! Look here, did she happen to make you a present?"

"Some early glass beads."

"Well, she gave me a Queen Anne mirror hardly larger than your hand. I wanted to

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Congoleum—the Easy-to-Clean Rug

A *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug makes any kitchen more attractive. And besides lending the good cheer of its happy colors this popular floor-covering is amazingly easy to care for—a few strokes with a damp mop or rag make the waterproof, smooth surface bright and spotless.

The wide variety of patterns—real masterpieces of the rug designer's art—perfectly adapt these sanitary rugs for use in every room in the house.

Beautiful and easy-to-clean but hard to wear out—Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs are the most economical floor-covering it is possible to buy.

6 ft. x 9 ft. $ 9.00 9 ft. x 9 ft. $ [illegible]
7½ ft. x 9 ft. 11.25 9 ft. x 10½ ft. [illegible]
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The rug [illegible] made in [illegible] The small rugs are made in [illegible]

1¼ ft. x 3 ft. $ [illegible] 3 ft. x 4½ ft. $1.95
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CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Watch This Column

Big Baseball Romance Here

ROCKLIFFE FELLOWES and BUDDY MESSINGER in "TRIFLING WITH HONOR"

Out on the diamond, with crowds screaming, excitement at high-tide, players tense and fighting on their nerve—that's the scene of Universal's next picture, ***"Trifling with Honor."*** You'll like it, I'm sure. It is a purely American story—a baseball romance, founded on a baseball scandal which turned us all end-wise several years ago.

* * *

Do you remember William Slavens McNutt's great story of the escaped convict who utilized the one thing he learned in prison—baseball—and became a star in the big league, then fell into the hands of the baseball gamblers and was ordered to "throw" the last and deciding game, or go back to prison? Well, that's the picture we've made.

* * *

And do you remember the Western Union Messenger Boy who pleaded with the star-player to protect the good name of the game, be true to its traditions for the sake of all the kids in America who regarded him as an idol and a hero? How he yielded to the boy's agonized pleadings, *won* the game, routed the gamblers, got the girl he wanted and lived happily ever afterwards?

* * *

Well, ROCKLIFFE FELLOWES is The Man, Fritzi Ridgway The Woman, Hayden Stevenson The Other Man, and Buddy Messinger The Messenger Boy.

* * *

Please write me a *personal letter* when you have seen this baseball romance, and tell me what you think of it. It was directed by Harry Pollard, who is now making another corking series of ***"The Leather Pushers."*** Also tell me how you like ***"The Abysmal Brute," "Bavu"*** and ***H. A. Snow's "Hunting Big Game in Africa with Gun and Camera."***

Write me and tell me the title of some book or story which you think would make a good picture. I want to make the kind of pictures that the American people want. But you've got to help. Will you? All right, then write.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

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keep it, but when I was out for lunch someone just took it along with him and sent me a check for three hundred dollars. I'd have been way under that valuation."

"She probably gave something to every good dealer in the city," Jammes observed.

"If she did it's a blow to me. I thought I was moving some with her—until you came along, and I didn't figure you had me cooled except with the furniture."

"You'd make a fool of yourself right now if she would let you."

"Jammes," Cardell demanded, "do you think there's anything queer about her? Is she being used to plant bad pieces?"

"She planted nothing bad with me," Jammes assured him. "The beads were the finest early glass I know of. And there's the three hundred you had."

"I know. I know. It was just an idea, but I was all wrong. That woman couldn't be like that."

"Cardell," the other suddenly asked, "where are the fine curly-maple beds now?"

"Everywhere," Jammes was assured.

"No, the exceptional ones."

"Mrs. Gerber, in Brookline."

"I've seen hers. It isn't that."

"Fox Bennington, Louisville."

"I know that one, too; it's not a bed but a curly-maple elephant."

"Well, then—mine, upstairs."

"Keep it there."

"There's one in the Greenspring Valley."

"High posts?"

"I understand—yes. I don't know their names. Wait a minute. I sent a japanned tray down there last February. We'll find out for you. It won't be to sell."

"Practically everything can be bought."

"That's where you're wrong. I've got an American court cupboard nobody could have."

"I was asking for a maple bed." Jammes prepared to leave. "Let me hear about the one outside Baltimore."

Once more alone, in his hideous plush rocking-chair, he searched his mind for every piece of curly maple he had seen or dealt in, and recalled eleven distinct beds. His memory, in each instance, included from where they had been bought, what the price had been and who had been the purchaser. Some of them he hadn't thought of for five years, and naturally he couldn't be expected to follow every change of ownership since. He went over the details of their various but similar designs. However, he might have spared himself all that, for none had spade feet. There wasn't a true Hepplewhite proportion among them. Yet the vase pattern of Bartner's bed wasn't Hepplewhite; it was probably a pleasant county mixture.

Francis Jammes had seen high slim octagonal bedposts in New Hampshire, but they were in plain maple. He knew of a slender-posted bed with spade feet in white mahogany white mahogany or butternut, he couldn't quite make up his mind which, and thinking of the former, an inlayer's wood, his mind was filled with the romantic and lovely names of woods familiar to the cabinetmakers of the past—satinwood and deep amboyna, tulip and holly and lime wood for carving, Thuja and ebony and lilac wood and rose, the rippled mahogany of Campeachy Bay and the clouded mahogany of Santo Domingo. But now his interest was directed toward only maple—Empire chests of drawers with cut-glass knobs; American Sheraton with pressed-brass handles, swell front laid on cherry or solid in maple itself; pale tables and lowboys with shells as airy as smoke.

The following day he had a note from Cardell, with the address, in Maryland, of the bed he had spoken about. At Baltimore Jammes proceeded to the house of Preston Cottonet, and from there he went on into the Greenspring Valley sunk deep in a motor landaulet behind a chauffeur and a footman. The car stopped at a long low house of mellow brick, a Georgian façade on a lawn with a circular drive of grass and a formal pool on the left, and Francis Jammes was ceremoniously conducted up to the bed he had come to see.

It had never been Bartner's; that he discovered at once. There was no canopy, but pineapple finials; and it was so elaborately carved that it might almost have come from New Orleans. That ended his purpose there; but on his way downstairs he stopped at an Adam console cabinet and satiated himself with the delightful surface. The paint on it was as glowing as citron and as smooth as wax. He was urged to stay for lunch; but he declined, and took an immediate train home, and in the tunnel under Baltimore the gas seriously irritated his throat. A violent attack of coughing left him so weak that he could hardly mount the stairs to his second story. Why, he wondered, prostrate, had he taken that exhausting trip? He accused Cardell of sentimentality, but it was a question if he weren't worse. He cared nothing for Bartner; and specially he, Francis Jammes, couldn't hope to restrain or better instruct Bartner's wife.

Besides, he hadn't a remote chance to find that one bed out of the forest of high curly-maple posts that had, mostly of late, sprung up. It was all folly. Still, it must have been pleasant on such a farm. With Bartner memory was more potent, more valuable, than the actual present; it was memory, what had been, a trace of tradition, that sustained him. Such things were often more real than a wife and seven children. But he, Jammes, couldn't help him. . . . Where was the throat medicine? It was past the middle of night, and, in spite of the hurt, he hadn't the courage to get up and explore the dark. There was a sudden startling crash, which, after some confused minutes, he identified as a fallen picture.

The heat grew more intense. It was sustained day after day, night on night; but while the city grew still with a sense of mortality, oppressed and choked with dread, Francis Jammes felt a renewed stir of life. He liked heat and flourished in it. His dry, tenuous body, chilled by any degree of surrounding coolness, was at its decreasing best when there was no demand upon his innate vital store of warmth. He walked, in the afternoons, along the streets and by the stores, the secondhand furniture stores of the poor. Jammes was always alert for possibilities, for bedposts masked in dust, table tops, the frames of primitive desks. He liked sea chests, if there were still a clinging trace of their original sea-blue paint, and almost anything that was small, old and of pine; specially small things, which he held to be, ultimately, more valuable than large. Once he had found, as a reward for his vigilance, on Front Street, by the river, among the ship chandlers and Italian fruit sellers, a gate-leg table less than thirteen inches across the top when it was folded, and diminutive in proportion. Walnut—not oak. Oak he would not have glanced at again.

He was leaving Front Street now. It was past four o'clock, but the heat had not lessened with the passage of afternoon. The rows of apples on the open stands gave out almost the aroma of baking, and Jammes thought that the bananas blackened as he looked at them. He walked up what was hardly more than an alley, stopped, for no conscious reason, before a store that was only a shed covering a rusting miscellany of largely useless iron scraps, and uncovered the face plate of a Franklin stove cast at Durham Furnace in 1730. It was the first known in type and the dealer assured him that all the plates were there. It was heavy, he added, and worth a good deal in iron.

Jammes, before he left, saw that the stove was complete, left its price, four dollars and ninety cents, and an explicit description of exactly to whom and under what particular circumstances only it should be delivered. He was filled with a sense of excitement, accountable partly to his finding the Franklin stove; but it wasn't wholly a feeling of satisfaction, of triumph. It wasn't contained in what had happened, but was, as much as anything, made up of expectancy. Nothing more, however, occurred that afternoon; but his tenseness, the pleasurable glow, lasted through the evening. The next day it had subsided, and going in an inconvenient local train to a sale of furniture in a New Jersey village, his familiar weary pessimism again had gathered about him.

The train went by vast sandy fields of tomato plants, enormous areas of truck gardening; under a sky nearly as white with heat as the pale soil, where the unshaded houses were like toys of exactly painted wood. He passed stations with the names of Southern Italian towns. The signs over the general stores were in Italian, and the women were gay with calicoes and thick with petticoats. Jammes' expression was acrimonious, and he muttered a sharp phrase—"El Dorado—America" Soon the gold they all came to find would be gone; the gold that was in the soil and in the forests, at the heart of simpler men; the richness would have vanished, but the discontent, the bitterness and want, of the seekers would remain.

Francis Jammes told himself that he was a Federalist; but the meaning of that term, a strongly centralized government, no longer expressed his political belief. He wanted a strong government, but not so much of it. The truth was, of course, that the mass of people—the present mass, he added—wasn't fit to govern itself. It was hardly worth governing. Yes, the country was smashed ——

His gloomy thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of the train at his destination. There were no service hacks at the bareness of that platform, and he was obliged to walk laboriously through a mile of sandy way. He came finally to the house—completely misdescribed in the advertisement—where the sale was to take place. He would find nothing there, he thought; there were no cars he recognized; he could discover the presence of no dealer or familiar indefatigable collector in the small local throng on the porch. There wasn't a thing he'd give a fip for, Jammes told himself; and then he saw, leaning on the wall behind a half-closed door, the headboard of a curly-maple bed.

As he bent over it there was a sharp movement behind him and he turned instinctively. He saw nothing more than a man older than himself, dressed with precision, but without any distinction, any distinctive features whatever.

"Evidently part of an old bed," the other remarked.

"Evidently," Jammes agreed.

"I can't make out if the splashes on it are painted—you know, graining—or natural. Can you? If they were real I might like to have it. My stepdaughter's got a bed it might fit into. That is, I'd buy it for a dollar or so."

Francis Jammes made no reply.

"Yes," the older man reiterated; "it might be just what she'd want. I wouldn't give anything for it; but, of course, I wouldn't have to. I looked all around, and there's no more. That's all."

Jammes walked unceremoniously away. Among his greatest detestations were overdressed old men, conspicuously dressed men of any age—a piece of red flower in his buttonhole, a cane with a gold handle! That collar! He wondered where the aged fool had come from. Not from that locality, it was clear. Well, it didn't matter, he told himself. The sale was cried and he moved out beyond the pressure of the little avaricious throng. A sadiron brought thirty cents; a red strip of carpet a dollar and seventy; a vicious factory-made bed, thick with varnish, went for three dollars and ten cents. The auctioneer accepted advances of five and three cents. Then he held up the curly-maple headboard:

"How much? How much? Who'll start this valuable piece of wood? Will you give a dollar? Seventy-five? Fifty cents? Twenty-five? Twenty?"

The faded individual in the pretentious garb with a sprig of geranium said that he would give twenty cents; there was a faint and undecided bid of a quarter.

"A quarter of a dollar, a quarter ——"

"Thirty cents."

"Thirty, thirty, thirty! Going, going, going, for thirty cents! Going, going ——"

"Fifty," Jammes declared. He had no program to raise.

The man with a flower advanced to seventy-five.

"A dollar," this was Jammes.

"Two," called the other with an audible impatience.

"Three!" said Jammes.

"Twenty!"

This brought out an amazed murmur.

"Twenty dollars has been bid," the auctioneer reminded them.

"Twenty-five dollars," Jammes put in when the audible confusion had subsided.

"Thirty!"

The elder had the exasperated tone of Cardell when he was bidding.

"Thirty-five," Jammes went on.

"Forty."

"Forty-five."

There was a pause; then, "Fifty."

"Fifty-five."

"Seventy-five."

Francis Jammes bid a hundred dollars for a curly-maple headboard without its bed.

"Take it!" the other shouted. "I didn't know I was in an asylum."

The temper of the sale, clearly conveyed, was that at least two individuals were

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Peerless

If Peerless has developed one virtue which outshines all the others, it is a reputation for undeviating reliability.

By reliability we mean that regularity of performance—that certainty of arriving—which rivals the fixity of a railroad schedule.

We mean that Peerless designers and engineers have given it something over and above the delights of lightning-swift acceleration, power-without-stint, and air-cushioned qualities of riding.

We mean that the luxury of these things continues unabated, whether the destination be a dozen blocks or a thousand miles away.

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WALK into any Hanover store. Take up a Hanover shoe and examine it closely. Note the quiet elegance of its style, the hardy construction, the genuine high-grade leather—the fine finish.

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For a quarter century we've devoted our skill and effort toward making a better Hanover Shoe.

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This is possible because we are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores. If there is no Hanover Store near you, we will fit you from Hanover. Write for catalog.

The HANOVER SHOE, HANOVER, PA.
Exclusively for Men and Boys

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are Smartish and Serviceable—good-looking as Dad's—$2.50, $3 and $3.50.

(Continued from Page 40

present for the justification of such a belief. The crier indicated an insecure kerosene stove.

"Three hundred dollars to start it. Three, and four! Do I hear five hundred dollars?"

What he heard was a general loud and scoffing laughter. But this was silenced by Jammes paying for his headboard. There was an actuality about the sum that impressed the crowd. There was now a whispered belief that the piece of wood was worth a hundred dollars. Perhaps more. Yes, very probably. The two men who had bid for it, someone had said, represented museums, one in Washington and the other at New York. That headboard was well known to many present. Old Greener, they remembered now, had thought a lot of it. It had been in the best room. A woman who proved to be Thomas Greener's granddaughter declared that the title to the headboard rested under a cloud. It had been specifically presented to her, and the sale had been conducted against her wish. She had been, from the first, opposed to the publicity and incidental loss of money.

Francis Jammes left all this in being while he struggled back through the sand to the station. The headboard, awkward in shape for carrying and heavier than it first appeared, added to the weary difficulty of his progress. Again in the city, home, the flight of steps seemed interminable; and when he reached the floor on which he lived he dropped his burden with a clatter. After a long rest—a period, really, of exhaustion—he examined with patient care his purchase. It was that rare thing, perfection; absolutely. The shape, the graceful roll at the top, the proportion of the ends, the marriage of its curves, were pure beauty; and the quality, the color, of the wood ——

It was worth a hundred dollars to have it in his room, to slip his fingers over its surface again and again and again. What was it in the processes of time that made a piece of wood so inexpressibly lovely, that gave it an apparent softness, the quality of silk velvet? No stain or varnish or paint could imitate it . . . perfection.

He'd never tell Cardell what he paid for it; Jammes was certain of that. Good heaven, how Cardell would laugh at him—a hundred dollars for a curly-maple headboard! What would the posts be worth at such a valuation? Ordinarily a good curly-maple bed was worth perhaps a hundred and fifty dollars, fine ones two hundred or two hundred and fifty. Only the exceptional bed, when it could be bought at all, reached the sum of three hundred dollars.

Francis Jammes put the headboard away; he locked it into the back space of the store downstairs; nobody but himself ever went in there. He snapped the padlock on its hasp and thought of Bartner; rather it was Bartner's bed he thought of; Jammes wanted to find it. One of the marks of his increasing age, his decline, was that his tired mind, worn smooth with the flow of the years of expert accountancy, became victimized by special ideas and desires. They fastened in his thoughts with a persistence he was powerless to modify or affect. They were stronger, more tyrannical, than the being, the substance, that gave them birth. Now Jammes wanted to find the curly-maple bed. Probably, after all, it wasn't far away—there were many collectors in the city, and there would be no reason for sending it away.

He directed his thoughts on carpet mills—what a fool he had been not to ask where Bartner worked—and there was, it developed, an entire section of the city, a city within the city, devoted to that industry. Bartner really couldn't help him; but with information he could at least have traced the beginning of the bed's changes. The maple beds he knew of within half a day from the city he visited. There was one almost fine enough to have been Bartner's, and the feet, it was evident to Jammes, had been lately turned. They were not spaded now, but it was impossible to guess what they had been perhaps only last week.

Idly, after his detailed examination, he glanced back at the headboard, and two things were increasingly evident to him—unlike the feet, there was no possibility of its having been replaced or changed, and its quality was enormously inferior to the headboard he had at home. That one he took very often from the shadow in which it stood for a prolonged, luxurious inspection. It was July. The heat had momentarily broken; there were violent falls of rain, solid crystal downpours, and the evenings in his rooms were a pure pleasure. He lightly touched the maple headboard, fingered his cherry sideboard, so simple, so early, so faultless, rubbed his hand over the silvered coolness of old mirrors. It was so very enjoyable at home that he seldom went out after dusk. And when, one evening between showers, Meadows insisted on carrying him to the country Jammes was only annoyed.

It was some wainscot chairs Meadows wanted him to see; walnut, the seventeenth century, and positively American.

"Although they were bought in England," he proceeded. "Theodore Vhail picked them up himself. You understand, they're not for sale. I won't even pretend that he wants your opinion of them. He's like that. Vhail doesn't think he needs opinions. And, unfortunately, usually he doesn't. For a rich man, he knows a remarkable lot. I won't pretend he's nice."

If Meadows had made such a pretension, Jammes thought later, the fact would have instantly contradicted it. In reality, he added silently, Vhail was probably the most disagreeable man he had ever encountered. His manner was well enough, but that was no more than a veneering over his incredible self-satisfaction. The wainscot chairs, however, as Meadows had intimated, were, miraculously, quite as good as their owner's opinion of them.

"They ought to be entirely original," Jammes said in, for him, an extraordinary concession.

Vhail hardly waited to hear him; he nodded impatiently, moving off.

"Come upstairs," he exclaimed, "and I'll give you a sensation. I show this to dealers just to remind them that they don't cover the whole wall."

Francis Jammes was divided between walking not up but downstairs to Meadows' car and the chance of seeing something really worth while. The latter, naturally, triumphed.

"There!" Vhail proclaimed.

Jammes walked slowly forward.

"Yes," he said, but principally to himself, "that was worth coming for."

And then he thought of Bartner. In a room appropriately bare, with a floor of random poplar boards painted green, stood a bed of curly maple better than any he had seen or imagined. It had a white ball-fringe canopy. The brasses had been added. He went at once to the headboard.

"That," he said, after a momentary study, "is good. It's almost good enough."

"Do you mean that the headboard isn't original?" Vhail demanded sharply. "If you do—why, you're nothing of a judge. I thought you knew enough to appreciate a lovely bed."

"It's good," Jammes admitted. "If it weren't for one thing I'd have been inclined to think it was quite right."

"Perhaps you'll tell Meadows and me what that one thing is." Vhail's tone was hard, contemptuous. "Meadows, I'll bet you a thousand that whatever it is it's wrong."

"I haven't an idea what," he replied, "but I do know Francis Jammes, you're taken."

Francis Jammes' fingers followed every turning of the headboard's outline.

"Here," he said, "you can see where it has been forced into the post; the edge has even been broken a little. The original headboard would have shrunk. It would have been worn easy."

"That," said Vhail, "is one of those statements that sound convincing—at first. I have seen old head and foot boards that had to be broken out of their hold."

"It is too tight," Jammes repeated; "and then, while there is no orange shellac on the bed itself, there is on the headboard."

"Prove it," Vhail ordered him disagreeably. "But you can't, because shellac would have been knocked off with pumice, worked into the fibre of the wood. No, you're safe enough; but fortunately you are not convincing."

"Shellac has been laid in the angles. Very skillfully, of course," Jammes proceeded blandly. "To a sensitive or trained eye the difference in color between the board and a post is—is instructive."

"Yes?" Vhail was again suave.

"But the reason I'm certain in this case," Francis Jammes moved back, "is because I have this bed's original headboard."

"Ha, I wondered! Well, you have something to sell," Vhail smiled.

"You're wrong again," Meadows told him. "Didn't I carefully explain Jammes to you when I said I'd bring him out? You make me sick, Vhail. I'll be delighted to find you wrong where you'll know it."

"Bring it along"—Vhail was speaking to Jammes—"I'd like to see it, of course. We can tell the second it's against the posts, and if it is what you say, you're lucky. You'll have a good customer."

"I'll fetch it out, yes," Jammes replied; "but I'm not after a sale. I'd rather keep it."

"Certainly, certainly," the other smiled again. "We all understand about that."

"I'd have gladly lost the thousand not to miss this," Meadows declared; "and it's going to get better. I can see that. When can you come back, Jammes? Make it soon."

"The history of how I got that bed would make a story," Vhail asserted. "I got it from a woman who was changing her doctor and her interior decorator every other day, but she had it from a man who found it in the shanty of a carpet beater. It seems the roof even was full of holes, and the rain streamed in. The owner was practically starved. He had sold everything, but he wouldn't part with his bed. His wife had died on it only the month before ——"

"Where," Jammes interrupted him, "did the carpet beater work?"

"Carpet beaters," Vhail replied with a pedantic intention of humor, "follow their profession in the back lots of the city. I don't have any carpets exposed and beaten, so I don't know him; but Mrs. Louis Lamotte might be able to give you important information."

"You know her, Jammes; she's one of the customers I was good enough to try to send you."

"Isn't that all?" Francis Jammes asked Meadows by way of a farewell.

In his car, something of Meadows' security evaporated.

"I hope you've got that damn headboard," he said. "If you haven't, Vhail won't leave me a quiet day. He'll radio the news to London. And he does know a hell of a lot, Francis. I don't believe I've ever seen him make a mistake like this."

"Of course I've got it!" Jammes returned irritably. "That's nothing; I want the bed."

"Everybody does," Meadows answered comfortably, lighting a very dark, wedge-shaped cigar.

"But it's different with me." Jammes spoke in an abstracted voice. "I've got to have it."

"Well, you won't succeed. You'd have just as much chance with the flags from Napoleon's tomb. I've got some money, but Vhail's rich. He didn't make it and he never thinks about it. The only things in his mind are fine old furniture and the superiority of what he owns. His has got to be the best. Beyond criticism."

The following morning Francis Jammes discovered, at the telephone, that Mrs. Louis Lamotte and a doctor and attendant—but not, now, an interior decorator—were somewhere on the Trans-Siberian Railway. Did anyone at her house know about a high-posted curly-maple bed now owned by Mr. Theodore Vhail? In a moment the speaker would see. No, the voice resumed, nothing was known about the bed. Mrs. Lamotte had bought one, however, from a Mrs. Gage. The voice expressed the belief that she lived in the city.

Mrs. Gage herself, in a flowery and perfumed tone, replied to Jammes: Yes, she remembered the bed; her husband's brother had told them about it. Her husband had passed away since. But Mr. Alexander Gage could be seen at the Gage and Wisson Carpet Mills. Francis Jammes didn't actually see him: but later he did discover that Bartner was still working at the Gage and Wisson looms.

That was all comparatively easy; and, Jammes reminded himself, none of it carried him a foot forward in the accomplishment of his desire. The thing, the only thing, he had to contend with was the present owner of the curly-maple bed. But that was enough. The situation was so simple that it allowed no skill of approach. Theodore Vhail had the bed and he wanted it; nothing more. And Vhail, he realized, would never sell. He, Jammes, might try to get him a better maple bed, but that he dismissed at once. It wasn't possible. The famous spade feet alone prevented that. There wasn't, to put it directly, another such bed in existence.

(Continued on Page 44)

How GMC Regards "Used Trucks"

Selling New GMC Equipment and "Buying" Old Trucks are Considered Separately.

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Two distinct transactions are undertaken in the sale of a GMC truck to a customer who is replacing other truck equipment with a new GMC.

The customer buys, for a remarkably low list price, a motor truck of the finest quality and refinement—one capable of doing a greater amount of work for a long and uninterrupted period because of its particular and exclusive features of design.

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FRESH Tuxedo TOBACCO

(Continued from Page 42)

He wondered a little, but not long, at his luck—or was it no more than a misfortune?—in getting the headboard that belonged to Vhail's bed. There could be no doubt about that—Jammes had it. Vhail, Meadows, anyone nearly, would admit it after a most casual comparison. Francis Jammes was never surprised by the unexpected; other and stranger coincidences had happened to him in the past. Life was like that—incalculable, erratic, beyond measure or prediction. Nothing was impossible . . . except to get Vhail to sell his bed.

Jammes tried to put Bartner and everything that concerned him out of his mind, but without success. He saw in imagination the pale sweet blossoms of the pear tree shifting into the room on a mild April air; he saw the stream choked with the round crisp leaves of watercress; the sunlight fell through the still branches of the orchard and warmed the rocks where Bartner had played as a boy. And then he thought of Bartner's children and the street hydrant turned on them by a fireman. But it was the country, more than any individual, that that change affected. The farms had electric lights now, and automobiles; and they were farms no longer, but places, acres, for the growing of specialized crops. They had been improved out of existence. No one could stay or deny improvement. It was just that Jammes was growing old, unable to meet, perhaps unable to see, the good in new conditions.

He didn't want to. That, he asserted to the night lying darkly upon him, was perhaps the whole truth about him. But he could see that there was no good in factory-made chairs. They were uncomfortable as well as unstable and bad in materials and proportion. The age of pretentiousness and pretence had overtaken the land. Imitations. Chairs and men; particularly women! Look what Bartner's wife had done to him! Ruined him, probably.

Vhail's third letter Francis Jammes answered indirectly by asking Meadows when it would be convenient for him to drive out to the country where Vhail lived. He kept his headboard wrapped until, with Vhail, they were grouped at the side of the curly-maple bed. Vhail's confidence in all that touched him was expressed in an attitude of exaggerated concern. His politeness reached the pitch of a humility preparing itself, it seemed, for a calamity. Jammes undramatically untied the headboard and arranged it on a chair where the same light fell on it as that which enveloped the bed. Meadows gave the two surfaces a quick comparative attention. Then he turned, restraining a smile, to Vhail.

"You can send me your cheque in the morning."

"Cheque!" Vhail exclaimed. "I thought Mr. Jammes owned the headboard. Not you."

"It isn't to pay for that," Meadows explained cheerfully. "It's only the bet, the thousand, you've lost to me."

"Lost? What nonsense!" Vhail was bent over the fashioned board Jammes had brought. At last, silently, long and painfully, he compared its color with the bed. He scored it with a tentative finger nail. "Come downstairs," he said abruptly.

They went without further word, Vhail leading and Jammes at the rear with his headboard awkwardly held under an arm, down into a small sitting room furnished in the period of Queen Anne, with a walnut table inlaid on the knees with ivory and ebony and silver.

He rang a bell that produced a servant, who brought them Scotch whisky in a cut red decanter and immense tumblers of flint glass that rang like bells when they were set down.

"You can have your thousand, Meadows," Vhail said, after a contemplative drink. "Now, Mr. Jammes, how much do you want?"

"For the headboard?" Jammes' tone bore a delicate edge of surprise. "That isn't for sale. But I told you that."

"And, if you'll remember, I said I understood you there. . . . How much?"

"That whisky, Meadows," Jammes remarked, "it's old, too. The color would tell you that. No good whisky now. Nothing now at all."

"I'm glad you appreciate it," Vhail informed him. "It's been forty years in wood in one place I know of. About the headboard ——"

"Mr. Vhail," Jammes replied, "my real reason for coming out here was to buy your bed. Will you put a price on it?"

"Ah-ha! That knocks the crating off our purpose. The gentleman with the horn wants to buy the entire animal. Wouldn't it look better, Meadows, the other way?"

"I told him it was no use," Meadows admitted; "but he's as hard as you are."

"Probably," Jammes went tranquilly on, "you paid two hundred dollars for your maple bed. You can get one different, but, from your position, as good for—well, five hundred dollars. I'll give you a thousand for it."

"Mr. Jammes," said Vhail, "I was mistaken in you. I'll give you a thousand for the headboard. The bed's not up."

"Mr. Vhail," said Jammes, "fifteen hundred for the bed. The headboard's out of it."

"Two thousand," said Vhail.

"Twenty-five hundred," Jammes responded.

"Look here, Vhail," Meadows protested, "be reasonable. Jammes is a poor man. I don't know what's in either of you—two hundred and fifty dollars would be prodigal for the whole business. Francis hasn't any idea of prices when he's interested."

Vhail took a deep drink.

"By heaven," he told Jammes, "I won't give you three!"

"I wouldn't take six," said the other. "Two thousand five hundred for the bed."

"No, nor twenty-five thousand."

Francis Jammes rose wearily.

"We'll have to go without it, Meadows," he admitted. But Theodore Vhail caught his arm:

"Sit down! There's something more in the bottle; and this is a very extraordinary occasion. I might say three thousand. The trouble is this: I'll be candid with you—now I know the other right headboard exists, it spoils my pleasure in the bed. Every time I saw it I'd know it wasn't complete. I tell you, Jammes, you've spoiled it for me, and you'll have to restore it again."

"I've never restored anything," Jammes told him acidly.

Vhail's effort at good nature ebbed.

"I've got to have it," he declared shortly; "all the reason is with me. And since I've got to, I'll let you hold me up. What do you want?"

"The bed."

"You'll never get it. I'll break it up first. Mr. Jammes, don't make any mistake about me there."

"I won't," Jammes assured him; "I can see what you're like."

"Well ——?"

Jammes merely gazed at him.

"—— the headboard."

"I wouldn't let you have it to float on if you were drowning. Be sure about that."

"I am," Vhail shot at him. "You couldn't be mistaken for the stubborn ass you are. I'll break the damned bed up," Vhail reiterated; "I won't have it in my house—if that will do you any good."

"Nothing much will," Jammes answered. He was very tired, overcome by his sense of futility.

"Then neither of us will have it." It was Vhail who was speaking again. He glanced at Jammes over the rim of his glass. "Four thousand," he said.

"Not forty."

"Stop it," Meadows commanded them. "You'll break something important inside you. Oh, you'll wake up! Theodore, you're drunk."

Jammes rose with an air of finality.

"Come on," he said to Meadows; "I'm sorry to have led you out here for nothing."

Vhail preserved a moody silence; he made no effort toward a semblance of politeness. Meadows prodded him in a shoulder.

"Jammes is equal to you. I'll get a little out of this, anyhow; it's so small I hate to think about it—a thousand dollars. Still, that's the price of a good sideboard or crystal chandelier."

"Wait a minute." Vhail rose. "I don't want this bed, since I'm not going to get the headboard; but, Jammes, you can't have it. You can not have it! The thing's so perfect it ought to be complete—well, we will give it to someone, hangings and springs and headboard and canopy."

"If you like," Jammes agreed.

"But not to your aunt or a customer or any such person," Vhail added.

"We'll give it to the carpet beater," Jammes proposed.

"The carpet beater?" Theodore Vhail was puzzled.

"Yes; the man who owned it originally. He had brought it up from a farm in Delaware where he was born, and his wife sold it on him while he was out of the house."

"Meadows," Vhail declared, "you can't have all that money for nothing. You see that what Mr. Jammes wants gets done. The carpet beater."

Meadows turned to Francis Jammes.

"It's all right," Jammes reassured him; "I didn't make it up. If I had, Bartner would never have had a wife at all."

Jammes left the headboard for Theodore Vhail to restore. Flashing over the smooth, undulating road he asked Meadows how fast they were going. Perhaps sixty. That was miles an hour and not in a day, as it would have been in the past, the deliberate tranquillity for which Jammes longed.

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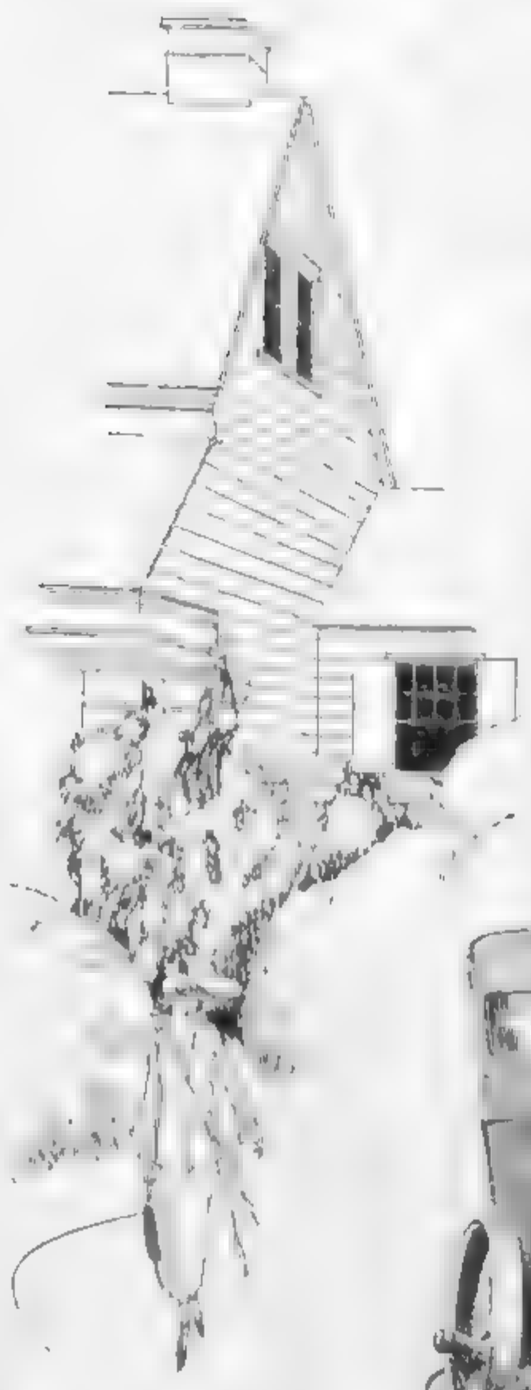

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The Income Tax and the People

THE income tax is in no sense a modern means of raising revenue. Even in Solon's time there was a progressive income tax, and later, in the Middle Ages, it was imposed by some European countries. Its introduction to the United States antedates the Civil War. In 1861 a law was passed taxing incomes in excess of $800. All incomes of more than $800 and less than $5000 were taxed 5 per cent, and those between $5000 and $10,000 7½ per cent and incomes of more than $10,000 10 per cent. This law ceased to operate in 1872.

An attempt was made in 1894 to pass another income-tax law, but it was taken to the Supreme Court and declared unconstitutional. Congress in 1909 placed a 1 per cent tax on the incomes of corporations, and February 25, 1913, the Sixteenth Amendment, giving Congress the right to tax the people directly, was ratified by the necessary three-fourths of the states. On October 3, 1913, Congress accordingly passed the first direct-income-tax law, which was declared to be effective as of March 1, the same year, the first day of the first month subsequent to the ratification of the amendment. Other revenue acts were passed September 8, 1916, October 3, 1917, February 24, 1919, and November 23, 1921, each embodying new features and, with the exception of the last act, imposing higher taxes.

To handle efficiently the collection of income taxes among 100,000,000 people is a problem that cannot be worked out overnight, but now after nine years a comparatively smooth-running, well-organized machine has been developed. The Internal Revenue Bureau in Washington annually receives 1,250,000 income-tax returns. This figure does not include the returns filed by those whose incomes are less than $5000. To audit and carry on the work of this department of the bureau 7275 people were employed in Washington during the last fiscal year. The cost of administering the internal-revenue laws was $41,577,374.49. Total receipts were $3,197,451,083. Computing on this basis the cost of collection was $1.30 for each $100 collected, compared with 87 cents for the preceding year. The difference in relative cost of collection is due mainly to the large reduction in revenues, the repeal of some of the war-profits taxes, and the increase in individual exemption.

The return of the taxpayer whose net income is in excess of $5000 is, after being filed with the collector of the district in which the taxpayer resides, forwarded to Washington for auditing and filing. Returns of taxpayers of less income are audited by the collectors' forces. During the last fiscal year 954,731 income and excess-profits tax returns were audited in Washington, and as a result additional assessments totaling $79,679,860.97 were made.

The Inspector's Work

A copy of the return filed by a corporation, partnership or individual, after being audited by the bureau, is sent to the revenue agent's office for what is termed a field examination. Throughout the country during the last fiscal year the Government maintained a force of 3251 agents and inspectors, whose duty it is to make a comparison of the books and records of the taxpayer with the return filed with the Internal Revenue Bureau.

Unlike the collectors' forces, who work in districts, the revenue agents and inspectors are assigned to divisions, one division generally comprising three or four collection districts. The number of agents working in each division varies, of course, according to its importance and volume of work. Each inspector or agent is given copies of returns forwarded to his headquarters from Washington. These transcripts are his authority to make an examination and to investigate all items of income and deduction shown thereon.

During the last fiscal year there were 24,868 such examinations made of individuals and partnerships, and as a result $28,885,736.49 additional tax was assessed. There were 14,088 corporations examined, and $78,717,066.69 was the amount of further tax found due. Agents and inspectors who do the field auditing for the Government are trained accountants and auditors, and receive salaries that range from $1600 to $4000 a year, depending on their ability and experience. Those whose salaries are less than $2000 a year have the official rating of inspectors, and a salary increase above that amount automatically makes them agents.

The revenue agents' forces in their operation are perhaps freer from political influence than any other department of the Government. An applicant for such a position is never questioned as to his political activity or affiliations. He is selected solely on merit, and after qualifying with the Civil Service Commission is sent to Washington for a forty-five-day training period. Here he is drilled in the principles of sound accounting and the application of the income-tax laws. If he successfully passes his examinations, which are extremely rigid, he is assigned to a division, and begins his duties as a guardian of the United States Treasury.

The man who presents himself at your home or place of business and asks to be shown whether you have made a strict accounting to Uncle Sam has been thoroughly trained in his line. He has been told that it is the public tax which pays his salary, and that he is therefore working for the people. The fact that courtesy is paramount is another point on which his instructors have dwelt, and personal good will is an asset to a revenue agent and never a liability. But on the shoulders of the inspector who may be receiving only $1800 a year rest responsibilities that would test the best judgment of the $25,000-a-year executive. The decisions of the comparatively unimportant inspector as to the admissibility of certain items not infrequently involve tens of thousands of dollars in additional taxes or refunds.

Assessments and Refunds

A strict efficiency record is kept for each field auditor. The amount of additional tax he may report for assessment has no bearing on his standing. Whether he discovers unpaid revenue to the tune of $250,000, as is frequently the case, or recommends a $10,000 refund does not in the least affect his chances for advancement. He is rated solely on the quantity and quality of his work. His instructions are to administer the laws fairly and impartially, and not to involve the Government in unnecessary and useless litigation.

An examining officer assigned to work on individuals and partnerships will ordinarily complete from sixty to 200 cases a year. The number of corporations examined by an agent varies from ten to 100, depending on the complexity and volume of the accounts. Upon the completion of each case the agent's report, setting forth in detail all the changes made in a return, is reviewed by a group of examiners in his office, and when approved is prepared in triplicate. One copy goes to the income-tax section at Washington, for final review and approval; one is retained in the office of the revenue agent for the permanent files, and the third is sent to the taxpayer, who is thus provided with a full and complete explanation of all changes made either for or against him.

When the audit section of the income-tax unit has made a final review of the report the taxpayer is notified by letter that within thirty days an assessment will be entered against him, and that he may furnish within such time the basis of any objection he may raise to the findings of the examining officer. If arguments are presented in writing or at a hearing in Washington the case is thoroughly reviewed, final decision made, and the amount of additional tax assessed. A further appeal may be made only through the courts. In the event that the taxpayer is entitled to a refund it works itself out in the same way with the exception that there are no hearings or protests to delay action; yet it ordinarily requires from six months to a year to secure a refund.

Until about two years ago no detailed accounting was given except a verbal explanation. The department found abuses grew out of this practice and it was abolished in favor of giving the taxpayer the same information that was forwarded to Washington.

In his pilgrimages from taxpayer to taxpayer, measuring the extent of the honesty, integrity and accuracy of the American people, the government agent gets a rare insight into human nature. He sees the so-called gentility under fire when the Government comes gnawing at the purse strings. Money is vital to everyone, and the subterfuges and schemes to which some resort to deprive the Government of tax that is justly due would put to shame some of the master criminal minds of other days. The willingness with which a man or woman parts with what he or she has earned for something that is intangible, and the fullness of the accounting, very largely measure his or her patriotism and desirability as a citizen.

One outstanding good that the income tax has done for the American people is that it has made them a nation of bookkeepers.

Before the income tax was in operation there was among the majority of people no necessity for keeping books, but now with the Treasury Department asking to know the whys and wherefores of everything relating to one's finances a strict account is kept, and the merchants especially have come to realize the many benefits derived from keeping a good set of books.

The greater part of the American people are honest. They appreciate the fact that their prosperity is contingent upon a proper functioning of the Government, and that to function properly it must have revenue.

The revenue agent must embody the qualifications of both a trained investigator and the good accountant. He must not be satisfied that the entries on the books are correct, but he must also determine whether all the business transacted is recorded there. Occasionally agents discover that two and even three sets of books are kept by one concern. The reason is obvious: one is a true accounting for themselves, and the other a fraudulent set for the inspection of the government agent, while a third might be for the survey of a credit-rating agency.

With like situations confronting him, the government examiner must be thorough without being offensive; he must delve into the most personal of a man's finances and hold all his information in strictest confidence. To disclose any facts or figures would make him liable to a $1000 fine and a year in prison.

Omitted Revenue

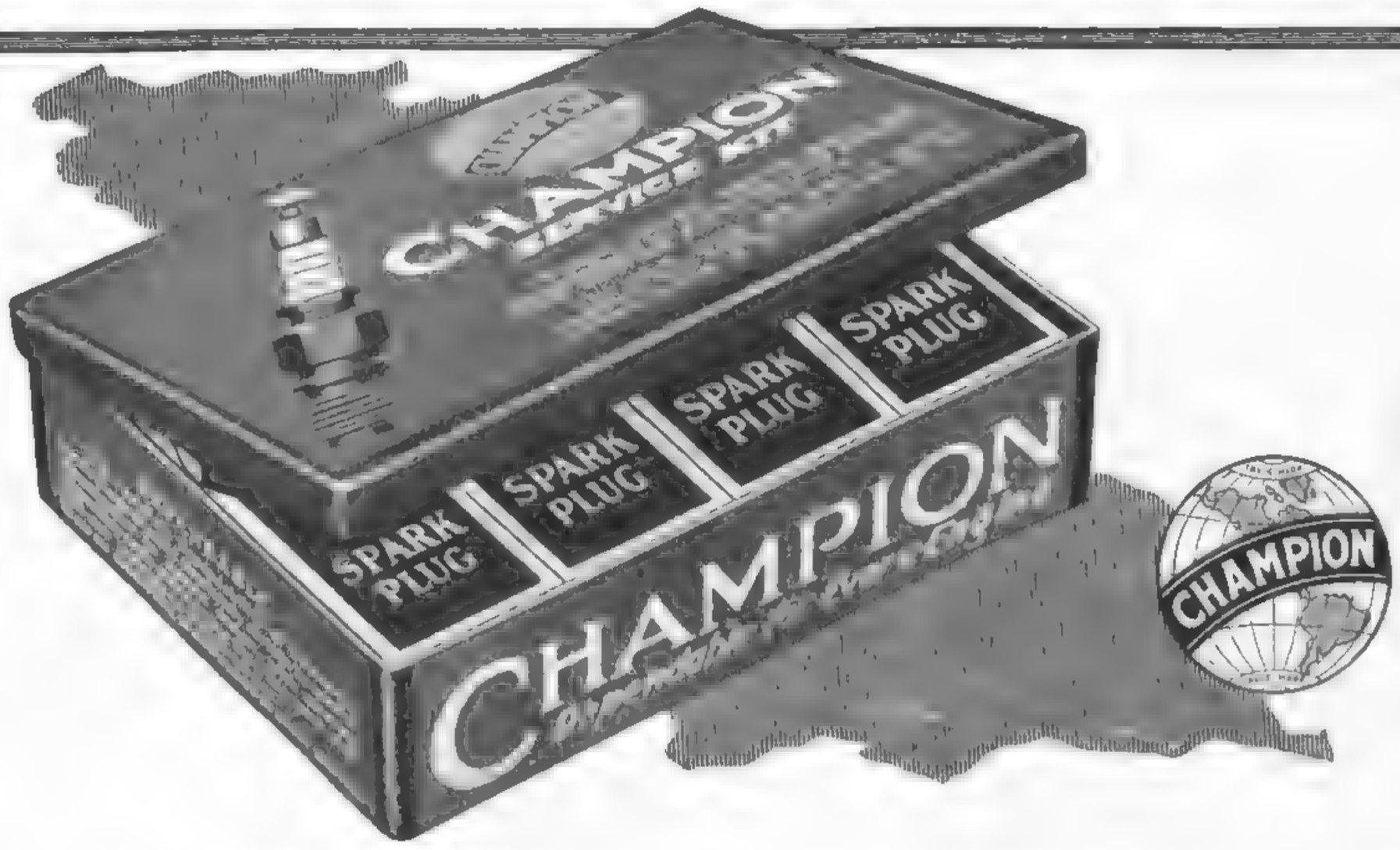
The outstanding sins of commission against the income-tax laws are found chiefly in tampering with inventory figures, charging off excessive depreciation, and selling and repurchasing securities almost immediately to sustain a theoretical loss.

Items omitted are almost too numerous to mention. Profits on real estate and security sales take front rank among those generally omitted by the taxpayer with an elastic conscience. Unscrupulous and scheming lawyers devise and suggest ways of evading just taxation. One lawyer is known to have advised his client that he might get around the clause in the law which holds that securities repurchased within thirty days after sale cannot be taken into consideration in setting up losses by purchasing before his sale a similar lot of securities and then disposing of his original holdings. The law prescribes that the first sale shall be applied against the first purchase. This method would show a loss and the taxpayer would have his prior holdings without having repurchased them.

A corporation having sold all its assets and withdrawn actively from business had an enormous surplus, and the profit on the sale would have compelled the few stockholders to pay a very high tax rate if the assets had been distributed at the time, but instead of declaring a bona fide liquidating dividend, the stockholders were given non-interest-bearing loans to be paid back when water runs up hill.

This procedure was also the advice of one of those lawyers who use their talents to defeat the revenue-collecting agency of the Government that has made their livelihood possible. Inspired more by the spirit of useful service than financial remuneration, the executive heads and employes of the Internal Revenue Bureau are bringing closer and closer to an efficiency basis the work of collecting taxes equitably and thoroughly from the most prosperous and progressive people in the world.

Why Every Motorist Should Carry New Champion Service Kit



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Toledo, Ohio

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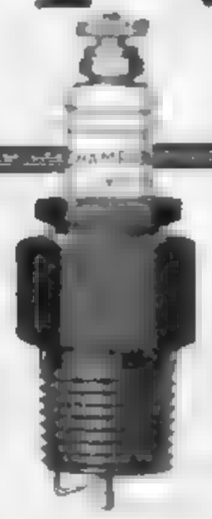

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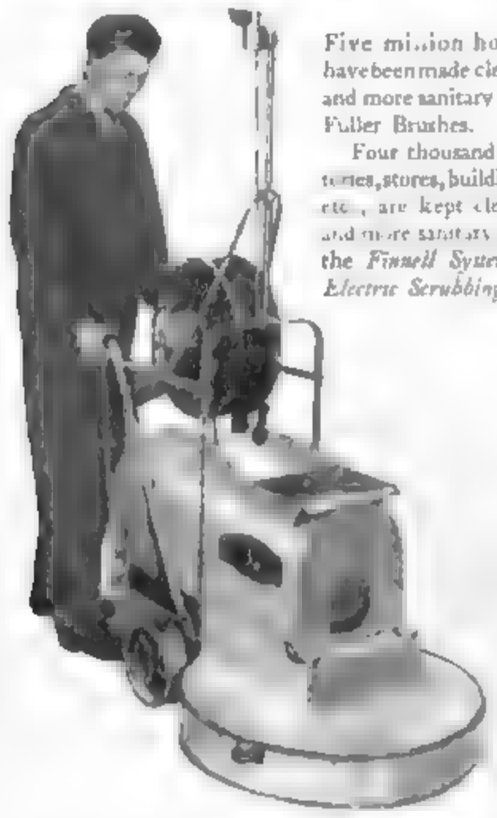

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HITTY LIZ

(Continued from Page 27)

that Charley Henry was, like many another weakling, the household pet. What Cal had not yet found out was that a steelworks organization develops with the years into a big family; one in which the usual family amenities are observed. Gossip flourishes, and jealousies, and there is considerable prying into the other fellow's business. The backbiter is met up with now and then, and often you will find that a two-faced individual or two has managed to horn in, just as with all our best-regulated families. This family as a whole has a mighty clear knowledge of the weaknesses of each individual; and, what is most important, a willingness on the part of most to make allowance for them. This saving grace, as you yourself may know, reaches a mellow growth with age, and is seen least in youth. But be he young or old, the big boss on a steel plant has it not. That's why he got to be big boss in that merciless game.

Pity for Charley Henry lived under the hard shells of his fellow superintendents. Not a one of them but knew that Charley's invulnerable inferior maxillary had carried him as far as he would ever go. His next step would land him on an appallingly swift toboggan. If Carnell ever saw his bluff, or if a new general super ever took hold at Susky, it was down grade with the air hose parted for C. B., with a pitiful wreck at the derail. So at conferences the railroad was spared many a just complaint, and out on the plant C. B.'s grandiloquence met with a marveling appreciation, while those whose needs were urgent called up Dutchman Schell, yardmaster, C. B. Henry's ace, who either did the job at once or told them when he could.

But young H. Calvin Decken was headed rapidly big-bossward, and tolerance for weak sisters on the job was no attribute of his. So putting sympathy sternly to a side, he refused to burn a sociable hank of jute with C. B. Henry or to waste further time with him in the congenial art of talking through the face.

"Thanks. Don't smoke." Thus Mr. H. Calvin Decken tersely, the cold-blooded young seeker after locomotive cranes.

And as far as C. B. Henry was concerned, that cold refusal closed the morning's business between the construction department and Charley's little railroad.

"When you leave here," said the superintendent of transportation, who could be terse himself upon occasion, "step into Number 1 engine room. Those old wheezers been makin' blast in there for twenty-five years. Twenty-five years ago there wasn't a hurdy-gurdy built could handle those base castings. Do you think we waited for a locomotive crane to set 'em up? We'd 'a' waited twenty years! How d'ya suppose we got those bed plates off?"

A dour smile, to become well known and greatly feared in steel before many years had passed, fell like a cold swish of rain, quenching the mellow glow of C. B. Henry's eloquence.

"You did it with a carload of wedges and blocking, a dozen screw jacks, six steamboat ratchets, three or four sets of inch falls and a gang of twenty riggers; and you did it in two weeks. But we're building Furnace A today, Mr. Henry; now, at the present time. Blocking and wedges and screw jacks got by twenty-five years ago. Bluff too! Neither will pass this year. Good morning."

A blast of January air, blowing off H. C. Decken's frigid smile, swept through the closing door of Mr. Henry's superheated office, making Mr. Henry shiver uncomfortably in his cushioned chair.

H. Calvin Decken is now much older and bigger in steel than he was at the time of this record, and he has not played so long in this merciless game without making an enemy or two. In fact the names of those who would break his umbrella and hope for rain without the least compunction would make an imposing list. And up near the top of it would appear three, as follows:

Miss Mehitable Elizabeth —— (family name uncertain
Mr. James, alias Gums, McConkey.
Mr. Charles B. Henry.

You have met the lady. Should you hold doubts as to her personality, ask someone who has worked at Susquehanna Steel. Any such will tell you that this lady felt the affront of having been banished from the last big furnace job at Susky as keenly as you yourself would have felt it. Hitty had long yearned to come back; had long hoped for the chance to uncouple her splintery old gondolas and let go her dilapidated bucket and cast off the disgraceful Polish yoke of Andy Zalinsky and his tatterdemalion crew, and to hook onto a lift such as was a lift, and show the world. But this thing had been denied her. Without trial, without a chance to make a hoist, they had given a perfect lady the bum's rush. So you can lay a bet that down in Hitty's warped old fire box there glowed a grim resolve to get square with this Decken party some day.

Shake hands now with Mr. James McConkey. Know that Mr. McConkey, alias Gums, is operator of Hitty Liz; has been that as far back as any man at Susky can remember. Gums was the oldest crane man, both in years and service, on the Susky plant. As the new cranes had come rolling into the yard, Gums had, by reason of his seniority, always got first chance at the job of running them. But they weren't addressing Gums. He was scared half sick at the sight of these new behemoths. A shiver shook his thin frame at the mere thought of taking hold of those long polished levers. And at the idea of releasing the power in those hulking boilers, or of attempting to hold the loads those monsters could pick, with his shriveled old weight upon a foot lever, a palsy took him that would have rattled his teeth had it not been that his nickname was accurate to six decimal places.

Besides, long years of association had forged an indissoluble bond between Gums and Hitty. Which was well, for no one else could comprehend Hitty's idiosyncrasies. Each crane operator who had tried his craft on her gave up. And no wonder, for the arrangement of her controls and moving parts had been modeled unmistakably after the running gears of a katydid. So it was all for the best that Gums and Hitty went down the years together; and perfectly natural that when Decken chased the lady off his job, he added to the list of those that loved him not Hitty's college chum, old Gums McConkey.

As to the gentleman named last on our list of three, there are reasons enough why young H. C. Decken should be unloved by him. Through years of stormy pretense no one had ever had the heart to call Charley Henry's bluff. His tempestuous defenses and evasions had long roused only delight in the hearts of the Susky family. With Dutch Schell on the job the work got done, and so long as that happened C. B. was a joy to life, an institution, a gusty whiff of blustering March in the August air of a steel superintendent's sweltering ten or a dozen hours. When C. B. swaggered through the yard the flap of wide swashbuckling boot tops could be heard above the workaday uproar of the mills. Then along comes H. C. Decken, headed big-bossward, mercilessly efficient, climbing over the fixed obstacles, knocking aside the unfixed. C. B. Henry, feeling the push of those ruthless young hands, took a careful look at himself for the first time in ten years—and found himself teetering perilously at the toboggan's edge. How many were aware of the colossal bluff he was putting up? One for sure—H. C. Decken. Would he keep that knowledge to himself until the sweet day that saw him and his shiny tubes and cursed tripods passing over the canal bridge, out onto the pike and off the plant for good? That intruding breath of icy air which young Decken's departure had admitted had been almost instantaneously absorbed by the stifling heat of Mr Henry's office Yet Mr. Henry, deep in his comfortable cushions, shivered a second time.

II

YOU ventured on the old limestone unloading trestle at your peril. The old limestone unloading trestle was ready to fall in a heap without you venturing your weight upon it The old limestone trestle's bents were made of rails. Nowadays when the rail mill rolls stuff that no inspector will O K they send these seconds to a shear of such terrific strength that it can take cold rails and bite them into lengths to fit an open-hearth scrap pan. In the old days bad rails could be broken into short lengths, too; but with the drop ball then. And dropping the skull-cracker ball on brittle second rails gives you the same effect, enlarged ten thousand times, as spraying the countryside with a blunderbuss that has been loaded to the bell with nails. So in the old days they tried to make something else out of seconds. They used to half persuade themselves that the rails were structural shape, and they fabricated from them building columns and the like that were fearful and wonderful to behold. So were the old limestone trestle's bents made up. You looked at them and you said to yourself, "The bird that designed those bents used a factor of safety of about two-ninths"; and you weren't far wrong, considering present-day traffic. On top of the corbels that topped these rust-pocked supports sat twelve-by-fifteen stringers, once noble timbers, not to be duplicated these days at less than a king's ransom; but battered and rounded and splintered and rotted now by years of rough usage and rough weather. Little sixty-pound rails were spiked directly to them, without intervening crossties; and many respikings had made a sponge of the ancient stringers, so that to hold the steel down on them firmly was no longer possible. A hoary and a spindly structure was the old limestone unloading trestle, upon which wood ants and Mike Weller's Bug walked with a proper caution.

Mike Weller was a yard conductor; and the Bug was a broad-gauge dinkey that could go as far on a nice big shiny lump of soft coal as a flivver could go on a gallon of gas. The Bug had only four wheels, but all of them were drivers. The Bug had never owned a tender. It carried water in a hump on its back and coal in a sort of marsupial pouch on the fireman's side. A flat and straddling insect was the Bug, as wide as it was long, that could go any place where there were rails, frontwards, backwards or sidewise. There were rails on the old limestone trestle.

Twice a day Mike and the Bug would shove a draft of three small ash dumps up on the old limestone trestle. Twice a day the light stiff-leg derrick that was excavating the skip pit for a new A Furnace would fill them up. Twice a day Cal Decken would knock a block out from under the dump-car wheels and personally ride them down the trestle grade to where the Bug could get hold of them without venturing upon the trestle while the loads were there. Thus the ancient structure was serving its last usefulness, for it was the only present way into the site of the skip pit; over the stock piles of old Number 1 Furnace, which was not to come down until her ore piles were all used up, and the ground thus cleared for construction tracks for the wrecking of her and for handling the materials of the new stack to take her place.

But a construction boss in a steel plant will let no inch of available trackage idle that can by any hook or crook be turned to his use, nor miss an opportunity to squeeze in a piece of new work before the old comes down. So Cal Decken had cleared away a tight little space and crowded his stiff-leg derrick into it in such a way that he could swing a bucketful of dirt from between the stakes that marked the new work, up to the empties that the Bug would place on the old limestone trestle. And so, having cheated the construction schedule by about a month, Cal Decken started joyfully to dig.

For thirty feet the hole went down through clay that cut as straight as cheese. Light bracing, only strong enough to hold a sheeting as protection against the wash of heavy winter rains, went down with the buckets. And then, when the levelman said that bottom had been reached—when the digging was complete—trouble! A peculiar kind of earth, too soft to be called clay, too stiff to be called mud, too plastic to be called loam, yet impregnated with an impalpably fine sand, came into view. It oozed water to the tramp of the mucker's boots and it took the chief a ride down to it in the dump bucket.

"Dig it out," said the chief when gravel clinked a welcome sound after a laborer had churned a thin bar two and a half or three feet down into the muck. "Dig it out and have the mixer ready when you hit pebbles. Fill up that yard of extra excavation with bum concrete. Wave an empty cement bag over the mixer and throw in all the brickbats and one-man stone you can pick up. Pumps? You're just hitting

(Continued on Page 50)

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 385 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

Found—Heaven!

DID YOU ever see a picture twice? Some day when you particularly enjoy a film, go along and look at it again. Things missed before leap out to surprise; individual performances of certain players carry double delight. It's like re-reading a much-loved book.

Because Frank Borzage's "Children of Dust" struck me so hard, I had to see it again And I found—Heaven. Yes, Heaven revealed in as delightful a fantasy as has yet been screened. Here's how the picture tells it.

To Gramercy Park, New York, where only rich children are allowed to play, comes Terwilliger, child of the gutter. Heaven to him would be to get past those iron rails into the place of flowers, grass, happiness; but an old gate-keeper bars the way. With this queer fellow Terwilliger at last makes friends, listening to the ancient's idea of a Heaven for the rich alone. The gate-keeper has a plan to get in, however. When Saint Peter meets him at the gates, he's going to tell a funny story and hurry past while Peter laughs. Terwilliger borrows the idea. He sees the old man as Saint Peter, his Heaven beyond the iron fence. If only he can get in while the gate-keeper isn't looking. He tries; and from the tragedy of failure springs a scene which twice now has caught me by the heart.

The interlude, pictured skilfully and enacted by little Frankie Lee, whom you may remember as the crippled child of "The Miracle Man," and Bert Woodruff, excellent character actor, typifies Terwilliger. The lad's whole life is a glimpse of Heaven and then the iron rails.

Many Stars in "The Eternal City"

COUNT the stars in "The Eternal City"—Barbara La Marr, David Powell, Lionel Barrymore, Richard Bennett and Montagu Love, all engaged by Samuel Goldwyn for his forthcoming production of the famous Hall Caine romance. George Fitzmaurice, who directed "On With the Dance," "To Have and to Hold" and a score of other screen hits, will direct "The Eternal City" in Rome.

Two Best-Sellers

OF A thousand books suggested by correspondents as good screen plays, the two most frequently mentioned were Cynthia Stockley's "Ponjola" and Warner Fabian's "Flaming Youth" Both stories had already been acquired for First National Pictures. Colleen Moore will star in "Flaming Youth," while Director James Young has cast Anna Q. Nilsson and James Kirkwood for "Ponjola."

Penrod and Sam in strategic retreat.

Pa Schofield, who swings a wicked strap.

Why are young brothers? No wonder Margaret Schofield and Robert Williams contemplate Sam's massacre in "Penrod and Sam."

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S "PENROD AND SAM" SCREENED AS A CLASSIC OF THE AMERICAN KID.

JUMP DOWN a storm-cellar! Penrod's here! Penrod Schofield, Sam Williams, Herman and Verman, Roddy Bitts, Georgie Bissett and all the other famous kid-characters of Booth Tarkington's "Penrod and Sam," are marshalled for a grand offensive on law, order, domestic quiet and the everlasting love of eighteen-year-old men of the world for somebody's sister of sixteen. Even Duke, the dog, helps out.

I don't know where Director William Baudine managed to get them all for one picture, because, when characters become so publicly endeared that everyone knows just how they should look, the hardest thing in films is to find players who measure up to popular conceptions

No make-up was necessary to bring these kids closer to the originals Booth Tarkington himself might have picked them. And through the book's delightful incidents—wars, rituals, awful ordeals of party manners, the sufferings of seniors at impish hands, and Penrod's paths of glory that lead but to the barn—they extract the utmost in laughter and entertainment.

On the juvenile side, Ben Alexander impersonates Penrod; Joe Butterworth plays Sam; Buddy Messinger is a fine fat Roddy Bitts: Newton Hall makes George Bissett quite the nicest boy in town, and Gertrude Messinger is Penrod's dark secret –his sweetheart Adult opposition is left to adult stars Mary Philbin and Gareth Hughes look after the love affair of Margaret Schofield and Robert Williams, while Rockcliffe Fellows, as Pa Schofield, looks after Penrod with a strap—willingly, aye, enthusiastically, supported by Gladys Brockwell as Ma Schofield, William V. Mong as Deacon Bitts, Martha Mattox as Miss Spence, the school-teacher, and Vic Potel, the town drunkard.

Another special attraction of "Penrod and Sam" is that J. K. McDonald, the producer, aims his picture straight at us grown-ups.

Los Angeles' Loveliest Here

THAT genial genie who is stirring excitement at the United Studios, Hollywood, where Maurice Tourneur is filming "The Brass Bottle," exceeded himself by collecting three hundred of the prettiest girls in Los Angeles, garbing all as Eastern queens and wafting them to his palace in old Bagdad. Of course it was done for the movies but even the movies never had such a multitude of pulchritude before. F. Anstey's story is bizarre enough to have been included in the Arabian Nights. Out of a brass bottle this genie arises, turns the world back a thousand years and leaves a twentieth century man and his fiancee stranded in Harem-land. Oh, generous genie! Still, transposition is nothing new to Harry Myers, the actor who has the leading role He also fell through several centuries in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

Ernest Torrance plays the jovial Genie.

7000 Miles for Success

ANDREE LAFAYETTE is the world's most excited star. "Trilby" was finished last week and turned over to editors to be cut and titled under the supervision of Producer Tully and Director James Young. Being a famous Continental actress doesn't prevent Mlle. Lafayette from being a very human little lady; and when a girl travels 7000 miles to make her biggest picture, and her whole career depends on us movie-fans, it's only natural that the days can't pass quickly enough until the picture is shown. But Andree shouldn't wonder. This gorgeous beauty, already hailed by critics as the one real Trilby of all who have essayed the rôle, expressing her art in a lavish production, makes an irresistible figure!

Look Forward to These

"THE BAD MAN," three-season stage success, will be filmed by Edwin Carewe with Holbrook Blinn

Lloyd Hughes, Pauline Garon and Johnny Walker fill "Children of Dust" with irresistible heart-interest.

Edmund Arthur Carew as Svengali, and Andree Lafayette as Trilby.

A few of the oriental beauties who make life exciting for Harry Myers in "The Brass Bottle."

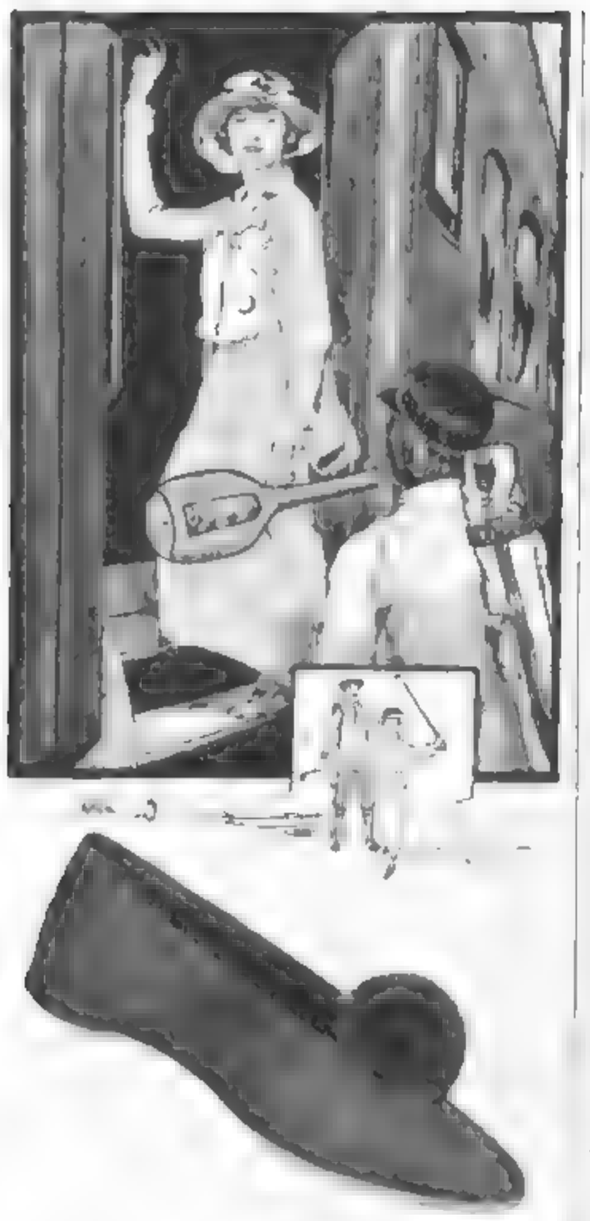
• • •

STILL wondering who will play the rejuvenated Countess in "Black Oxen." Gertrude Atherton's novel should make an amazing picture.

• • •

"THE World and his Wife —reaching for the Moon" expresses the theme of John M. Stahl's next feature, "The Wanters."

—*John Lincoln.*



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If your dealer hasn't them, mail the coupon for the Cosycatalog illustrating many styles and learn how to get them quickly.

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(Continued from Page 48)

water, aren't you? Dig a sump and bale with a muck bucket while you're diggin'. You can pour that eleven-cent concrete right in the water. Gonna have this pit all poured by the end of the week, Decken?"

It sounded easy. But in that yard of digging treachery lurked. A foot down into it, and a sump so formed, water from over an unknown acreage started to seep in between the clay above and the wet stratum below; slowly, carrying a little silt along. Two feet down, the sides of the wet stratum started to flake, to chip off from the sides, to break away in slabs and drop with dismal splashes into the soggy bottom of the hole. The men's boots churned the stuff into a mess that had to be scraped from their shovel blades. Subterranean waters, long pent below thirty feet of impervious clay, had found release. There was little head, and the velocity small; but drainage from a vast acreage headed joyously toward the point of least resistance, each quart of water carrying its small burden of solids, washing the most where its volume was the greatest, at the conflux of innumerable tiny seepages—at the excavation for Blast Furnace A's skip pit.

"But there's only a few feet of the infirm stuff; and above it the clay is tough and compact. We'll not have carpenters down that hole, getting in the way of the muckers, cluttering up working space with braces, timbering every six inches of the way. The thing to do is to rush the digging. Get the stuff out. Put a force in tonight. The mixer is all ready at the edge of the hole. Tomorrow morning we can slap the concrete in. Better than any timbering."

But the morning found young Cal Decken at the edge of the hole, blear-eyed and worried. Long cracks had started to show up on the surface of the ground, radiating from the excavation. At four in the morning Cal Decken had sent his muckers up out of the hole ahead of him, riding the buckets; for at four o'clock there had come a loud and ominous crack from the gloom of the torch-lit timbers overhead.

Thirty feet down disaster had been at work. Thirty feet down the quick earth had settled an inch, two inches, three. Thirty feet down the face of the quick earth had flaked back six inches, twelve, eighteen, under the face of the stiff clay above. Seepage had been at work. Water long held in leash had been freed; water, the trickiest, most treacherous, deceitfulest of elements; water, the mightiest, but the meanest also. Give it a crevice little-finger thick and the strength of armies may be needed to choke the fluid serpent which will issue forth. Five thousand tons of clay above the subterranean water level began to find itself without support.

With morning came Bill Raub and a quartet of swarthy Bavarians. Bill looked at the long cracks in the surface of the ground. Bill peered down into the pit. Not a single stick of bracing was awry. Not a single sheeting board bowed inward. And yet he shook his head as he turned to young Cal Decken.

"I guess it's you and me for it, Cal."

Question looked out of the engineer's dark-ringed eyes.

"Bad," explained Bill. "Lost a buddy once trying to save a hole with surface cracks like that. Nearly got caught myself. Can't send my Dutchmen down into that man trap."

"But we got to get heavier bracing in or we lose the hole," said Decken desperately.

"Sure," Bill Raub told him. "You and me."

The two of them climbed up on the opposite edges of the muck bucket and took hold of the cable.

"Take 'er away," said Raub.

Up on top the swarthy Teutons chopped wedges swiftly into shape, cut scabbing to size and started the long spikes into them before they were lowered down; but their crosscuts skilfully through thick timbers, bringing them to dimensions shouted up from the bottom of the pit. And the bottom set of heavy braces were in place before the chief got to the job.

Charley Henry was with the chief that morning; Charley, enjoying his matutinal stroll and a pleasant warming up to a day of mighty vocalizing.

A profane exclamation from the chief put a sudden end to Mr. Henry's spirited flow of conversation. The chief had suddenly halted, looking down at the ground beneath his feet. Then in a couple of quick strides the chief was at the edge of the skip-pit excavation.

"Come up out of that, you two!" The chief's voice was peremptory. "Flatheads!" he added, turning to Charley Henry.

But Charley had stepped back to healthier ground, a half dozen paces from the pit edge. The lure of further conversation, however, brought Charley back beside the boss.

"Flatheads!" the chief repeated. "Risking their fool necks down there. This thing might let go at any time. Should 'a' got heavy bracing in before they started to take out that swill. Have to back-fill now five or six feet and let the whole thing settle a day or two before it'll be safe to put better cribbing in."

C. B. Henry was not altogether happy at the edge of a deep hole that might, as the chief said, let go any time. And yet he felt no chill of danger. Instead, a warm glow filled him. Young Efficiency had made a mess of things. Fine! If only the whole blamed skip pit would throw itself down in an unbraceable crater of mud and broken timbers! Such a mishap would multiply the estimated cost of the skip pit by ten.

There was an elegant chance. The boss was ordering the carpenter foreman out. If it only would let go! Maybe the journey of this bluff-proof, language-proof young upstart across the canal and out onto the pike and off the plant for good might be greatly expedited. Charley Henry knew that he would never cock his feet up on his desk and smoke at ease again until young Thunderbrow was gone; and for complete disaster to that excavation now so well started toward calamity, C. B. Henry made voluble and silent supplication, C. B. Henry being the only person in the world who could be silent volubly.

But a roaring interrupted Mr. Henry's earnest mental petitionings.

"Hey!" the chief's voice was repeating in a bellow. "Come up out of that, you two needle heads!"

Bill Raub grinned down at Decken and batted the end of a ten-by-ten to place.

"Let him go to hell," said Bill. "Five minutes and we got 'er!" Then, "Righto, chief!" he bellowed back to the boss, and rapped a spike so viciously on the button that its last two inches went out of sight at a single jump.

"Toenail the bottom of that upright, Cal," said Bill a minute later. "Haven't time to scab it. Old Man'll climb down here and kick us up to the surface in a second."

On the next set of timbers, four feet below the carpenter boss, young Decken plied his maul.

"Good!" announced Raub. "Let's go!"

He dropped his short-handled spike hammer into the bucket which swung on its cable close beside his fellow worker just below him. A handful of long spikes spattered into the muddy bottom after the hammer. Then, not waiting for the bucket, he swung himself with monkey deftness from one set of timbers to another; reached the top; tight-roped across a six by six to where the chief was standing.

"Say, boss," he started to expostulate, "let's finish that. We got 'er dead."

The boss didn't hear him. The boss was busy cursing.

"Hey, you wham-rammed moron, down there! If you're not on this top sill in ten seconds I'll fire you to hell off this job so fast you'll ——"

A cannon cracked.

Raub leaped, dragging the chief back with him.

When they looked down again they saw a living hand that ended at the thumb base, the fingers of it reaching, reaching. Then another ton of clay slid through the broken timbers.

The easy thing to do is something physical; to make some discernible effort. Grab a shovel and dig. Take hold of a six-by-six and strain at it till your loin muscles crack.

A harder thing to do is something efficient. Bill Raub was sawing at a timber—Bill and one of his swarthy Germans. Backward and forward from the waist they swung, easily, smoothly as a clock pendulum, could it swing inverted. More clay came down. It slid about the two men—Bill and his sullen Deutscher, burying them to the hips. Their bodies kept on swinging smoothly from the waist. They pulled themselves free when the saw teeth showed through the timber's under side. Then they bent their lean bodies and took the timber in a double embrace. Their faces purpled. Their legs went down into the clay calf deep. Something cracked. The fouled bucket-hoist cable was free.

The hardest thing of all to do is nothing; nothing tangible; to stand as though idle and think; think clear and straight and fast. Especially hard with repetition dinned endlessly in your ears. Words yelled at you and yelled at you and yelled at you. Words that your eager mind comprehended, grasped, hugged close at their first utterance.

"Beeg boss, one timber knock'm litt'l boss for buckets! Me, I see dot. Beeg boss, one timber knock'm litt'l boss for buckets! Me, I see dot. Beeg boss, one timber knock'm litt'l boss for buckets! Me, I see dot. Beeg boss ——"

The chief turned to a stocky Bulgar and put a hand on his thick shoulder like a daddy when he commends the behavior of his boy. The Bulgar's stolid features were dust gray under their yellow splattering of muck.

"Sure, Rady," said the chief. "I versteh everything. You good man, Rady, watch for little boss when hole fall down. You no watch for self. Maybe little boss Cal be in bucket down below. Now I got cable loose, see? Now gonna try pull'm up bucket. Maybe little boss Cal be in bucket."

The Bulgar ceased his clamor. Bill Raub and the sullen Teuton reached the top of the sliding ditch.

"Take a little strain," said the boss.

The light steel rope stretched itself taut and plumb. Thank God the hook had not been knocked out of the bail ring. If the Bulgarian was right—if Decken had been knocked into the muck bucket ——

"Take 'er up! Steady now!" The chief's right forefinger motioned upward close beside a cautiously spread left hand.

The little stiff-leg derrick groaned. There came a series of sharp jerks as the hoist clutch slipped and caught and slipped and caught.

The clay above the buried bucket did not even quake.

"Dog your main falls," said the chief, his voice held steady.

"Boom up!"

The main hoist on so light a job as handling muck buckets carries its load on a single line, and so can bring but little power into play. But the boom cables are always multiple, and so increase the power of the hoist fourfold or more. The main hoist now was dogged; held solid by heavy pawl and ratchet. It could not slip now. If the end of that long, light boom could be moved, the load must now move with it; the bucket buried in the mud must loosen. Once loosened, the main hoist could easily bring it up.

The boom cables went taut. The horizontal strain along the boom lines and the vertical strain along the hoist cable added themselves together at the end of the boom and ran a mighty component pressure down the long stick. It quivered. The chief's upturned thumb ceased shaking.

"Steady!" he cautioned. But too late. For as the word left his lips the light boom leaped into splinters and the boom drum raced wildly under the sudden release, enmeshing the whole hoist in a heartbreaking tangle of cable.

For a moment the chief's brow went into terrible furrows as he flung the forces back of it against this sickening disaster. Through years of steady victory the chief's brain had grown used to triumphs over matter. But here was matter, yielding and soft and yellow and sticky and dead, which covered fingers that doubtless even yet were warm and quick, that doubtless even now were reaching upward in the mud for help. Here was matter, earth, not cruel, only indifferent, indifferently squeezing out the last unused molecules of oxygen that those buried lungs were trying so hard to hold. Here was dirt, plain dirt, inert and visionless, wiping out a mind, annihilating a thing that perhaps for all its anguish still was clear and keen; full of the magic stuff of thought, even though hideous death now stamped his smothering shadows over it. Here was muck, victorious; and the chief acknowledged defeat by snatching a shovel out of the Bulgarian's hand and leaping down into the timber-tangled crater.

For a minute the chief shoveled, shoveled sillily and uselessly, with as little sanity in his effort as in the efforts of the short-necked Bulgar in the mud beside him, who cut his palms to shreds by pulling upward on a cable that went down into the clay between his wide-braced feet. It took perhaps a minute of insane physical exertion

(Continued on Page 52)

The most perfectly shaped feet in the world—fitted perfectly in REAL SILK Guaranteed Hosiery

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Above is an authentic, authorized photograph of Mlle. LaFayette's famous feet fitted perfectly in REAL SILK Guaranteed Hosiery.

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A week's shaving with Williams' will show you how wonderfully good for the skin it is. We will send a trial tube free. See coupon below

What is her first impression?

MORE frequently now you see men with coarse, heavy beards who shave daily, yet whose faces are fresh, smooth and well-groomed, the skin obviously free from irritation.

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Department 66, Glastonbury, Conn.
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Continued from Page 50

to clear panic out of the chief's head. Then he threw the shovel from him and in the bitterness of despair set his mind against this terrible unsolvable thing.

But men were yelling. And something in the wild shouts that came down to the boss and the Bulgar sent them clawing up the crumbling slopes. The boss reached the surface first: looked in the direction men were looking; joined in the frantic shouting.

There they came! There they came, the three of them, damn their old souls, up that crazy old limestone trestle; Aramis, Athos and Hitty, swaggering brazenly arm in arm up a road where death menaced every foot of the way! Aramis hidden, penned in behind his levers, with never a chance to jump if that ramshackle bridge of toothpicks ever went down. Aramis, alias Gums, the most toothless old shriveled-up, scared-to-death musketeer that ever told fear to go hang. And Athos, fat-paunched and flabby of flank and double of chin, save the mark! Charles Athos Henry. Man, how he carried it off! Right up in front in clear view of the gallery. Legs wide apart. Hat off. Bald pate bravely gleaming. Cigar bravely upcocked. Waving his arms and bawling Lord knows what unheard and unheeded orders. And old Mrs. Porthos to make up the gallant three; old Hitty Elizabeth Porthos, wheezing and puffing; stepping it off, just the same, at a speed that none of her mighty sisters could match, up a road where none of her mighty sisters dared venture. One patch of her seedy corrugated-iron redingote flapped raggedly in the winter wind. But Liz was warbannered with smoke and war-plumed with steam; so, with driving rods clanking and loose bearings knocking and journals lamenting, she hit the grade like the ringtailed snorter she was; and her long warped boom, poked out over the head of Charles B. Henry, traced a wabbly design against the cold sky as the skinny rail bents and the ancient stringers yielded beneath her.

Six mighty sisters had Liz; six, terrific in their strength and capabilities; and yet with a spark of divinity smothering black beneath a few feet of dirt, with fingers that had reached up in vain for help now tightly clutching a handful of burial earth, the whole six of them might as well have been inside the skull of some draftsman. All right, the big stiffs! The ugly duckling would show 'em! And that young Decken; that insulting young upstart who shooed perfect ladies off his job just when the chance had come to quit scratching about the yard like some bug-hunting biddy and get into big work! All right, the big stiff! Hitty Liz would show him too! Her boom came round as she came up that perilous road, and her hoist cable lowered. Three motions, one time; some runner, that man McConkey! The ancient trestle quivered and shook. Hitty had come to a stop. Well, well; there's the hook! Doesn't anyone down there know how to throw a nonslip hitch in the bight of a greasy steel cable?

Peace, Hitty Liz. The chief does.

They turned a pressure hose on the mud-covered thing that lay in the Bulgar's lap.

"See!" Rady Niccheff was roaring as the pressure water fresh from the winter-locked Susquehanna drenched him unheeded. "See! I tell'm! One timber knock'm boss Cal for buckets. Me, I see dot! Hey! Wasmahter somebody no go for doctor?"

Doctor Black knelt beside the pair just as Rady poked a cable-torn finger into Cal Decken's mouth and hooked out a lump of clay.

"How long?" asked Doctor Black a few seconds later.

The chief glanced at his watch.

"Seventeen minutes, I'd judge. What chance?"

The white-haired company surgeon, one ear on the clay-smeared chest of the quiet figure before him, turned a fiery eye up to the chief's gray face.

"With that much flutter," said old Doc Black belligerently, "he'll have one hell of a time getting away from me. Gimme them blankets. Here you, Walyo, let go of him for the love of Pete! Put 'm down level for ground. So. *Verstch?*"

Mr. Charles B. Henry, the superintendent of transportation at Susquehanna Steel, is now, as usual, speaking:

"I find old Liz cleaning yard out back of the noodle plant. Good thing that old lady's got speed.

"'Up the old limestone trestle and get a wiggle on you, Stick-in-the-Mud,' I says to Gums.

"'Who, me?' says Gums. 'Boss, you ain't talkin' to me,' says Gums. 'Any time I run a crane up on them rotten stringers!' says Gums.

"'But, you old fossil, you gotta!' says I. 'Young Decken's caught in a cave-in back at the new skip pit. We gotta get back in there and dig 'm out!'

"'Oh!' Gums comes back at me, yanking 'er wide open. 'Why didn't you say that in the first place?'

"So I ride along to throw switches. Besides, us big fellows can't send our men any place where we wouldn't go ourselves, can we, chief? Ain't I right, chief? But I'm tellin' you right now, chief, if a fly'd 'a' lit on the end of old Liz's boom while she was makin' that lift, me and Gums and Liz and the old stone trestle would all 'a' been down in the hole together on top of young Decken, I'll tell the United States that!

"But I learned something here today, chief. No matter how much you've seen, you can always learn something. 'S this: Us lads with the guts mustn't think we got all the guts. We gotta fall back on the weak sisters many a time. Take old Gums McConkey, f'r instance. Ain't a man on the plant can run Hitty Liz but him. I'll tell a bat-eared world that all kinds of men come through like men when somebody's down in a hole. Ain't it a fact, Mr. Tierney?"

The chief put his arm across Charley Henry's shoulders much like a daddy when he commends the behavior of his boy.

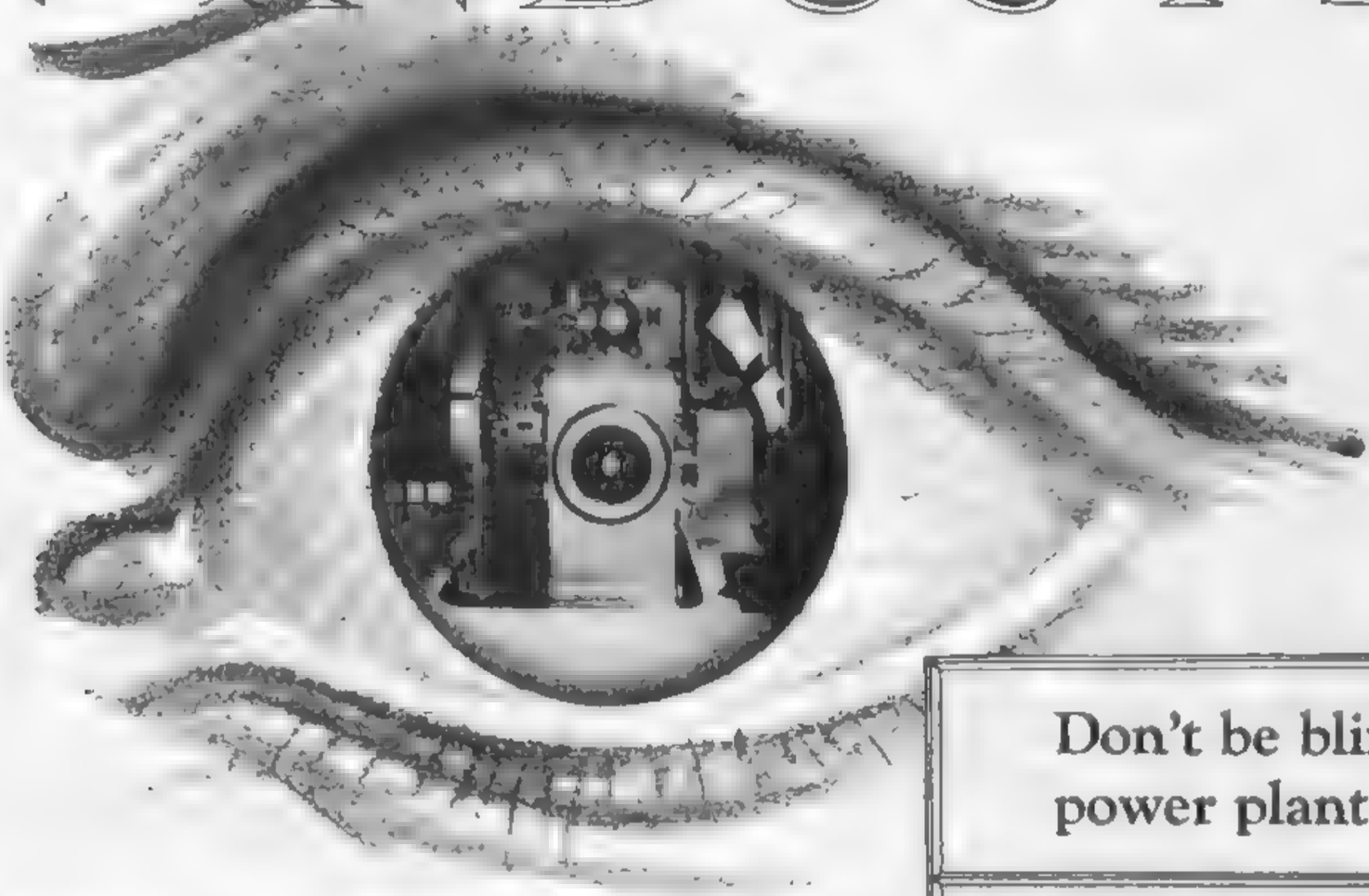
"You said a pageful, Charley!" the chief agreed. "When the big call comes the weak sisters march up with banners. Just look up there at old Hitty Liz!"

Charley looked up. Then he turned again to the chief engineer, sudden concern in his face.

"Say, boss," asked Charley, "how in the hell are we gonna get that hurdy-gurdy down offa that trestle?"

The Punch Bowl, Yellowstone Park

TO MEN IN INDUSTRY



Is there a blind spot in manufacturing vision?

MANY executives who keep a careful eye on materials, margins and markets, fail to see that valuable power is leaking away every day not only in the boiler and engine rooms, but wherever power is conveyed or applied.

If money that a business earns, in marketing its product, is lost beforehand within the four walls of the power plant, efficiency can scarcely be claimed.

As an instance, take packing—apparently a small item but actually a very important one.

Do you know that a blowout on one of your steam lines through faulty packing can cost your business as much as one of your best salesmen can earn in a week?

And pipe insulation—perhaps you regard it as unimportant—but—

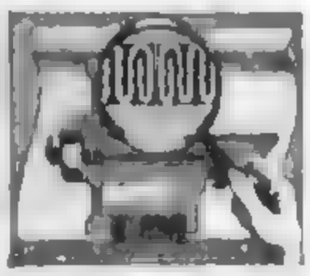
Do you know that poor pipe covering on your steam lines can waste power enough, day by day, to cancel the best efforts of your purchasing department?

In the light of these facts, the service that Johns-Manville is rendering Industry in preventing power wastes becomes very great. The various Johns-Manville products, standardized packings, efficient pipe coverings, heat-tight furnace cements, each performs a definite service in saving power in your plant—and lowering your maintenance costs.

Some of the ways that we help are outlined in the panel on the right. Study it carefully; it may give you a clearer vision of production economies.

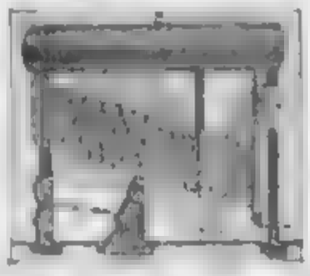
Don't be blind to these power plant economies

Longer-lived packing. The small group of Johns-Manville packings will cover every packing need in your plant. Each packing is highly efficient in preventing leakage and specially designed to resist wear. In Universal Piston Packing wear resistance has been obtained by special construction. The diagram shows how it is folded back and forth so that only rounded shoulders come into contact with the cylinder liners.



A trouble-proof Steam Trap. A hollow copper ball cannot get out of order. And that's the only moving part in a Johns-Manville Steam Trap. Its simplicity guarantees continued efficiency without frequent attention. It discharges air with water without loss of steam. Its never-failing service has made it a great favorite with busy engineers.

More heat for the boiler. Johns-Manville Monolithic Baffle Walls make furnace gases give up their maximum heat. They are solidly moulded around the tubes; costly heat cannot leak through to the smokestack without doing its work. Johns-Manville Heat Treatment also includes refractory cements and boiler wall coating. These materials give good boilers the chance at efficiency that they deserve.



Give this insulation a twenty-year test. Laboratory efficiency is one thing—and efficiency under practical working conditions is another. Although Johns-Manville Asbesto-Sponge Felted Insulation ranked highest in efficiency in various laboratory tests, that is not the reason of its superiority. Its superiority rests in its strength and ability to maintain this efficiency over a long period of years in your plant at a very low cost per year.

The keystone on the right is the Johns-Manville trade mark. It symbolizes a large group of products and processes ever ready to serve Industry in the battle against power wastes.

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Madison Avenue at 41st St., New York City

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JOHNS-MANVILLE
Power Plant Materials

Get a Gas-O-larm!

Aint it a grand ? and glorious (?) feelin'!★!!

There are two kinds of Ford owners—those who laugh and those who are laughed at.

Those who are laughed at are always going to the trouble of measuring their gas supply. They worry constantly, "Wonder if I have enough gas to get there?" And in spite of their trouble, get stalled without gas. You see them every day, sheepishly sneaking along with cans of gasoline they have walked blocks to get. Time and temper lost!

Those who laugh—never look at their gas, never even *think* of it and *never* run out. They have Gas-O-Larms.

No Gauge to Watch—Handier Than a Reserve Tank

They drive along until their engines go "put-put." No, they aren't out of gas. They don't even stop. Don't even leave their seats. Just reach down and pull out the neat, nickeled Gas-O-Larm button—and drive merrily on. They still have twenty miles of gas left—more than enough to take them to the next filling station on their way.

No gauge to wonder about. No getting out to turn on a reserve (which might be empty). Outlasts any Ford—always works. Nothing to fill—bother with—or get out of order.

BEFORE You Stall Again—Go to Your Ford Dealer

Laugh! Don't be laughed at! Get the new driving pleasure and freedom from worry, bother and delay by getting your Gas-O-Larm today. Your authorized Ford Dealer can supply you. Installed in five minutes. $5 complete, installed.

WOOD GAS-O-LARM CORPORATION
Division of Lockfite Patch Co.
4196 BELLEVUE AVENUE DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Gas-O-larm
Reserves 20 miles of gas for Fords

"The Gas-O-Larm is a little thing, but it is a mechanical triumph and renders a tremendous service to the Ford owner—even more efficient than the reserve system on my Packard."

Gar Wood

International speed boat champion, president of the Wood Hydraulic Hoist & Body Co., and Gar Wood Inc., speed boat builders, is part owner of the Wood Gas-O-Larm Corporation.

Out of gas—don't stop—pull out button—drive on

NO SALE

(Continued from Page 15)

who were not contemplating striking him for a raise. But to Pete he was obviously grim, menacing, explosive.

Pete felt that he was entitled to more money. He was a good man, and he knew it. Forty a week wasn't enough for the work he did. He had never slighted his work or been jealous of his time. Whatever Pete did he did generously, full-bloodedly, up to the handle.

And he needed the money. He would need it even if he ceased to bank with Bill Gorman. If he didn't need it he wouldn't think of asking for it; he hated like thunder to ask for it. Debts had accumulated, small and piffling, but annoying debts. He didn't need it for his maiden sister; he'd find her fifteen dollars a week. Oh, he'd find that! There was some iron in easy-going Pete.

But the Old Man did look close this morning, tight, penurious, unsympathetic. Well, if that was how he felt, he was in for a bad time.

The Old Man moved in his chair and Pete rose to cut off his retreat. The telephone on Pete's desk rang. Pete halted to answer it.

"Mr. Pennefether?" The voice on the wire was dry and croaking. "This is Mr. Ellerbach, Mr. Pennefether—Mr. Simeon Ellerbach. Could you run down to see me today, Mr. Pennefether?"

"About what?" snapped Pete. He knew Simeon Ellerbach by reputation.

"An extremely important business affair, Mr. Pennefether. I beg to assure you that it is important in the extreme. I ask you to call here because the affair requires a personal interview, and we can be assured of privacy. You'll grant me the favor of a call, will you not, Mr. Pennefether?"

Pete ran his eye over the engagements in his diary.

"At half past three," he said.

He put down the receiver and turned, to be balked by the sight of Mr. Hopper escaping up the stair that led to the mezzanine

An elderly gentleman, tall and stooping, walked down the granite steps of the Hall of Records. The long and sensitive hands that he thrust now into the pockets of his thin overcoat were dirty; dust was along the undersides of his sleeves and dust powdered his greenish derby. It was honorable dirt and dust, literary litter, the omnipresent dust and dirt of record vaults. It was composed of decomposed leather, precipitated tobacco smoke, detritus of wood and marble and iron. The gentleman could have been any legal hack coming from a half day of grubbing among New York's real-estate records to trace present-day titles back to their roots.

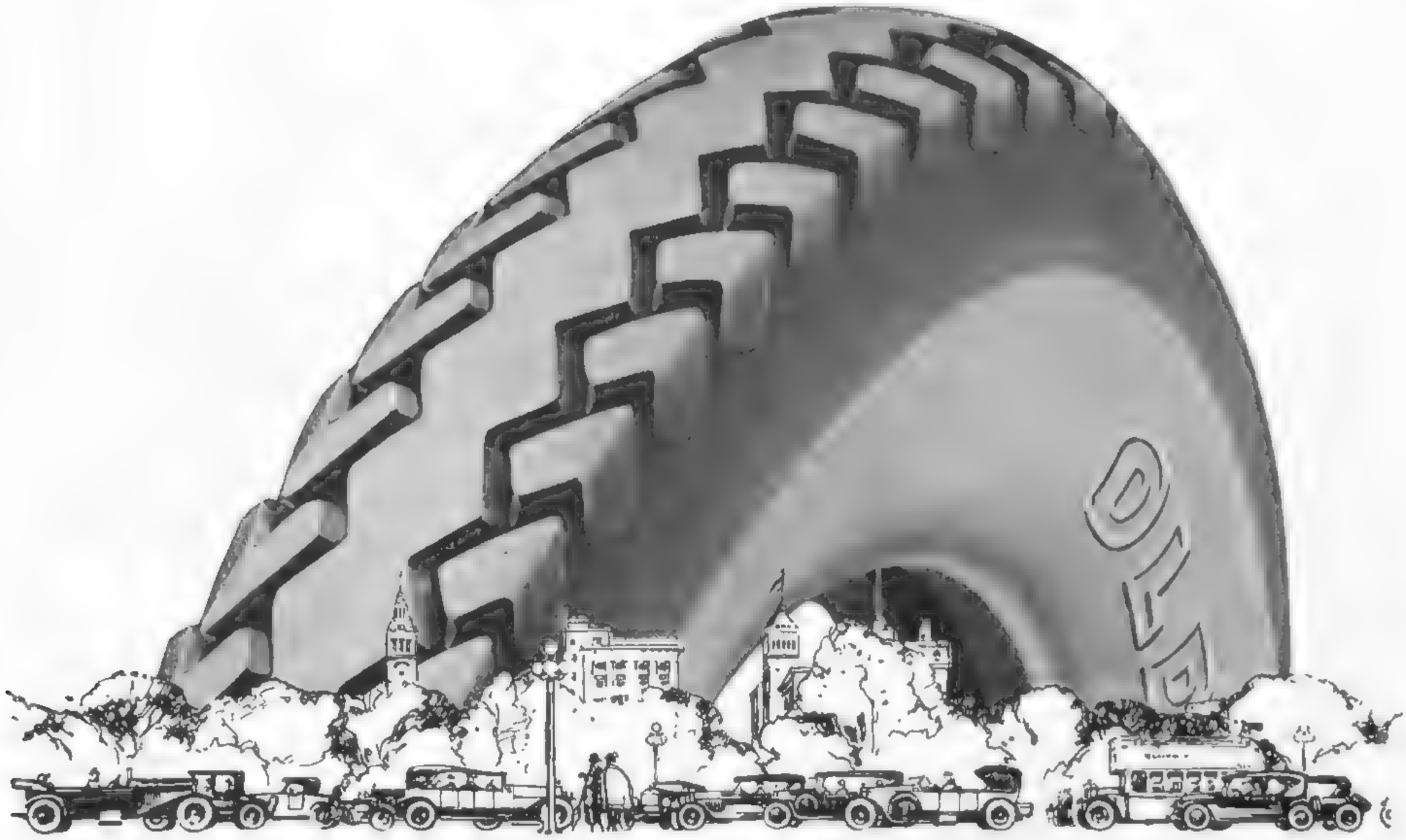
He shivered and clutched his coat closer against the cold blast that blew across City Hall Park as he headed into it. He scowled at the band of stone setters who were placing in the park a group of statuary representing Civic Virtue. As he passed under the window of the mayor's office he scowled up at a stout and reddish man who stood behind the sheltering glass and looked with approving eye at Civic Virtue out there in the cold.

He passed down Chambers Street, and so to the wide boulevard of Hudson Street. There was a fine smell of roasting coffee in the air here; here were the markets and warehouses for the foodstuffs of the city. There were few well-dressed passers-by. Sailors passed him, and blear-eyed tramps from the lodging houses of West Street beyond; he heard the belligerent tooting of tugs and the masterful roaring of ocean liners demanding right of way to the sea. And now the tall and elderly gentleman, with the thin overcoat flapping about his thin legs, could have been that stand-by of the sentimental press—the mysterious recluse who lives among outcasts and dies with nearly seven hundred dollars under his mattress.

The gentleman was Mr. Simeon Ellerbach, a disbarred lawyer and an eccentric of considerable wealth. This should be

(Continued on Page 56)

Mr. Simeon Ellerbach Shambled Up Hudson Street. His Gait Was That of a Wanted Man Who Has a Weapon Under His Coat



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Oldfield Cords, both by their records of performance in past seasons, and by the good value they are demonstrating this year, have proved they deserve the steadily mounting popularity accorded them.

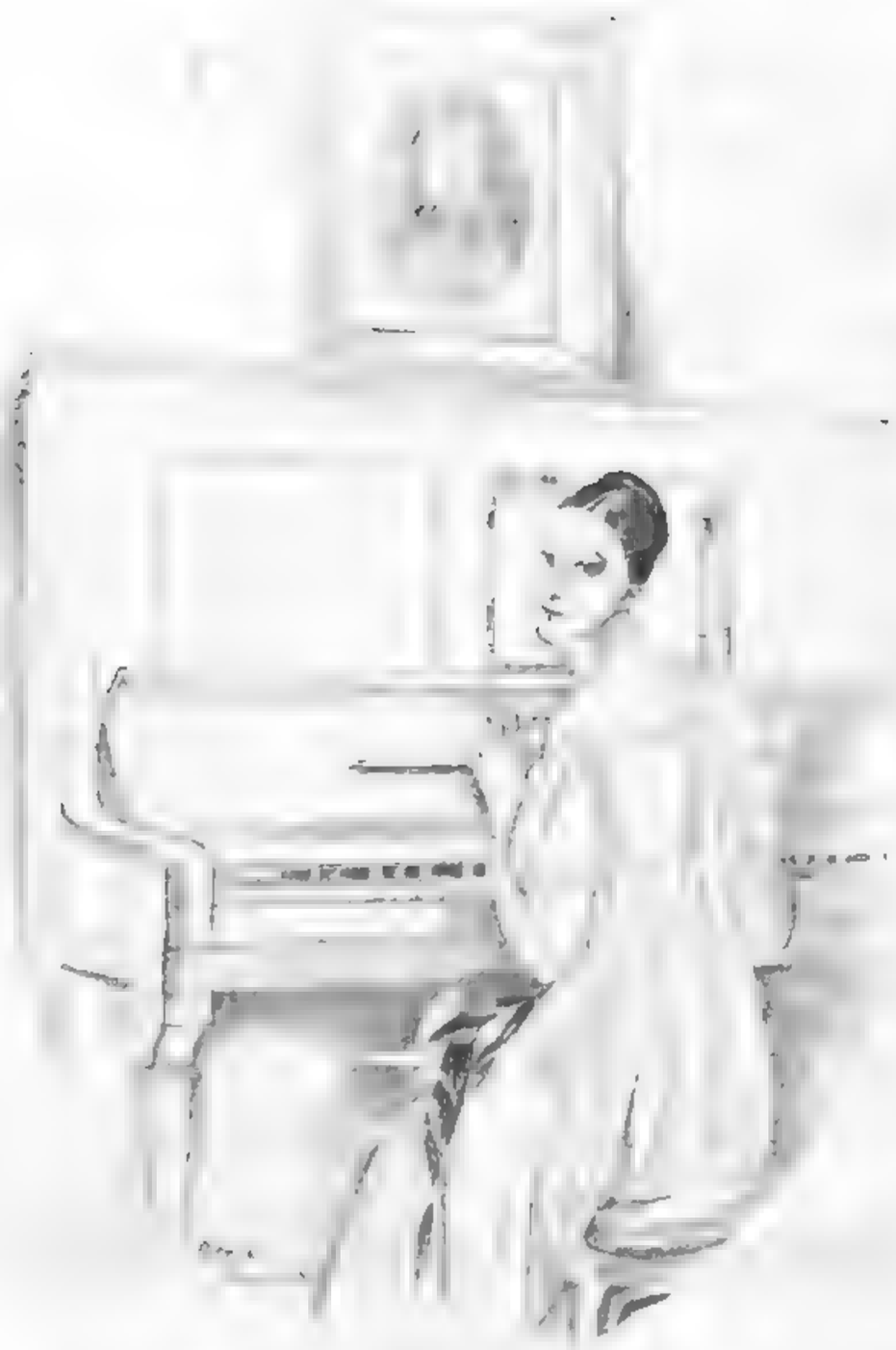
Creating a favorable impression from the start by establishing undisputed leadership as the finest of racing tires, they have gained an even more enviable and permanent reputation as remarkably economical equipment for everyday use on the highway.

Their fine appearence reflects their inbuilt quality and the reliable service they are capable of delivering. Long mileage is apparent in the generous size of Oldfield Cords, in the thick, symmetrical anti-skid tread, in the finished workmanship that shows the skill and care with which they are built.

Offering unmistakable quality at genuinely reasonable cost, it is logical that they are in greater demand this year than ever.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

OLDFIELD *Tires*



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Please send me the brochure showing the [illegible] instruments, and the name of your nearest dealer, because I am interested in buying a [illegible] upright ☐ a player piano ☐

Name ..... *City* ..... *State* .....

(Continued from Page 54)

acknowledged now before he wanders farther afield. Everyone knows how hard it is to recognize an acquaintance encountered outside his usual environment; everyone has bowed respectfully to his barber under such circumstances, and has cut his banker dead; everyone has cheered soldiers marching down to the boats, and has reached importunate hands to them; everyone has wondered why the police don't do something to khaki-clad beggars.

Mr. Simeon Ellerbach shambled up Hudson Street. His gait was that of a wanted man who has a weapon under his coat. He kept count of the street numbers. His sunken eyes lightened when he saw the number on the door of a small picture-framing establishment. On the window of the shop was a large and faded seal in red and white proclaiming that here was a notary public. He entered the shop. In the rear of the shop a man in an artist's smock was cutting a mat that he held down on two cloth rollers.

"I am the notary," said the artist—a stout and red-lipped Latin—answering Ellerbach's inquiry.

"Ah, Mr. Peretti? My name is Ellerbach, sir. In the year 1909, Mr. Peretti, you took the acknowledgment of a release of mortgage. The release was executed by one Quincy Hawthorn. I am looking for this Quincy Hawthorn."

The artist lifted his shoulders and dropped them with a bland smile. He stood a moment, and then glanced suggestively back at his waiting work.

"In the acknowledgment, Mr. Peretti," said Ellerbach in a dry and insistent voice, "you stated that you knew this Quincy Hawthorn. Here is a copy of the release and there is your acknowledgment. See? 'On this fourth day of January, 1909, before me came Quincy Hawthorn, to me known and known to me ——'"

The artist took the paper and studied it. He lifted his eyes from the document from time to time to look penetratingly at his visitor.

"I—don't remember," he said hesitatingly.

"I suggest that you strive earnestly to remember, Mr. Peretti," said Ellerbach, sitting down. "I am from the office of the county clerk. The office of notary public is an important and responsible one, Mr. Peretti, an office of dignity and profit; and I am sure that you would not violate your oath by taking the acknowledgment of a stranger. That would be a heinous offense, Mr. Peretti. Ah, there is your commission! You will note that you were appointed by the governor, with the advice and consent of the senate. Surely, when the governor and the senate withdrew their minds from affairs of state and concentrated upon investing you with authority, they believed that you would be impressed by a sense of responsibility and delegated power, and would not take acknowledgments from persons unknown to you!"

Mr. Peretti ventured a grin, but quenched it after looking hard at Mr. Ellerbach. He sat down, read the document through, and then stared at vacancy. He lifted his shoulders and spread his hands.

"But, wait!" he exclaimed, jumping up to consult the date on his commission. "The fourth of January, wasn't it? I remember something of it now. I opened this shop on the fourth of January in 1909, and the first dollar I took in was for taking an acknowledgment. Look! There's the dollar!"

He skipped quickly to the back of the shop and returned with a small gold frame he had taken down from the wall. Behind the glass in the frame was a dollar bill

"There!" he said, putting the frame into Ellerbach's hands. "This Quincy Hawthorn gave me a dollar instead of the usual quarter. I framed it for luck. It was the first money I'd taken in."

"And this is all you remember about Quincy Hawthorn?" demanded Ellerbach harshly.

"It is ten years ago," said the artist with more confidence.

Ellerbach frowned at the bill behind the glass. It was a brand-new bill, unwrinkled, unsoiled, a bill that had in all likelihood come directly from a bank. It should be possible to find that bank.

He took out a shabby notebook and copied the numerals and other identifying matter on the face of the note. He handed the frame back.

"This is an affair of the greatest importance," he said impressively. "Take care that you do not let that bill out of your possession. You may be called upon to make affidavit as to the manner in which you came by it. Good day, Mr. Peretti."

He left the shop.

Mr. Ellerbach was not yet convinced that the affair was of any importance whatever. He knew that he might be upon a blind trail. He ran eagerly upon many such, to be balked in the end. But he had come across something in the Hall of Records that had aroused his hunting instinct, and he was as pertinacious as a weasel. He was ever questing and quartering for secrets. He made his living by discovering them, and a handsome living.

He returned to Park Row and inserted a personal in a newspaper, offering a reward for information about one Quincy Hawthorn. He went to his office and wrote to the Treasury Department, seeking to learn what he might of the route that had been followed by the dollar bill now cherished by the artist Peretti. Some banks, in the thriftless days before the war, issued only new currency. And then he put the matter by and turned to other affairs; he had many inquiries afoot.

He ran the personal at intervals, meanwhile addressing himself to getting sight of a list of the 1909 depositors in the Bank of Amsterdam; he had traced the bill to that New York bank.

One morning he was writing a letter to a lady in St. Louis who had just established herself there as widow through a secret marriage of one Jonas Hasbrouck, deceased. Ellerbach had learned that this Jonas Hasbrouck had owned and conveyed property in New York during the secret coverture. He would disclose this fact to the widow—under some proper arrangement—and aid her to establish her dower right.

The door of his dark little office opened and a brisk young man popped in.

"I saw your advertisement," said the young man. "There's a reward, isn't there, for information about Quincy Hawthorn?"

"Certainly, Mr. Billings," said Ellerbach, consulting his visitor's engraved card.

"I'm assistant bookkeeper in the West End Bank," said the young man. "I've got to beat it right back there. There's a Quincy Hawthorn on our books, and it might be your man."

"Have you his address, Mr. Billings?"

"No. He's one of the dead accounts. We've carried him for about thirty years, and he's probably dead too. You see, he has a box with us and a small account, and the interest has about paid for the box, so we've carried him along. I don't know who he is, and I guess nobody up there does, either—I shouldn't wonder."

"Has the box never been opened?"

"Of course not!"

Ellerbach uttered a low and moaning whistle while he gazed amiably at the young man.

"It is possible, Mr. Billings, that your depositor is the man I am looking for. There will be a suitable reward for you when the identity of our parties is established. May I disclose to you my business with Quincy Hawthorn—in strict confidence?"

"Of course, Mr. Ellerbach."

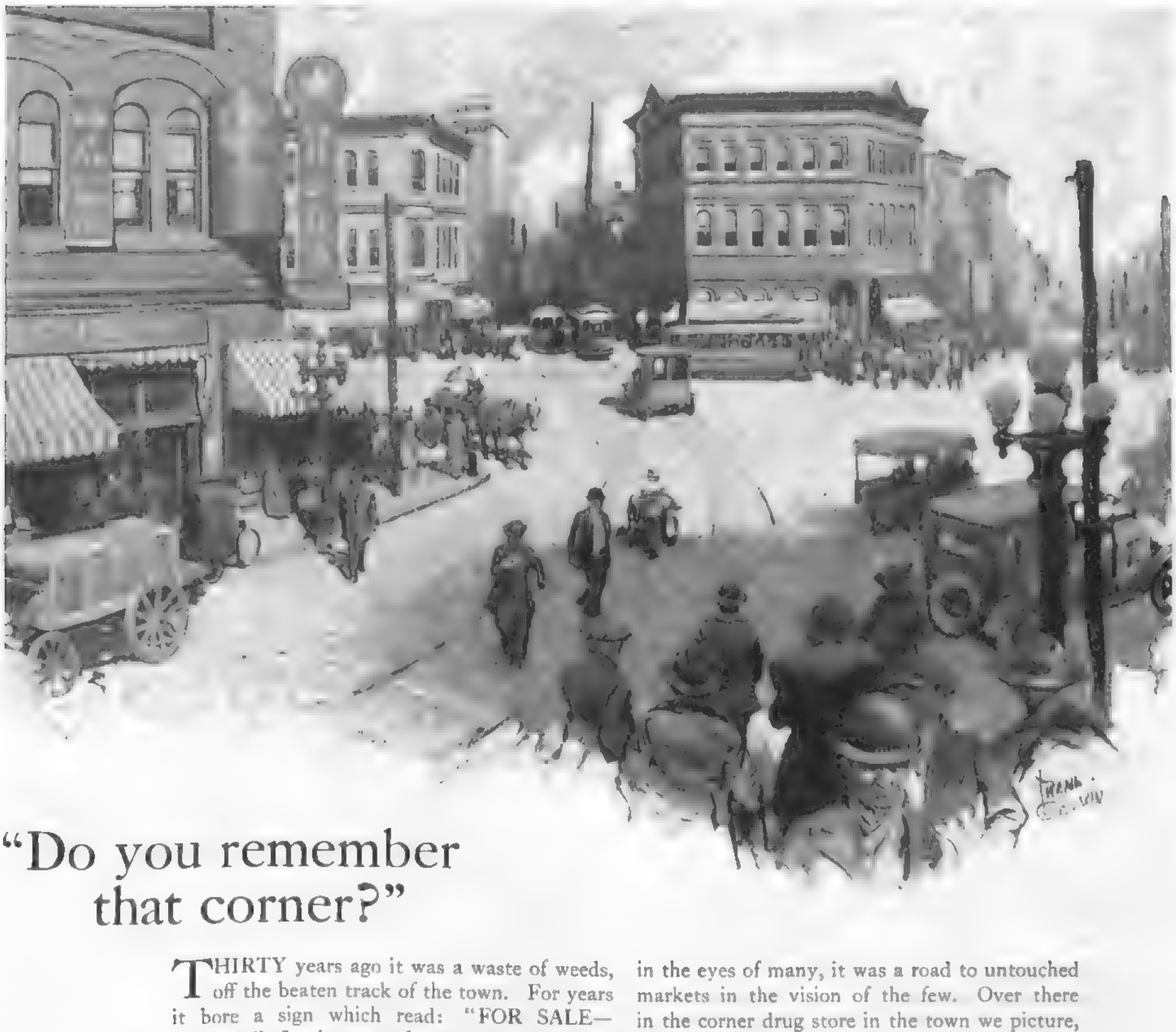
Ellerbach scrutinized his visitor through several seconds of silence, and then, with engaging frankness, told him a prepared lie.

"Listen then, Mr. Billings. I represent a gentleman who owed a small sum of money to one Quincy Hawthorn many years ago. The sum, to be perfectly candid, was four hundred dollars. The money was never paid. The debtor—whose name, for obvious reasons, I cannot disclose—evaded payment at the time. But of late the matter has pressed upon his mind. He is a man of honor and he is anxious to discharge this old obligation. But he has been unable to find Quincy Hawthorn and to locate his heirs."

"Ah, conscience money!" smiled Mr. Billings.

"Exactly," breathed Ellerbach. "It is probable that your depositor is the man whom I seek. That can probably be determined by examining the contents of the safe-deposit box. If necessary I can retain counsel to obtain an order of court to open the box. I do not anticipate that the bank will put any obstacle in the way of the discharge of a just debt, but should its officials prove reluctant the court will assist. I am ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Billings, and you may rest assured that you shall receive a highly suitable reward. I shall communicate with the bank at once,

(Continued on Page 58)



"Do you remember that corner?"

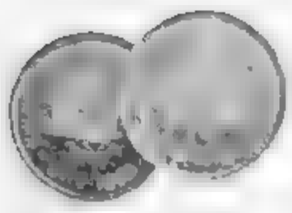
THIRTY years ago it was a waste of weeds, off the beaten track of the town. For years it bore a sign which read: "FOR SALE—CHEAP." In the eyes of most men it was just a vacant lot—but in the vision of one man it was a thriving center of the future.

To-day old residents point it out and say: "Thirty years ago I could have bought that corner for next to nothing—and now it is worth a fortune. Old So-and-So was certainly lucky that he bought it when he did!"

A little further out, off the beaten track of the town to-day, are other thriving centers of to-morrow. And in the eyes of all but a few men they are only vacant lots.

So it is in every field of enterprise. Thirty years ago, when advertising was a waste of money in the eyes of many, it was a road to untouched markets in the vision of the few. Over there in the corner drug store in the town we picture, are two competing products. One of them is in demand so many times a day that the druggist could find it with his eyes closed. The other is so seldom called for that when its name is mentioned the druggist has to ponder whether it is in his stock. Beyond the beaten track of his business, one manufacturer saw a greater market; the other passed it by.

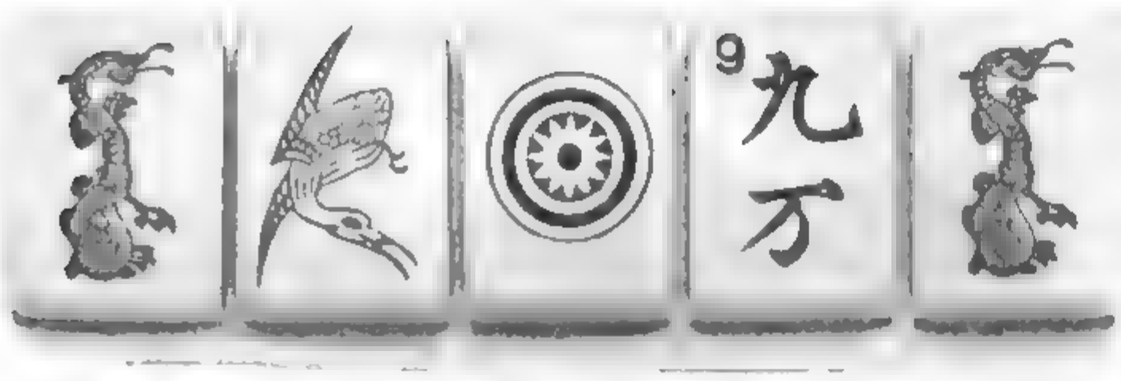
To-day, in scores of industries, both new and old, both great and small, untouched markets wait. Like the once neglected corners that now are thriving centers, they wait for those with vision "to see what others do not see, to see further than they see, to see *before* they see."



N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO



Why I called it PUNG-CHOW

TWENTY years ago, in Peking, the great Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, showed me a game. He called it "Pe-Ling." Today thousands of Americans enjoy it as "Pung Chow." A gorgeous game, he spread before me—gleaming ivory tiles, brightly painted with miniature bamboos, birds, and dragons. A fascinating game—deceptively simple. For two years, I played constantly with him, drawn deeper and deeper into its inexhaustible intricacies.

3000 Years Old

The lure of this game is so strong that coolies would play secretly—at the risk of the executioner's axe. For since the days of Confucius—five centuries before Christ—Pe-Ling has been reserved for royalty alone. Not until modern times was it permitted to even the wealthiest and most powerful merchants.

A Sacred Bird

You have often admired, aflight in Chinese tapestries, a striking bird, with long beak and legs. That is Pe-Ling, legendary bird of "a hundred intelligences," to whom for nearly three thousand years the game was dedicated. About 1850, however, among political concessions to rebellious coolies was the right to play the royal game. But not under the royal name!

A Dozen Names

With the immediate popularity widespread among the masses came confusion and distortion of the rules. A dozen different names—Mah-Jong, Mah-Diao, Ma-Chuck—are found in different parts of China. The first sets used by the foreigners in Shanghai happened to come from the province of Ning-Po, where the once sacred Pe-Ling was dubbed by the coolies Mah-Jong or "hemp-bird." And from Shanghai, the Ning-Po version first reached America.

Out of Babel

Handicapped with a dozen names and different sets of rules this magnificent Chinese game, shorn of its most interesting features and corrupted into a sort of "rummy," has, nevertheless, swept into America. It is not the game I learned from Li Hung Chang and which I have undertaken to organize for American use. Ignoring the coolie play, I went back to classic Chinese sources for

America's Own Game

I have translated and formulated what I hope will become the authoritative American code, because it accords with the play of the aristocratic Chinese. Bone will crack, and in American climate bamboo will warp. So I arranged to mould and stamp a beautiful and durable set of tiles out of clean and indestructible ivory pyralin.

For You

Since there was no accepted Chinese name—"Mah-Jong" being particularly offensive to cultured Chinese because of its coolie origin and gambling associations—I evolved a real American name, picking from out of the game itself "Pung" and "Chow"—two words which I hope you will soon learn to associate with the most absorbing and delightful of pastimes.

L. L. Harr

PUNG CHOW COMPANY, 21 East 40th Street, NEW YORK

Enclosed find $_____. Please send me book checked below.

.... 1. HOW TO PLAY PUNG CHOW. From the experience of twenty years' play in China with Chinese experts in highest social circles, Mr. Harr has written the first complete authoritative handbook. Fundamentals of the real Chinese game and subtleties of master play are made plain in nearly one hundred diagrams. The revised and enlarged edition, now ready, contains much new material not found in any other book. Mr. Harr makes simple to you many fine points still unknown to many professional teachers of the game in America. Price $2.00

.... 2. PUNG CHOW IN TEN MINUTES. A novel method by which beginners without any teacher may quickly and correctly learn the real Chinese game. All the elements clearly set forth with diagrams in two colors. Price ... 25c

Name _____

Street _____ City _____

(Continued from Page 56)

and shall advise them of the assistance you have rendered me."

"Oh, no!" said the young man alarmedly. "Don't say anything about me! They mightn't like my coming here!"

"As you please," smiled Ellerbach. "We shall respect each other's little secrets. Indeed, if you can enable me to view the contents of the box without troubling to obtain legal process I shall be glad to make your reward suitable."

"I don't see how that can be done," said the young man, frowning.

"Give it your best thought, Mr. Billings," said Ellerbach, bowing him out.

At half past three in the afternoon of the day on which Pete Pennefether had got the telephone call he stepped into a loose-jointed elevator and was raised creakingly aloft. He walked down a dark and narrow hall and thrust open a door upon whose ground-glass panel was lettered "Simeon Ellerbach, Real Estate."

"Come in, Mr. Pennefether—come in!" cried Ellerbach hospitably, thrusting out of sight the papers upon which he had been engaged. There was nothing incriminating or improper about the papers; he was acting on instinct.

The sun was shining in the street, but Ellerbach's narrow den was gaslighted. Its one window was blanked by the wall of a modern building which was flush with the opening. Ellerbach's battered roll-top was beside this black window. There was an open fire in the room, a stingy and starveling fire, huddled in the grate beneath the cracked marble mantel. An imitation fire of red glass, such as shines in grates in elegant apartment houses, could not have been more cheerless.

"Hello, Ellerbach," grumbled Pete, sitting down in his hat and overcoat.

"I am ever so much obliged to you for calling, Mr. Pennefether," said Ellerbach, studying Pete as sharply as was consistent with an aspect of inoffensive amiability. "I know that you are rushed to death, quite rushed to death. I sometimes wonder how you real-estate men keep so eternally on the go. Yes, I sometimes marvel why you do not take things easier. Indeed, I am sometimes bold enough to think that you do yourselves an injustice to keep driving so. Do you never feel that it would be well for you to let up a little, and take things a little easier, and give the younger men a chance? I speak as a patient and not as a physician, as I might say. We are none of us as young as we were, Mr. Pennefether, if I may be bold enough to say so."

Pete opened his eyes at Ellerbach ironically and shifted a bit in his chair. Ellerbach had not sent for him to condole with him on the common lot of aging men; Ellerbach wouldn't give a rap if Pete fell dead in harness.

"I myself," said Ellerbach, still apparently making talk, "have had to let up not a little. I have been very active in my time, but I can merely potter around nowadays. Yes, I potter around, picking up odd jobs at cleaning titles and making special investigations; I do my little best to help. But, Mr. Pennefether, as the Bible says, 'The night cometh when no man can work.' I trust it will find me with some small means of subsistence in hand. No doubt we all look forward to an old age of innocent and harmless leisure spent beneath our own vine and fig tree, as the poet has so aptly put it, with no more than an occasional and improving excursion into the market. Do you not find it so, Mr. Pennefether? Or are you perhaps one of those admirable men to whom work is a pleasing habit?"

"What in thunder are you driving at, Ellerbach?" grumbled Pete. "What did you want to see me about?"

"Businesslike," nodded Ellerbach, smiling his approval. "You must pardon an old man's sentimentality, Mr. Pennefether. But permit me to ask you one more question—just one. Could you find any worthy use for two hundred thousand dollars if I were to put you into possession of the same?"

"Yes, Ellerbach," chuckled Pete. "I could give it back to its rightful owner. Better not trust me with it, Ellerbach."

His host laughed appreciatively.

"It should be a trifle more than two hundred thousand dollars," he said. "Indeed, it is a trifle more than four hundred thousand dollars. I spoke of the sum which will be net to you, deducting my fee from the gross. Let me ask you this: If I can establish your rightful title to a large sum of money, and put you into possession of it, and convince you that you would never have got the money except through me, will you do the fair and honorable thing? Will you split?"

Pete stared at him with a humorous wrinkling of his thick brows.

"Your father and his four brothers," said Ellerbach, "died, leaving practically no estate. I speak from information gained through a search in the surrogate's court. I have learned that a large sum of money was rightfully due them, and was never paid. I know that I can establish your right to that money."

"How much money?" The thing was not impossible.

"Something over four hundred thousand dollars, as I have said, Mr. Pennefether. I am asking you to forego less than the interest on the original investment."

Pete sat up smartly. He was distrustful and incredulous, but he was necessarily interested. He had known this Ellerbach to do surprising things.

Through narrowed lids Ellerbach smiled at him. Then he picked a document from a pigeonhole, unfolded it and handed it to Pete.

"I see that we shall come to an agreement, Mr. Pennefether," he said. "I was sure that we should come to an agreement, and I have accordingly prepared a memorandum. I have cast it into the form of a legally binding contract, because it is always advisable to use language whose meaning is established by usage and precedent. But between ourselves, my dear fellow, it is purely a memorandum. Your word would be just as acceptable to me, but unfortunately we are all liable to lapses of memory. It might be that you or I, in perfectly good faith, would forget some term of our agreement. Disputes arise between the most honorable men, is it not so?"

Pete was reading the document.

"It says here that I agree to pay you one-half of any moneys which you can recover for me as heir of Peter, Raymond, Webster, Emerson and Franklin Pennefether. It also states that I do not now know of any such debt or debts due me as such heir. You agree to meet all expenses out of your share."

"Exactly," bowed Ellerbach.

Pete read the document through again, and then dropped it onto his broad knees and swung around and sat staring at the sullen fire in the shadowy grate. Ellerbach waited tranquilly. Pete swung around again with a shrug of the shoulders, to see Ellerbach tendering him a pen. He took it readily and dashed off his signature.

"One moment," said Ellerbach, picking up the document and hurrying from the office.

He reappeared, accompanied by a clerk from an adjoining office.

"You swear?" demanded the clerk, shaking the document at Pete.

"I do," said Pete.

The clerk vanished. Ellerbach returned and handed Pete a duplicate original of the agreement. On it was Ellerbach's signature, duly attested.

"You have done an excellent stroke of business, Mr. Pennefether," said Ellerbach gratulatingly. "In fact, I think I may be bold enough to say that we have both done an excellent stroke of business. Though I am chiefly interested in seeing justice done, and in having restored to you what is rightfully yours, I should deceive you if I did not confess to some selfish interest in your good fortune. I should deceive you, Mr. Pennefether."

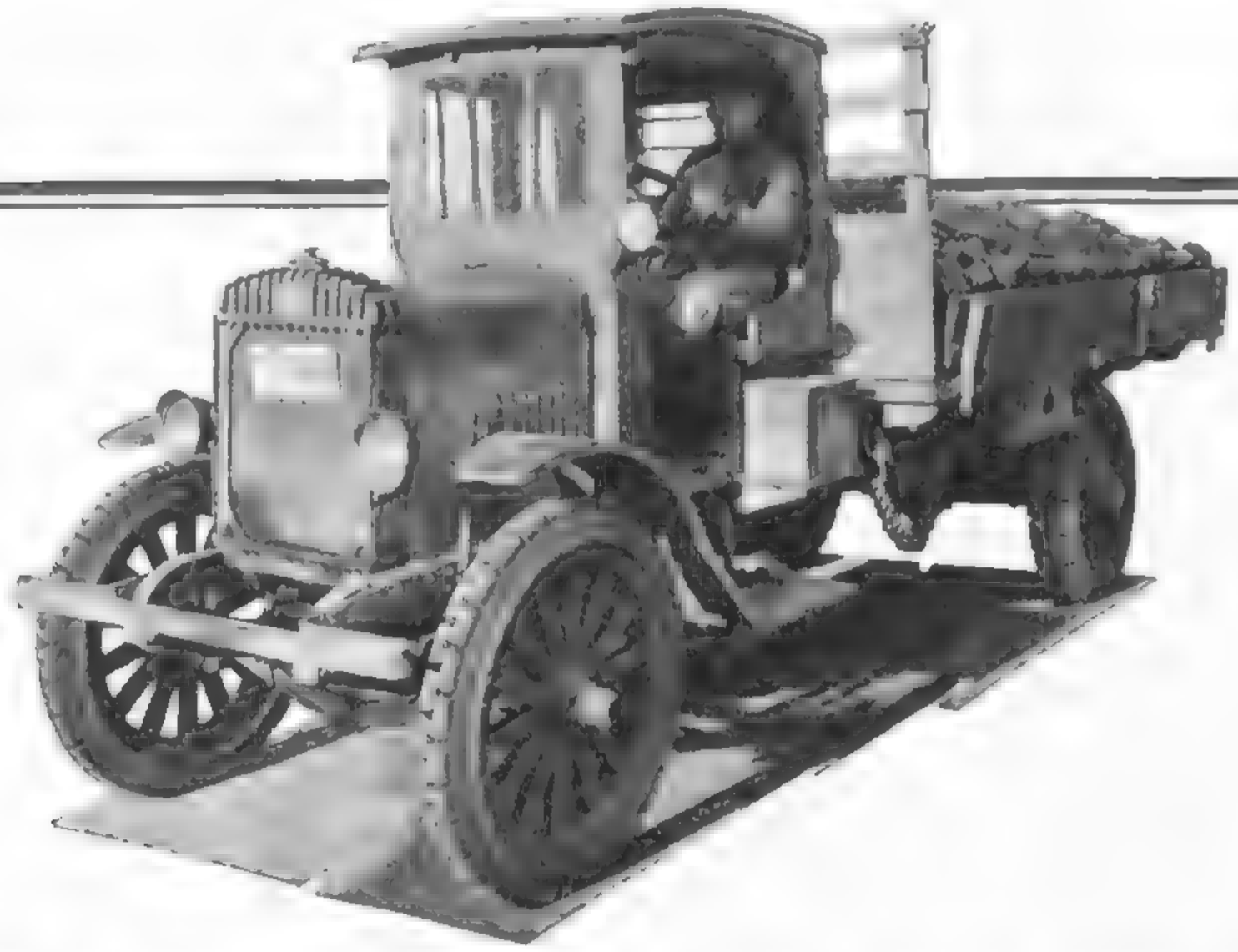
"Oh, no, you wouldn't," said Pete confidently. "Not for a minute!"

Ellerbach blinked amiably at this, and launched into an explanation.

"While making an investigation of another complexion in the register's office recently, Mr. Pennefether, I had occasion to consult the record of general mortgages. I encountered there an instrument which engaged my passing interest; it was a general mortgage executed by one Herman Lunstead to one Quincy Hawthorn, giving to Quincy Hawthorn a mortgage in the sum of two hundred thousand dollars on all the real estate owned by Herman Lunstead then or thereafter in the county of New York.

"The point of interest was in the form of this obligation. It was a general mortgage, describing no particular property, and that is a form of obligation which is not ordinarily used by individuals; it is more commonly employed by great corporations to

(Continued on Page 60)



He found pneumatic tires too expensive

The need of traction and resiliency in a truck tire admits of no argument. The only question is, how to get these qualities without paying too dearly for them.

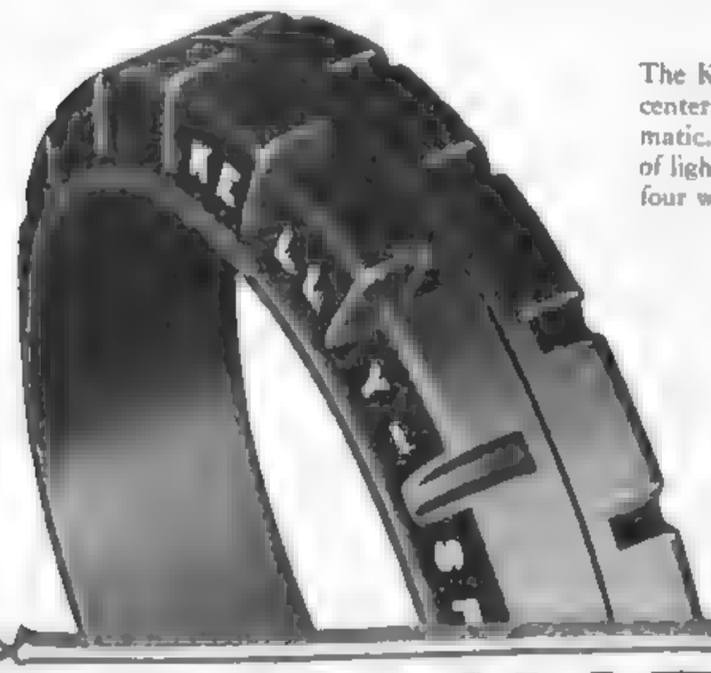
Mr. W. F. Brandt, of Massillon, Ohio, thought he could get them by using pneumatic tires on the truck pictured above, but he found the cost prohibitive. He changed to Kelly Kats on the rear wheels and Aircores on the front and he says that this combination gives him the same results as pneumatics at a much lower cost. Mr. Brandt's letter follows.

"The accompanying photograph shows my two-ton Nash truck equipped with your Caterpillar cushion tires on the rear wheels and your Aircore cushions on the front.

"For several years I have used pneumatics on both the front and rear but found the cost of such equipment prohibitive. About six months ago your representative induced me to change the rear equipment to your Caterpillar tires. I found this equipment such a success that about a month ago I put your Aircores on the front wheels.

"I am pleased to advise that since making the change there is apparently no difference in the riding qualities of the truck, cushion and traction being fully equal to the pneumatic equipment."

This combination of tires is ideal for medium- and heavy-duty trucks. The Aircores cushion the engine practically as well as would pneumatics; the Kats give the truck the traction it needs; and the ability of both to deliver long mileage makes their use a real economy.



The Aircore

The Kelly Aircore is a double-cushion tire with a spearhead shaped hollow center which makes it practically as resilient as a properly inflated pneumatic. It is especially recommended for front wheels of all trucks, rear wheels of light and medium capacity trucks, all four wheels of speed trucks, and all four wheels of moderate capacity trucks running over rough roads.

Kelly Kats

The Kelly Kat is a single-cushion tire whose ability to get traction and to stand punishment make it especially suitable for heavy-duty trucks of all kinds and for lighter trucks where the conditions under which they operate are especially severe on the tires.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.
250 West 57th St., New York

KELLY KATS
THE TIRES WITH NINE LIVES

KELLY SPRINGFIELD AIRCORE
THE DOUBLE-CUSHION TRUCK TIRE

Quality toilet paper products

Better Buying

The buying habits of the nation are changing.

Millions of careful buyers no longer use the old wasteful method of continually trying many brands in an effort to find the best.

Today they have well-founded faith that the great nationally advertised brand names are the safest "buying guides."

More people throughout the world today buy the several brands of toilet paper and paper towels manufactured by the A. P. W. Paper Company than any other make of toilet paper products.

Such a degree of confidence can only be won by a product honestly and well made over a long period of time.

Fifty years have been spent in winning the position of public trust and preference now held by the A. P. W. line.

Wouldn't it be well to find out why such a large percentage prefer A. P. W. Paper, by at least trying an A. P. W. brand the next time you buy?

The A. P. W. Paper Company are the manufacturers of Onliwon Paper Towels and these brands of toilet papers: A. P. W. Satin Tissue; Cross Cut; Fort Orange; Pure White; Bob White and Onliwon.

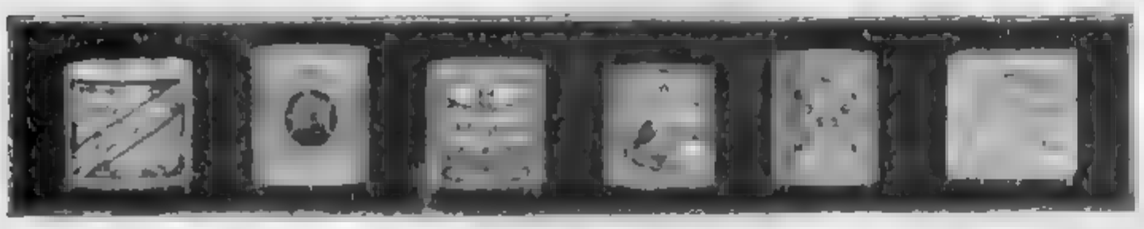
Prices range from 5c to 50c per package.

Insist on an A. P. W. brand. Sold by good stores everywhere.

A. P. W. PAPER CO., ALBANY, NEW YORK

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

It's better to buy
A Year's Supply
—Ask about it.



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secure bond issues. It would be cumbersome for a corporation, such as the Manhattan Telephone Company, say, to describe with particularity the many parcels of real estate, the hundreds of easements, the franchises and chattels real which make up its assets, and such an extensive owner ordinarily uses the general form. Having a moment to spare, I looked up the properties owned by this Herman Lunstead. I had never heard of him before.

"I discovered that Herman Lunstead had owned—between 1892, when the mortgage was given, and January, 1909—but a single parcel of New York real estate. This was a plot of fifteen lots between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive. It is now included in the grounds appurtenant to the mansion of Mr. Preuss, the steel magnate. And in 1909 this parcel was released from the lien of the mortgage."

Ellerbach's deep-set eyes twinkled as though he had said something illuminating. Pete had heard nothing of significance.

"My idle curiosity, Mr. Pennefether, was now further whetted. When a mortgage which covers only one parcel is paid off, the mortgagor will not ordinarily accept a release. He will prefer to satisfy the mortgage, so that the bond and mortgage may be delivered to him; he will not choose to let these evidences of debt remain out of his hands, as they would remain if he accepted a mere release. You understand that they would remain valid on their face and might be put to some fraudulent use.

"I was curious to know why this mortgage was a general mortgage, and why it had not been discharged in the usual course. In a word, I smelled a secret.

"I determined to learn more of the parties to this transaction. I traced Mr. Lunstead easily enough. He was a man of sporting proclivities and irregular habits, and was well known in certain society. He had been paid four hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the steel magnate for the fifteen lots, and had then dropped out of sight. That was in 1909.

"But Quincy Hawthorn was a more mysterious individual. I found no record of him, even in the year 1892, when he had apparently loaned Herman Lunstead two hundred thousand dollars. Very few men who are able to loan two hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Pennefether, can hide themselves, even in New York. I found no record of him between the years 1892 and 1909, when he was paid his loan back.

"What is worth hiding, Mr. Pennefether, is worth discovering.

"I investigated the giving of that release. I found the notary who had taken Quincy Hawthorn's acknowledgment of signature. He was a fellow in a shop over on Hudson Street. Such matters, Mr. Pennefether, are ordinarily taken care of in a lawyer's office, where a notary is always accessible. The notary could tell me nothing; but by an odd chance which could not be less than an act of Providence, he had preserved the dollar bill with which his fee had been paid. I traced that bill to the Bank of Amsterdam, which is up at Columbus Circle. The bank had no information concerning Quincy Hawthorn, but they did know of Herman Lunstead; he had been a depositor there until a date in 1909. It was likely then that Herman Lunstead had paid the notary's fee, and if Herman Lunstead was the gentleman who appeared before the notary and swore to Quincy Hawthorn's signature, it was extremely likely that Quincy Hawthorn's signature was forged!"

Ellerbach's eyes gleamed merrily.

"You seem to be making out a case," said Pete, bending forward interestedly.

"I have completed the case," beamed Ellerbach. "I have discovered Quincy Hawthorn!

"It was evident to me why Herman Lunstead had forged a release instead of a satisfaction piece. The satisfaction piece would have been useless to him without the original mortgage itself, since our New York law requires that the original mortgage be filed together with the satisfaction at the time the mortgage is discharged of record. Herman Lunstead had been unable to secure the original bond and mortgage. It was for me to find those documents and to establish that the release had been forged.

"I guessed that this Quincy Hawthorn was dead; else Herman Lunstead would not have dared to forge the signature to the release. But what of his heirs? Why did they not step forward? It was but a step to the assumption that the name Quincy Hawthorn was an alias. Many people in great cities use false names, wishing to keep their right hands from knowing what their left hands are doing! Mr. Jones of Park Avenue may be also Mr. Brown of Third Avenue and also Mr. Robinson of Broadway. Mr. Jones dies and is buried for all the world to see; Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson vanish at the same time without trace—they were men without antecedents or posterity. Their engagements stand forever unfulfilled; their absence remains an open wound; there is for them nothing of that decent settlement and supersession and healing which followed the death of Mr. Jones."

Pete nodded understandingly.

"I directed my efforts then," went on Ellerbach, joying in this exposition of his craftiness, "to learning what I could of this Quincy Hawthorn, trusting that I should unearth something which would disclose his identity with an individual legitimately established in society. I shall not detain you now with a recital of my proceedings; enough that I had a plausible excuse for investigating him, and that I succeeded in going behind him and in discovering his creator.

"Mr. Quincy Hawthorn was, in his other character, a rich man. He was trustee of a considerable estate. He made unwise investments, got into financial difficulties and would have been ruined if obliged to make the losses good. He took this Herman Lunstead into his confidence and transferred to him—in ways that are not clear and do not concern us—a sum of two hundred thousand dollars, being the remains of the estate. There is no doubt that the transfer was fraudulent; Quincy Hawthorn's management of the estate is a matter of record.

"He saw the necessity of protecting himself against Herman Lunstead. To do so without leaving an apparent connection, he took this general mortgage and saw to it thereafter that Herman Lunstead invested the money in this valuable tract of lots off West End Avenue. Herman Lunstead could not make away with the stolen money now; he could be forced to disgorge at any time. Quincy Hawthorn was of a speculative turn; probably he hoped that he could rehabilitate the estate, when he could disclose the matter to the other beneficiaries and represent it to them as an attempt to protect the estate from outside creditors.

"But the individual who was behind the alias died very suddenly and Quincy Hawthorn vanished into thin air. Herman Lunstead took no action for seventeen years. He was then offered a chance to sell his lots for a great price. But he had to get rid of that mortgage. What could be simpler than to write out a release, acknowledge it and record it? There was no one to contest it. He was quite safe."

Ellerbach chuckled. He handed a bundle of papers to Pete Pennefether.

"There's the original bond and mortgage," he said. "Ordinarily, it would be difficult to establish their authenticity as against Mr. Preuss, the innocent purchaser. The mortgage is twenty-nine years old and there is no evidence of payment of interest during that period. But the forging of the release, only ten years ago, constitutes an indisputable acknowledgment of the debt. That the release was forged can be proved by showing that Quincy Hawthorn was dead. That mortgage, plus accrued interest, is a valid first lien upon the property today; and that property today is worth about six hundred thousand dollars. I do not tell you at present how I secured those papers; I had to make certain representations, Mr. Pennefether. But I assure you that you, as the heir at law of Raymond, Webster, Emerson and Franklin Pennefether, are the owner today of that mortgage, and I shall establish it against any opposition."

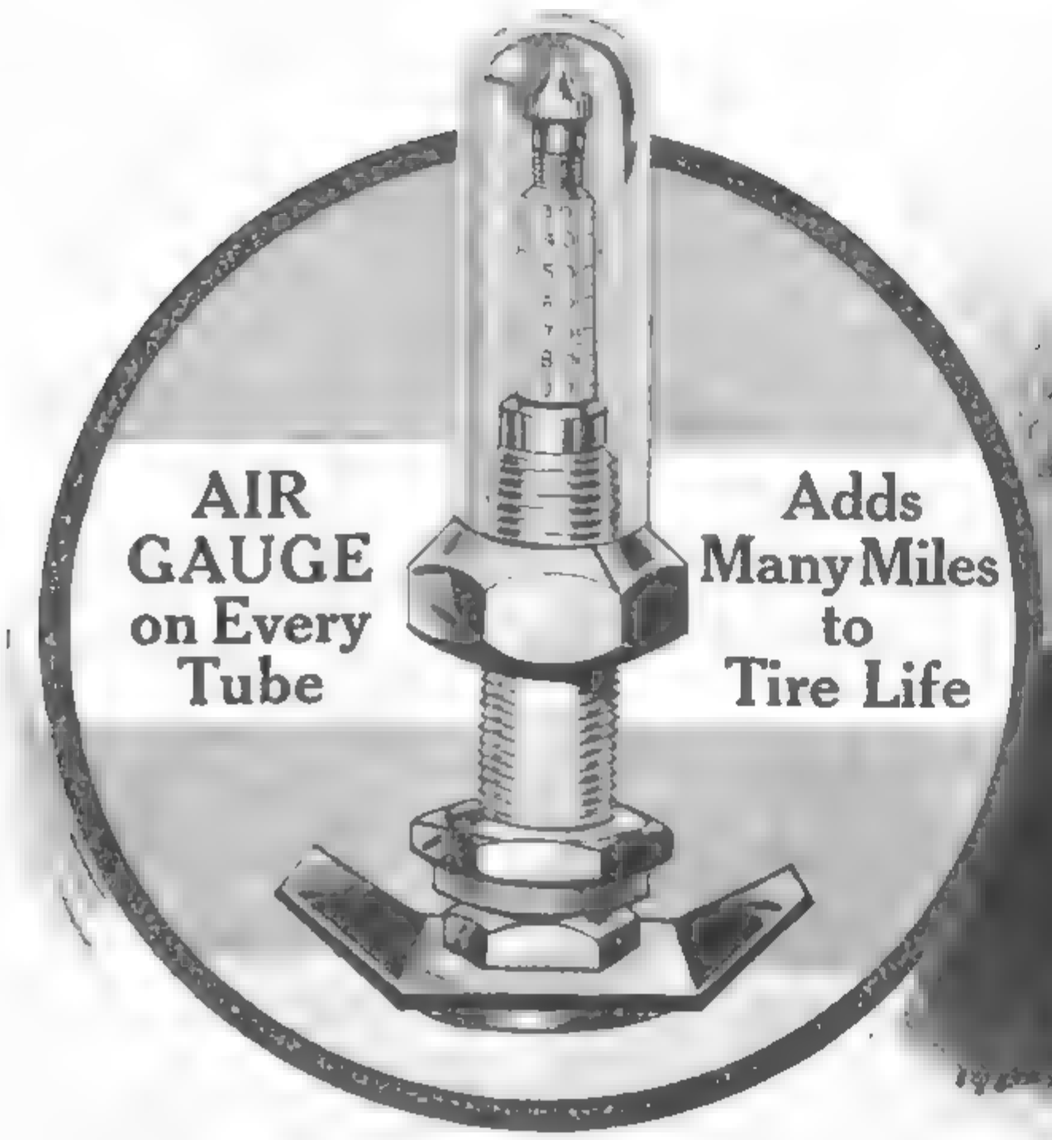
"You mean that someone defrauded the estate of two hundred thousand dollars?" said Pete, bending his brows in puzzlement.

"Exactly, Mr. Pennefether."

Pete unfolded the papers. They were as Ellerbach stated. They were a bond and mortgage for two hundred thousand dollars. They were unquestionably authentic; there was the stamp of the register's office, showing the *liber* and page where they were recorded; they were signed by Herman Lunstead, witnessed and acknowledged.

Two hundred thousand dollars! He drew a trembling breath. It meant, at the

(Continued on Page 62)



Wonderful Improvement in Inner Tubes

At no extra cost, you may now have an accurate air gauge as a part of the valve stem of each inner tube, showing at a glance, through the transparent valve cover, the actual pressure of the air in each tire at any time.

No more driving on half-flat tires.
No more ruining expensive casings.
No more guessing whether tires need air.
No more need testing tires.

No matter what car you drive, or what tires you use, you will want to put on Air-Gage Inner Tubes, the only kind that—

Shows Air Pressure at a Glance

Warns instantly of under-inflation. Enables you to maintain always correct and uniform pressure—actually giving you greatly increased mileage from your tires.

The temptation is to keep putting off testing your tires if they look all right. It's too much trouble and it takes too much fussing—besides you are in a hurry. Yet under-inflation is costly in tire wear.

But now—with Air-Gage Inner Tubes—you *know* at all times whether your inflation is right, and when it isn't, you correct it—adding greatly to your tire mileage, as proven by tests.

Air-Gage Inner Tubes cost you no more than any other good tube of equal quality. They are made extra heavy from best quality live red rubber built up on the multiple, laminated process, tough—live—durable. Every tube, including air gauge, fully guaranteed in writing.

The Paul Rubber Company now has nearly 4,000 factory representatives demonstrating Air-Gage Inner Tubes to car owners. There is one in your neighborhood. A letter or wire to us will promptly bring him to your own home or place of business, where you can see for yourself this great improvement in Inner Tubes.

For your convenience and protection, Air-Gage Inner Tubes, Clover Leaf Cord Tires and Long Distance Cord Tires are sold only by Paul direct factory representatives. In this way you always get fresh selected stock with the full life of the rubber in every tube and tire. The Paul Plan gives you a first hand opportunity of judging for yourself, without obligation, the great convenience and saving of Air-Gage Inner Tubes and provides a more economical and complete tire service to American car owners.

Write today for name of Paul man in your neighborhood and get Paul factory prices.

THE PAUL RUBBER CO., Dept. 43, Salisbury, North Carolina

Manufacturers of Clover Leaf and Long Distance Cord Tires and

AIR-GAGE

Extra Heavy INNER TUBES

More Paul Men Wanted

The rapidly growing demand for Air Gage Inner Tubes offers men of character and ability an important place in the Paul organization. Open territory is being assigned rapidly. If you would like to be the Paul direct factory representative in your locality, write or wire us today stating territory you can serve.

For Protection, Health and Fit

Wear Underwear that's Knit

Swish! How good the air feels!

It's Summer—hot—but this small boy is cheerful, cool and comfortable with nothing on.

He has to put on clothes again, of course, but finds his KNITTED underwear "*next* best to nothing."

The porous KNITTED structure *ventilates*—lets in cool air.

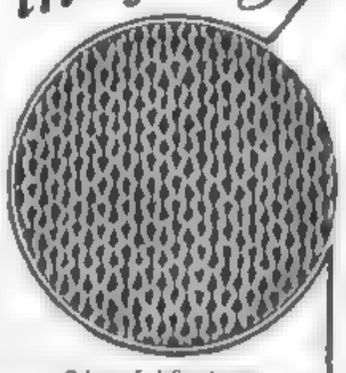
The KNITTED wear dries *up* the perspiration too—like sun and wind upon the skin—and keeps you and your clothing cool and clean.

Finally, KNIT garments *fit* well—they're so stretchy and elastic—you don't *know* you have them on.

No other fabric is so close to nothing.

Try it—you big brothers and sisters—you mothers and fathers. You wear KNIT underwear in Winter, but try it in the Summer too (a Summer weight, of course), just try it and *see!*

Made loose or form-fitting in cotton, wool silk and mixtures in every style and every weight for every member of the family



(Magnified Section)

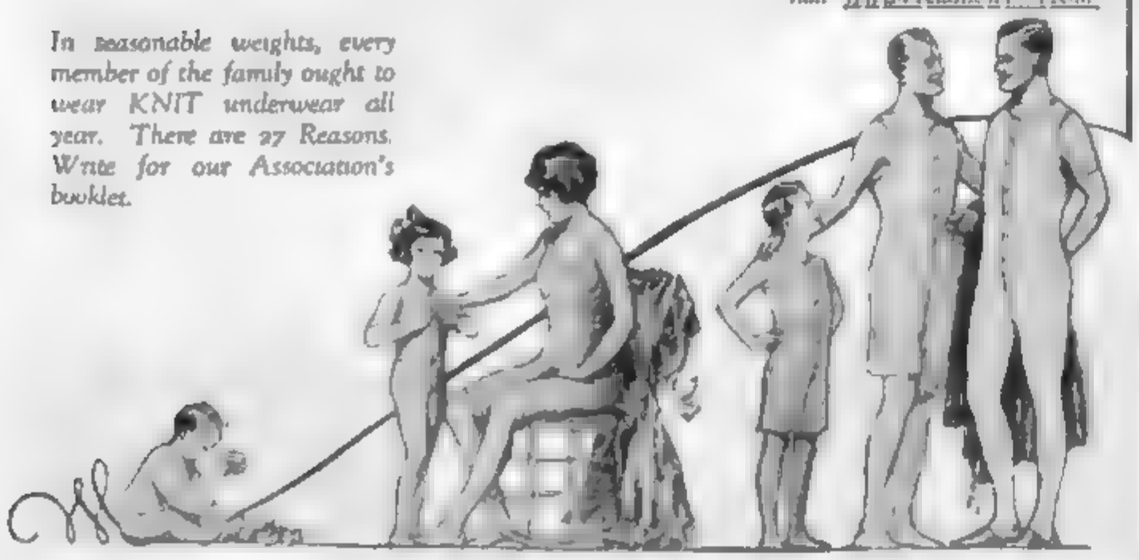
Many different manufacturers make KNITTED underwear with the looped-thread structure magnified above. Some are jersey silk—some knit cotton—some knit wool but all are better to wear next the body than any other kind of underwear material. "If it isn't elastic it isn't Knit."

ASSOCIATED KNIT UNDERWEAR MANUFACTURERS of AMERICA

208 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

An Association of Knit Underwear Manufacturers, representing 75 per cent of the output of Knit Underwear in the United States.

In seasonable weights, every member of the family ought to wear KNIT underwear all year. There are 27 Reasons. Write for our Association's booklet.



(Continued from Page 60)

least, an income for him of twelve thousand dollars a year. It meant independence. It meant elegant and leisurely and spacious living. It lit up his future. No more toiling, with his nose at the grindstone; no more wretched and shameful scrimping and borrowing.

"Ellerbach," he breathed—"Ellerbach, can—can you prove it?"

"Beyond a shadow of a doubt, Mr. Pennefether!" cried Ellerbach exultantly. "The money is yours—yours!"

"I can't seem to grasp it," said Pete, dazzled. "So this is what happened to poor dad! Somebody cheated him, eh? Well, he was never a man of business. Somebody overreached him, somebody whom he trusted. He was always letting people handle his money for him. Who was it, Ellerbach? Who was the infernal scoundrel? Who was this Quincy Hawthorn?"

"His other name," said Ellerbach, hiding a smile, "was Peter Pennefether."

"Eh?"

Pete's face was blank.

"The gentleman who did this very cunning thing was your father, Mr. Pennefether. My dear fellow, there is not a shadow of a doubt of it. The missing sum tallies exactly. No doubt he did it with the best intentions in the world, to protect you more than to protect himself. There is a certain hardship in this for you, but I ask you to notice that you are not taking advantage of the fraud. You will receive this money as the heir of your uncles, who died without issue. You need not have the slightest scruple in taking it. You must, indeed, establish the fact of the fraud in order to prove your claim, but you are not taking advantage of it; you are repudiating it. The assertion of the claim will be no reflection upon your personal honor."

Pete had grown very pale; but now, as he rose with the documents in his closing grip, the color was returning to his big face.

"Ellerbach"—his voice was hoarse and growling—"it's a lie!"

"But, my dear fellow," expostulated Ellerbach, spreading his hands placatingly, "I can prove it! I sympathize with your feeling, but I know that you are a man of the world."

"It's a lie!" roared Pete, the red of battle flaming in his cheek. "Don't repeat it, you contemptible shyster! My father was a man of honor!"

"Please, please," demurred Ellerbach distastefully. "Let us keep to realities and dispense with sentiment, Mr. Pennefether. Let us be businesslike. I do not ask you to do anything improper. I do not ask you to accept the fruits of a fraud. Frankly, I do not see what there is to be excited about, Mr. Pennefether. The money is yours. Come! Calm yourself! Be sensible!"

In Pete's big hands the bond and mortgage suddenly sprang into fragments. He turned the pieces and tore them again. Ellerbach leaped up with an inarticulate scream, but Pete thrust him aside with a stiffened arm and stepped with a long stride to the marble fireplace. He dashed the torn papers into the grate; the starved flames leaped up at them.

"And if I hear another word about this, Ellerbach," he growled, "I'll twist the head off your shoulders. Play your tricks on your own kind. Sell your own people. I don't know by what necessity you picked on me, but you picked the wrong customer. I have nothing of that sort to sell, Ellerbach. It's a lie—a lie made of whole cloth—an infernal lie! If you value your miserable life, don't let me hear a whisper of it again!"

"I'll call for help," quavered Ellerbach. "I'll call for help if you touch me, Mr. Pennefether."

But Pete had turned from him and was stalking from the chamber.

He was still hot as he rode down to the street. He walked along, grumbling and fuming, and was still throwing out sparks as he climbed the steps to the Elevated Railroad.

And then his agitation passed, suddenly, so that he was chuckling and smiling where he had been lowering and muttering. He burst into a ringing laugh which caused his fellow passengers to view him with ill-concealed alarm.

"What a devil of a fellow that Ellerbach is!" he muttered enjoyably. "The idea of him making up a long and complicated cock-and-bull story like that! If he told it about anyone else he would have convinced me. He would! I think he must be a little touched. There's a shingle loose in his roof as sure as today is Monday!"

"Hello, Mr. Pennefether," nodded the door man of Hopper's big real-estate office.

"How's your heart, George?" grinned Pete, passing him on the way to his desk.

He cleared his desk of some routine work and had again an interval of leisure. He glanced at the clock and saw that the time was within ten minutes of the closing hour.

He saw the Old Man lolling in his swivel chair before his desk in the private office. Mr. Hopper was evidently through for the day. Mr. Hopper's face showed weariness, but contentment; he had got through a good day's work. But his back was turned to the outer office, and his back looked almost repulsive to Pete. It was the acceptable moment to hit the Old Man for that raise; but the Old Man was likely to hit back.

Well, it couldn't be helped. Pete needed the money. He had to have it! He would have gone through fire for it, and outfaced devils.

He took a firm hold of his fluttering courage and rose from his chair.

A STORM AT THE CROSSROADS

(Continued from Page 21)

Years ago, when all this rocky part of the country was dotted with small manufacturing plants that used the water power, miles from each other and miles from nowhere, this had been a button factory. Buttons are of tremendous importance. They hold the world together. But later the thin little building had been turned into a tenant's cottage. Then the other buildings at Buttonmakers Corners burned to the ground, leaving the house under the hill to gaze blankly across the brook at an empty road—empty for eight years, until this day.

Toi had danced over the foot log, and Merwin had sidled across with his good leg foremost.

"But we haven't a key!"

He put his shoulder against the door and it opened. There wasn't any lock. They entered. It was a treasure house—or could easily be made so. This was to be the dining room. Climbing over fallen plaster and broken furniture, they discovered the kitchen. No one could imagine a finer kitchen, and it would be quite light enough when the cobwebs were swept from the small window.

Toi ran up the high rises of the ladderlike stairway. Merwin followed. But before he reached the second floor the girl had made a discovery—the windows of this room at the back of the house were within a few feet of the ground. What a marvel! They would cut a door here, have a garden outside. This was to be her room. And look at all this wonderful old furniture!

The other room on this floor was to be Keat's. It got the morning sun, faced the southeast, and looked out upon the brook and beyond at the road, and still beyond at the rolling hills. It was to be his because he would be working here most of the day, and what a workshop it would make! Here he would write the great novel. They arranged it all in no time and climbed to the third floor. They wouldn't do anything with this until his novel was finished and sold.

At dusk they climbed into Ben Hur. These two among these hills and the stars overhead.

"Keat—are you glad?"

"You bet I am! I'm going to—well, I'm going to try to do something big."

"Was it worth those months and months?"

"Yes. To be with you, Toi, a moment, was worth that."

"Only a moment?"

When the car started she called, "Good-by, Buttonmakers Corners. We'll be back tomorrow."

In April these two stood across the brook and gazed at Keat's handiwork. Four chaotic weeks had passed. Nothing could ever equal them: Two carpenters for five days—they could well afford that; a plasterer for six days—that was necessary; and

(Continued on Page 64)

The Perfect Beard Softener

It has Revolutionized Shaving habits of a nation

Almost any druggist will tell you that Shaving Cream is definitely and rapidly supplanting old-fashioned soap.

And that Mennen's leads in sales and prestige.

When it was introduced Mennen's was so infinitely better than any other shaving preparation that almost literally every man who tried it became a regular user.

It took time to break down tradition and prejudice but the output of Mennen Shaving Cream has increased greatly every year since it was first offered to the public. Today, a large proportion of up-to-date men use it.

The quality has improved as well. Mennen Shaving Cream of today is a triumph of scientific beard softening. We doubt if purer cream could be made. It contains not a trace of free caustic. It is so bland and non-irritating that it simply cannot cause a suggestion of discomfort to the most sensitive skin. If women only knew it, Mennen's is a wonderful complexion soap. That is why Mennen users have clear, glowing complexions.

Mennen's is more than soap. We believe it to be the most remarkable beard softener that science has produced. A Mennen treated beard comes off so smoothly, so gently and so quickly that it is inconceivable to us that any man who will try ten Mennen Shaves can remain unconvinced that it is the finest shaving cream he has ever used.

It will make no difference whether you use hot or cold water—hard or soft. You are sure to get the same creamy, firm, non-drying lather—which you don't have to rub in with fingers.

Mennen's is even more than a beard softener. It possesses extraordinary value as a skin conditioner. After using, your skin feels as soft as a baby's—and stays that way. One cause of this is Boroglycerine—a soothing, healing emollient contained in Mennen's—which softens and relaxes skin tissues and provides a mild, refreshing, antiseptic protection. If your skin is naturally dry and easily irritated you will be literally overjoyed at the remarkable improvement after a few Mennen's shaves.

Will you try ten gorgeous Mennen shaves? Buy a tube of Mennen Shaving Cream at any drug store. Read the directions and follow them. Use it on ten successive mornings. If you do not honestly and sincerely believe that they were the ten best shaves you ever had and that your skin is in smoother and healthier condition than ever before, mail the tube to us and we will refund purchase price.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
THE MENNEN COMPANY, LIMITED, Montreal, Quebec

Jim Henry's Column

My First Ten Years were the Hardest

Ten years ago, I tackled the job of showing men how to get comfortable shaves.

I had a wonderful product to talk about and my only problem was to get men to try it.

The first advertisement I ever wrote—perhaps you remember it—explained what was required properly to soften a beard and demonstrated just how and why Mennen's did the job better than any other preparation.

Quite a lot of men believed me, tried the Cream, liked it—liked it more and more every time they used it—began to get enthusiastic and tell their friends—and in a very short time Mennen's became a huge success.

I kept on telling men about Mennen's. My only real competition was the tenacity with which shavers stick to old habits, traditions and prejudices.

After ten years, although many have tried, there's not another shaving cream on the market, so far as my personal experience goes, which can back up the claims I made for Mennen's in my first advertisement.

How has this leadership been won? There can be but one reason. Every tube sells a second tube—the sale of Mennen's is self-perpetuating. The satisfaction of a user is so deep—so unalterable—that our only problem is to get you to try it.

So please read our offer in column to the left. Buy a tube and either enjoy the finest shaves of your life or take back your money.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

"You Are Paying $5,000 a Year Rent for Your Office Chair"—

I told a lawyer friend of mine the other day.

"Go jump in the lake," he replied. "I bought that chair five years ago and paid twenty dollars for it."

"Ever feel all in at the end of a hard day?" I asked. "Can you think and work as well towards evening as you do in the morning? Don't you sometimes find the last hour or so more or less of a total loss?"

"Everybody does. It's human nature," he said.

"It's more likely to be uncomfortable office chairs," I told him. "Ever hear of SIKCO—the Office *Easy* Chair? Drop in on the nearest Sikes dealer and try sitting in one. See what a difference it makes to have seat, arms and back curved to conform to the natural curves of the body.

"SIKCO is the easy chair that makes hard thinking easier. The comfortable chair that lets your mind work because your body is at rest. See?"

He saw.

I wonder if you wouldn't like to drop in on the nearest Sikes dealer. Write me and I'll tell you who he is.

Sikes

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

Sikes office chairs are also made in every conventional pattern and design. In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

(Continued from Page 62)

a man in the vegetable garden up at the Corners—that, of course, would save money. No doubt about it. And, oh, the pungent, unforgetable odor of turpentine! Toi had set herself the task of painting doors, chairboards, window frames, everything. Toi with paint pot and brush, herself a painting by Romney! And you can see her in her embryonic garden with trowel and other imaginable garden tool, and at night with lamplight on her lovely head, bending over seed catalogues, government bulletins and window curtains. Only for an hour or two each day did Merwin allow himself the joy of standing on a ladder outside where he wielded a paintbrush awkwardly with his left hand; during the rest of the time you could hear the chek-click of his typewriter persistent, painfully slow with that right shoulder still in bandages.

Now it was mid-April and they were admiring his left-handiwork. Possibly the weather-beaten little house needed still another coat of white paint, but no such notion would ever occur to anyone who had seen it a month ago. And possibly the green of the blinds and sills and window boxes was not exactly the tint they had visualized. But never mind that! It exactly matched the young foliage, and who can improve on Nature!

"Keat, you're a wonder! And all with your left hand!"

And several nights later Toi was a wonder. She had finished hanging the curtains in her room. Now she lit the lamp and turned it down so that the light would be alluring—also, perhaps, to conceal certain defects in the furniture. But never mind that! She went into Keat's room.

"Everything's ready."

He started for the door.

"Keat! Wait a minute! I want both of us to imagine we're seeing it for the first time."

They waited a minute, then marched in.

"Toi!"

Nowhere in the world was there ever a boudoir to compare with it. The furniture had been mended and rubbed down to a mahogany richness; a small rag rug was at the side of her four-poster bed; another rug, faded to a beautiful creaminess, was on the dark polished floor in front of the fireplace; the andirons shone even in the dents. And the Boston rocker—who would have dreamed it could have looked like that! But the curtains made the room—they matched the ivory woodwork—with valances and side curtains of bright chintz. Then she opened the door that led out into the night, and the soft glow of the lamp fell upon the flat stones beneath a pergola. And Merwin peering into the darkness could easily imagine a beautiful flower garden with fragrance floating lazily in the blue gloom of the night. It would be there some day, he was sure of that.

When the orchard was beginning to drop its blossoms, something suddenly determined Merwin to lay aside the forty thousand words he had painfully typed. This was not a temperamental notion. Something Toi had said set him to casting up their accounts. They had been profligate with paint and putty and plaster of Paris, and too generous perhaps with seeds and bulbs. But it was not only that. He stood squarely in front of his typewriter and his rather humorous mouth became a straight line. Not an easy thing to look into the future, but at least he could count the seasons; summer would come, then autumn, then winter. He was visualizing the winter, as, for instance, the month of January.

After lunch he walked with Toi. What a day! Full of sunshine. Look at this, look at that.

"Look at our vegetable garden, Keat. Everything is up, everything!"

"Next year we'll fix this wall," said Merwin.

Then the girl, suddenly, without any preface at all, indeed while she was leaning over the tumbledown rock fence examining a day lily, asked, "What is it, Keat? What's the matter?"

"Nothing; nothing at all, Toi."

"Yes, there is. There's something you want to tell me."

"Only—well, I'm going to try my hand at some short stuff. I'm going to start this afternoon."

She plucked the flower. "Isn't it a beauty? As to short stuff—what do you mean? Short stories?"

"Yes. Sketches, anything."

"But you are not going to do it. We came here for just one purpose, Keat. Finish your novel, no matter what happens."

That would take months. He did not know how long it would take, hadn't an idea

"Then, suppose it wasn't any good?"

"It's going to be good. I know it's going to be wonderful."

"Think, Toi! Just a minute."

"I am thinking—about everything. I want you to keep right on. You're saturated with the novel. For two years in the hospital you were reading and thinking and planning. And I was planning too."

"I'll try some short things, then go back to it."

"No, no, no; you couldn't. You're saturated. You think about it all the time—even at the table, even at night when I read aloud—all the time."

Something in her voice warned him. But he had never seen Toi cry except once during these two months. She had fallen from the stepladder, which made her mad. Nothing like getting mad to make you cry! But now: "Keat, you make me feel terribly —— It's my fault. Your beautiful novel."

"Toi, stop it! Let's take Ben and go to town to the movies?"

She didn't want to go to the movies.

"Let's catch some trout for supper?"

No, she didn't want to go fishing.

They had reached the Corners. These two were standing at the crossroads.

And standing there Merwin dropped his cane and took her in his arms. "Listen, Toi, soon it will be summer, then autumn, then winter. I'm thinking about the month of January."

"I know what you are thinking about, Keat."

"It's madness under the circumstances, Toi, to take such a chance."

But she could see through him clearly. It was the thing he wanted to do, and the thing she wanted him to do.

"I'm willing to take the chance, Keat."

And presently they continued along the road—in the direction in which they had started.

That afternoon these two went fishing. They straightened out their tackle, got a tin bucket in which to carry their catch, put on hip boots and started upstream. At the large flat rock beneath the black-gum tree they sat down just for a moment to look at their reflection in the shaded pool. But it was dusk before they left there. They looked at themselves in a great many ways that afternoon—at times laughingly, at times solemnly. And during the afternoon Toi removed her boots and went in wading and got in deeper than she intended. She was a lovely creature, this Toi; exquisite, no one like her!

Then they talked.

"Tell me about your novel, Keat."

"No. For two reasons. You are the only critic I have. When it's finished, as well as I can do it, I want you to come at it fresh, and point out everything the matter with it. That's one reason. Then, well—I'm writing it for you. If I tell you about it, it will take the edge off the writing. You come across a phrase now and then," Merwin continued, "writers seem to have what they call their public. Very important—their public. Well, I'll never believe a lot of people are waiting breathlessly for anything I'm writing. Only one person will be really waiting. You're the only public I have."

"That's a lovely thing to say, Keat." And she paid him generously. "But you want other people to like the things you write?"

He had a theory about that: "We're no different from lots of people; our circumstances are different, but we like the same things as the rest of the world, or most of it. So perhaps if you and I like the things I write, other people will like them."

It was then they began to discuss matters of importance, as, for instance, how they would fix up the third floor, and that most interesting of all topics—the bridge they purposed building just outside the dining-room door.

On a day in September, Merwin lost his walking stick. He had lost it a number of times, but this occasion was distinguished by the fact that it passed unnoted for several days. He could do very well without it, limped hardly perceptibly. Furthermore, the clatter of his typewriter had gradually become as rapid as the noise of the brook. His right shoulder gave him no trouble at all.

Perhaps it was in the same month or early in October he made an important discovery: He could not write sixteen hours a day. Hollows were in his dark cheeks, his mouth had lost its humorous line. But he had finished the second writing of his great novel.

He read it, beginning to end, critically, as if it were the work of someone else, then pronounced judgment: A schoolboy could have done it as well, perhaps better. To Toi he said nothing of this. Alone, he passed through three distinct mental stages: Depression, fright, determination. It was not a question of whether he could. Necessity made it imperative. He must. And he set to work again—sixteen hours a day.

His nights were unimaginable. A huge ball composed of green gloom and becoming ever larger and larger would roll toward him in his sleep; he could hear shrieks and laughter, and suddenly leaping from his bed he would stand in the darkness of his room, hoping Toi had not heard him. Crawling back beneath the blanket he would become two people, three people, a legion upon a stage of infinite height, slowly, painfully enacting a hideous tragedy in the greatest detail.

He took three days off and worked on Ben Hur—cleaned the engine, ground the valves, put in rings. Nothing equals a car to take your mind off other things! Then he and Toi toured for a day.

Indian summer, asters and goldenrod, lavender and yellow; and woodlands like gaudy tapestries through which the empty country roads wound on and on. That night he slept soundly.

December, the first day of that month; and Toi's voice calling up the ladderlike stairway: "Your coffee's getting cold."

No answer. Where in the world? Presently she heard Merwin coming across the foot bridge. She could hear him whistling an improvisation that made her decide at once: Keat isn't happy, he's worried.

"What is it?" Toi asked, after he had sat down at the table. "What's happened?"

"Nothing."

"You're worried, or something. Tell me."

"Well it's finished."

"Keat!"

"Yes. Has to be copied, but that won't take any time."

"I can read it today?"

After bolting his breakfast he gave her a hundred and forty typewritten pages. That was nearly half.

"Remember, Toi, criticism, not praise. Just check things in the margin," he said carelessly. But when she had gone into her room and closed the door he called to her: "Don't expect too much. How do you like the title?"

"I like it," came Toi's quiet voice from her room.

The title was The City of Shadows.

Merwin paced the floor noiselessly. He did not want Toi to hear him, didn't want anything to disturb her. He began to think of lines and paragraphs he should have written better. He visualized the girl sitting in front of her fire. Perhaps she had read ten pages by this time. She was at such-and-such a place. A humorous line or two was along there. He listened at the door, hoping she would laugh. He waited. There was silence. Merwin turned to the window and gazed out upon fallow fields, an empty road, naked hills that rolled up and up to a drab horizon. What a world this was! What dreams, what energy expended toward worthless ends!

Finally he sat down at his table and read a page or two of manuscript. What wooden stuff! He read the page again, and still again, finally bent his mind to it, got himself into the story and determinedly proceeded with the tedious labor of revision.

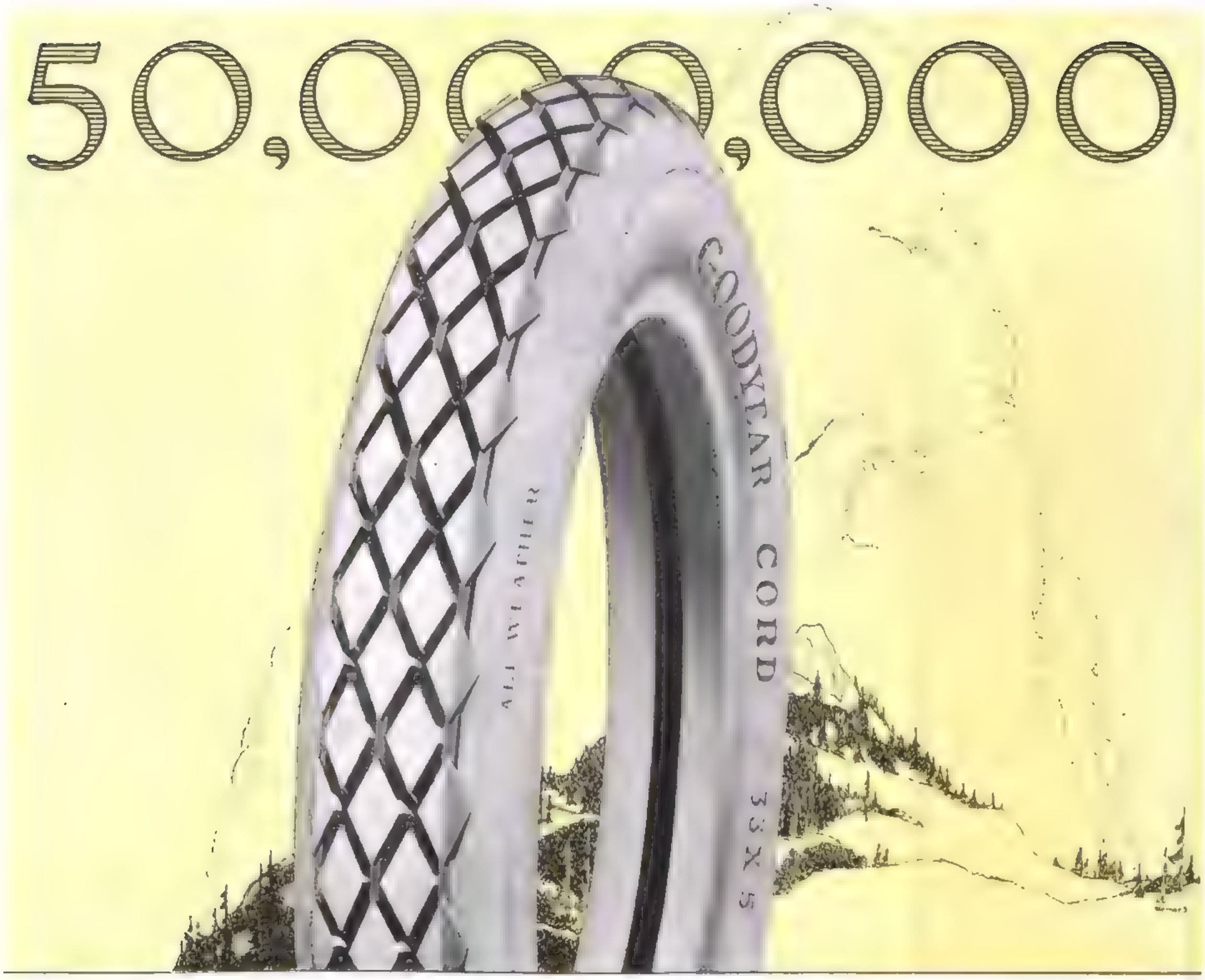
The hour was past the time for lunch when he heard his door open—Toi was standing there, smiling a little. For some reason he was hardly able to meet her gaze. Then, jumping up, he shouted at her before she could speak:

"Don't praise it, Toi. Say what you think."

"I'm going to tell you what I think. Sit down, Keat. I can't say anything when you're looking that way." He sat down and Toi put her arms around his shoulders. "Keat—I like the sunshine in your City of Shadows. I like that best—the whimsical part; but the whole city —— You may write twenty novels, but never another like it. You couldn't. Are you listening?"

"Toi, you mean ——"

(Continued on Page 66)



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Retailers will be pleased to recommend the new good looking Scotch-Grain and Heather mixtures in two and four pocket styles that look like and are comparable to expensive imported garments. Costs $7.50 to $10.00, vests $5.00.

For your protection be sure to see the Thermo hanger in the neck of each garment. If your dealer can not supply you write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

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GUARANTEED
Thermo
HUDSON, N. Y.
ALL VIRGIN WOOL

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

(Continued from Page 64)

"Yes, just that. I don't want to use any adjectives. It's—it's too wonderful."

And when she had finished reading the book that night she still believed it was wonderful. And Merwin, after talking over this chapter and that chapter, and listening as she read a paragraph here and a paragraph there, began to suspect that it was wonderful too.

No small task to copy three hundred and twenty typewritten pages and make correction as you go along. Toi was working ahead of him, carefully writing marginal notes—some of them merely encouraging: "This is splendid through here," "I love this!" But most of her notes were critical. He weighed all her suggestions, rejected them all, then accepted them all. And it was the twentieth of the month when they carried The City of Shadows, beautifully typed, to the town twelve miles distant. These two! No, they wouldn't intrust the precious envelopes to their friend, Wabbly, the R. F. D. postman. Wabbly sometimes, indeed frequently, forgot things, as, for instance, the Sunday paper. They declared a holiday and went to town.

"*Bonne chance!*" They mailed the original to a magazine, and the first carbon copy to a book publisher.

Now what would it be—the movies, vaudeville, or Christmas presents? They decided upon the first and last, whether they could afford it or not. This was a momentous occasion. The movies, then two presents each—one frivolous, the other useful—at the five-and-ten-cent store.

"Wait until next year. You're going to have everything." He was grim for so joyous an occasion.

"You couldn't possibly have given me anything nicer."

Merwin frowned. What did she mean?

"Why, the dedication, of course. I saw it on the copy for the book publisher; couldn't help seeing it."

He had dedicated it: "To Antoinette Merwin, my critic and collaborator."

And now the month of January had come and Merwin was watching the barometer nailed outside above the narrow porch, and they were taking turns going to Buttonmakers Corners each day for the mail.

"Keat, it's your day."

"No, I went Saturday. It's your day, Toi." He returned to his typewriter and wrote a muddled line, then jumped up and went to the door. "Toi—if you get tired or anything, sit down at the side of the road and I'll come running with the wheelbarrow."

"Why, Keat!" She never got tired. And Toi made her way carefully across the log that spanned the tight-frozen brook. Keat was watching her from his window. She could hear the click-click-click of his typewriter, very faint; nevertheless she knew he was glancing out the window now and again. And because she was intuitive she also knew there would be nothing at Buttonmakers Corners—except, of course, the empty intersecting roads, and the bare hills, and gaunt woodlands, oh, so alluring in spring with young foliage, and in summer with sunlight and deep green shade, and in autumn with all the colors of a carnival; but now an etching in black and white—just these things and the telephone wires singing coldly "Br-r-r-r," and the mail box like the knapsack on the back of a sturdy little soldier standing guard over their destiny.

She pulled the collar of her tan-colored coat up around her chin. When she thought about Keat, writing desperately after all his relentless months of labor, her throat felt tight like this, ached a little. But now she was laughing again—at a small thing, nothing at all. Only, when she pulled her coat up around her neck the sleeves were too short; and when she pulled it down to meet her gloves, the coat wouldn't come up around her throat at all. This was comical. It made Toi laugh.

Now she could see the mail box at the crossroads, and the red flag was sitting up. That meant something was there. And this was the indescribable thrill of these daily journeys to Buttonmakers Corners. Such suspense! Something in the mail box! A fortnight had passed since Keat had sent forth his first novel. Perhaps—perhaps—— No, she wouldn't allow herself to think about it. But she hurried a little.

Wabbly, the R. F. D. postman, hadn't forgotten the Sunday paper. That was all. Just the Sunday paper with the book reviews that Keat would pore over, and the theatrical notes that she would scan. Then tonight each would talk out of turn, discussing novels they hadn't read, but hoped to; and plays they hadn't seen, but hoped to.

Toi closed the mail box and stood for a moment wind-blown at the crossroads. She was gazing up into the gray sky, listening to the chill song of the telephone wires: "Br-r-r-r." What a desolate sound! What were people saying to each other across these hills and fields and stark woodlands? They didn't know she was standing here looking up! If only she could tell them something it would be this: "Keat is going to be a great novelist some day." Some day—some day. And she thought: "If there is a God up above those wires, He will give us strength to last until that day; the strength and other things, too—just necessary things, just food, not theater tickets, not even books, just necessary things and—and—that's all."

But it wasn't quite all, for Toi added, laughing a little: "Please, if there is a God, do something to that horrible clerk at Sims' store—a fishbone in his throat, something. We'll pay. Everyone must know Keat's novel is going to be accepted."

But to all this the telephone wires replied ironically: "Br-r-r-r."

At lunch Toi gazed solemnly at Merwin. And presently he said: "I know. Things from the store?"

Toi nodded her head. "Suppose—suppose we go together and order a lot of things, just as if we didn't owe a cent."

Keat thought this was droll and laughed.

"You make a list of everything we need, everything you want."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No. I may have to choke it out of old Sims and his clerk, but I'll get everything."

Late that afternoon Merwin got the five-gallon oilcan and left the house.

"*Bonne chance!*" called Antoinette, and she continued to use the light of the short day to put stitches in a small garment. Stitch, stitch, stitch. Poor Keat!

Finally, realizing she had not heard the rattle of the car, the girl put on her things and went to the shed. Ben Hur was there, big as life.

"Keat!"

But only an echo answered. She called again. No, she must not worry. And Toi returned slowly across the field to the house under the hill and lit the lamps.

Two hours passed before she heard whistling outside in the night. Then Merwin's voice: "Toi! Open the dining-room door—wide." He came across the footbridge pushing a wheelbarrow. It was laden with everything imaginable.

"Keat! How did you do it! How in the world!"

"Easy enough." He had left some of the things at the store, couldn't quite manage them all. Did she have enough oil to last until tomorrow?

"Plenty. You must have had a time with old Sims?"

"Not with Sims. Fact is, I paid him."

"Paid!" exclaimed Toi.

"In a way." Merwin had given a chattel mortgage on Ben for a hundred dollars. "That leaves fourteen dollars coming in groceries."

"Keat, you're wonderful! Did that clerk say anything?"

"Yes," Merwin grinned sheepishly. "I had to hit him in the nose. Didn't say anything after that. Couldn't."

"Oh! You're wonderful! Let's celebrate!"

Merwin emptied the barrow, got in wood, and they had a banquet—ending with canned peaches. Afterward, Keat propounded the theory he had persistently advanced during the past month: Something about thinking much more clearly while washing dishes than at any other time.

When he climbed the high rises to Toi's room the girl was lying on her bed in the shadows. Merwin sat down heavily by the lamp and read the news to her, then allowed the paper to settle on the floor.

"Don't work tonight," pleaded Toi.

No, he was going to talk.

"About the new story?"

"About other things, Toi. I don't like the sound of that wind." The wind was from the northwest. He did not mind flurries from other points of the compass, not in the least; but when the wind came driving down over their hill—well, that was another thing. He didn't like it. "We've got to get out of here; the sooner the better."

"But we can't. And, Keat, there really isn't any hurry, not for two or three weeks. And we have cords of wood, lots of provisions."

"Isn't that." This had been an open winter; such weather could not possibly last forever and a day. "When the snow comes down these hills, drifting into the sunken roads," said Merwin, "neither Ben nor any other car can get through. We've got to get out before that happens. Everything's ready, plenty of gas, everything."

"That's why you pushed that wheelbarrow all the way to the store—just to save gas?"

"I'm not taking any chances. Sims doesn't sell gas, and we've got only four gallons."

Toi was silent, and Keat was silent—both listening to the wind.

Presently she said: "If we can't get out it will be all right."

"If we can't get out, Toi, no one can get to us. That's the trouble." Merwin wandered aimlessly around the room. He picked up a government pamphlet from the table and began to study it.

"When we came here," said the girl, "we did the best we could. And, Keat, no one could have worked harder. So—well, everything is going to come out all right, even if we have to stay right in our little house under our hill."

"That's impossible." Merwin continued to read. Presently he said: "Toi, we've got a pretty good Government. Imagine getting out a thing like this!"

"But why? It's the most important thing of all. If there weren't any children there soon wouldn't be any United States."

He laid aside the pamphlet. "Pretty good stuff, I guess; but a doctor couldn't even get to us. At the first sign of a snowstorm we're going to pull up stakes."

Toi declared she knew why this had been an open winter: "It just had to be. Even the weather is waiting. And it's going to keep on—no snow to speak of until your novel is accepted, Keat, and everything's all right."

"Do you honestly think —— Toi, you're intuitive; do you feel it is going to be accepted?"

She was silent for a long moment. Merwin was standing by the window. When he looked down at her, her eyes were misty. She said nothing.

"Tell me!"

The wind made a desolate noise high above their thin, pointed roof; and oh, the sound of it under the eaves, and the noise in the chimney!

"Toi! You think it's going to come back?"

"Yes; it is going to come back. I feel it, Keat; it is coming back. But it is going to be accepted, accepted by the next magazine you send it to."

"That will be too late!" He swung around from the window. His voice was uncontrolled. "You know that will be too late. We'll go tomorrow. I can get something to do; something—anything."

"No," came Toi's soft voice. "It is going to be accepted. And it won't be too late."

The girl stood at the window the following morning when Merwin crossed the bridge and went up the empty road for the mail. It was his day. And his shoulders were back, head erect as if he were marching to music. But the girl's throat ached—she could see through him so clearly. And she waited until he started back down the road. He was carrying a large manila envelope. But his head was still erect, and his shoulders were back as if marching to martial music.

She met him at the door.

"Keat, it proves—it proves what I said. The next magazine—that will be plenty of time."

He went to his typewriter, as if this were his friend. His face was grim as a Roman coin.

Toi read the letter that accompanied the returned manuscript. The letter said less than nothing, but no doubt this was infinitely better than a rejection slip.

"Listen, Keat, will you do what I say? Don't take time to make any changes. Mail it this afternoon when you go to the store for the oil. Then it will go off on R. F. D. Twenty-five and be a day earlier. And, Keat, please go in Ben. You were limping when you crossed the bridge."

"You were standing at the other window when I crossed the bridge. You couldn't see me."

"Weren't you limping?" He did not reply. "Will you mail it this afternoon?"

(Continued on Page 69)

Use high-quality oils to reduce FRICTION—the unseen enemy of production in your plant.

"Bargain" Lubrication
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The bargain hunter, proud of his cheap lubricating oils, forgets that power losses, repair bills, and replacement costs are included in the bargain.

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* * *

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THE Lubrication Audit
EXPLAINED STEP BY STEP
(In Condensed Outline)

INSPECTION: A thoroughly experienced Vacuum Oil Company representative in co-operation with your plant engineer or superintendent makes a careful survey and record of your mechanical equipment and operating conditions.

RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine.

This report is based on:—

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(2) Your operating conditions.

(3) Our 57 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.

(4) Our outstanding experience in manufacturing oils for every lubricating need.

CHECKING: If, following our recommendations in this Audit, you install our oils, periodical calls will be made to see that the desired results are continued.

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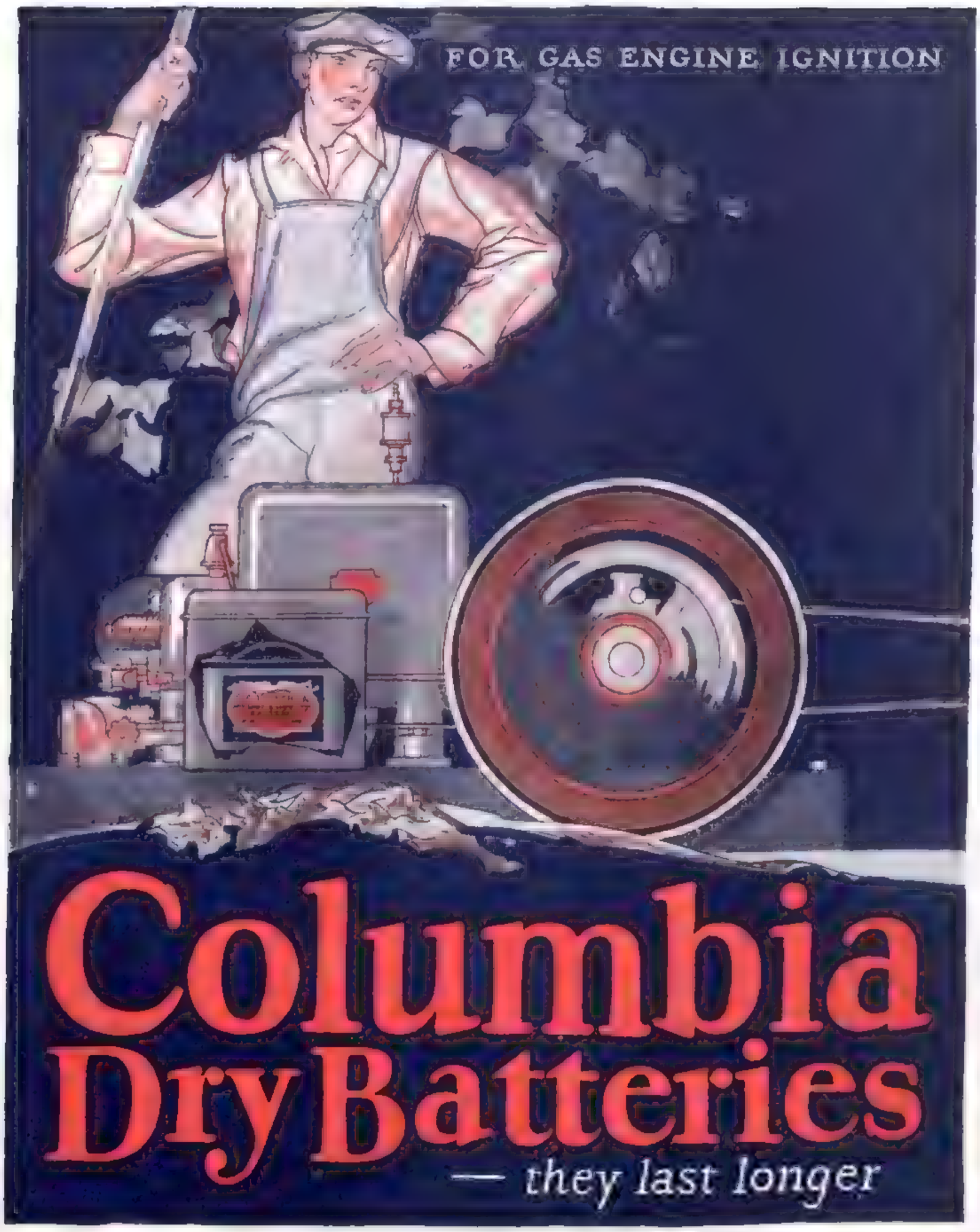

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Furnish ignition and lighting current for motor boats, ring bells, protect bank vaults, call the police, ring fire alarms, buzz buzzers, fire blasts, run toys, call Pullman car porters, ring burglar alarms, operate telegraphs and telephones, light tents and outbuildings, furnish ignition current for gas engines, tractors, and for quick starting of Ford cars. Columbia Dry Batteries for every kind of service are sold at electrical, hardware, and auto accessory shops, garages, general stores. Insist upon Columbia.

(Continued from Page 66)

"Yes. But not in Ben. We've got only four gallons."

He recopied the first page, changing three words—this Merwin; and he read as far as he could by lunchtime. "I improved a sentence here and there and struck out a few paragraphs," he told Toi. Unimaginable, the importance of these changes!

"I wonder if people will have any idea how you worked over every word, every comma?"

He hoped not. "People like to believe writers are geniuses."

Then both made suggestions as to which magazine the manuscript should go to next. Solemnly Merwin wrote these names on slips of paper and placed them in an empty soup bowl.

"Pick the right one, Toi," he said tensely. "It's the last chance."

She laughed, though perhaps her hand was trembling; then gave him the slip of paper.

He read the name.

"It's the right one," said the girl. "They are going to take it."

Merwin left the house late that afternoon, determined not to limp until well out of sight. Yesterday's journey had stiffened his leg, and his shoulder ached dully. But a five-gallon oil can was waiting at the store to be wheeled down to the house at Buttonmakers Corners.

Skillfully avoiding ruts and rocks he limped on—a lame man pushing a wheelbarrow along a deserted road, flanked by hills that rolled away like a dark arrested sea

Reaching the woodland he paused to rest. At the bottom of a ravine to the west a frozen stream was dimly visible through the naked trees.

He told himself: "Winter is unimaginable—like a nightmare." At no great distance noisy cities were crowded with people. They were bumping into one another, rushing here and there, laughing, sobbing. Here there was no one except himself. Toi was a mile away, also alone. Just the two of them. They had figured there would be only the two of them. But they were not here because of the lunacy of love. No, it was total blindness. They had not seen into the future. He wondered if people ever see very far into the future. "They know, whatever comes, they will need money," ran his thoughts. "People call that looking ahead, and they stumble on and on, bumping into things. When they look surprised they are ignorant, when they bump into things and appear placid they are philosophers. The astute turn corners that do not exist, and fall over a precipice." Perhaps all humanity was blind.

He thought of the spring and the summer and the autumn past. Where could they have been happier? Were they paying a price for happiness? Was happiness a Shylock?

Merwin saw with his mind a scene of months ago: They were standing across the brook gazing at the little house with its new coat of white paint. That was happiness. Was this the price? But soon he forgot the price he was paying and saw only the immaculate little house and the green of the blinds that did not quite match the green of the window boxes, with ferns and geraniums at the dining-room windows. And now he could see Toi in her flower garden, sitting on the ground, working with a trowel. Things grew for Toi. Just had to stick them in the earth and they grew. What a lovely person was Toi! What an exquisite person! What an unafraid mind! Remember the day she had finished her room, all the painting and curtains, and the dilapidated old furniture polished with such care, and the rag rugs she had washed herself? Then she had gone into the other room and returned—so she could see it for the first time! Good Lord, after working over it for weeks!

Merwin stood there motionless in the woods, marveling at these things.

He thought of their vegetable garden. Perhaps they had not saved money. But oh, the new potatoes in butter, and the taste of new beets and young corn! Cauliflower from the store for some reason had an unpleasant odor like cabbage; out of their garden it had a delicate aroma. His mind leaped to the coming spring—something about an asparagus bed. Should have put it in last year.

The air was heavy and cold. It got through to his bones. Hooking his fingers around the handles of the barrow he started the tortuous ascent through these dark, naked woods. Yes, winter was unimaginable. But he wasn't going to be gloomy. He was going to think of Toi. And as to pleasant things to think about, there was that bridge they had planned to build across the brook just outside the dining-room door. Not a rustic affair—nothing like that. A fine bridge with flowers growing in terra-cotta pots on the posts, and vines trailing down into the stream.

His ears were aching with the cold, and sweat was coming from beneath his hat when Merwin pushed his barrow up the approach to the bridge that spans Mirror Falls. He gazed down into the crystal pool far below. The falls were frozen and had caught the pink tint of the sky—a kind of fanciful marble palace, delicately wrought. He wished Toi could see this. He studied it, painted the scene on his memory with the idea of later describing it to her. But he got to thinking of himself as if he were the bank down there, strewn with the dead leaves of last year, a dark motionless thing beside which flowed a crystal river.

Some other thought in his mind, he examined the approach to the bridge. They would have to pass here on their way to the hospital. Then he limped across and pushed on.

Blue dusk had descended when Merwin recrossed Mirror Falls on his homeward journey. The kerosene can jingled. Deep blue dusk was in these valleys, always misty, always toned down; and the stars were overhead. Limping behind his barrow he toyed with a half-formed idea. "Humanity," he told himself, "is in the larva stage—not yet in the semblance of the parent God. Some day—millions of years hence—perhaps then ——"

He thought of the potency of words. In his boyhood someone had used a phrase—something about So-and-So who had been to the wars. A romantic phrase, it had fired his imagination. Years had passed, but it had remained in his mind: "So-and-So has gone to the wars." Then, when war was declared, he had volunteered. Perhaps it was just that phrase. "Use your words carefully," he admonished himself. "Nothing you write will live; no, not in one sense; yet nothing that is written or spoken ever dies." That was true; he believed that was true. "Just a phrase, years hence, may change a life; and who can say that a word out at interest for a thousand years will not crumple up an empire? From whose words," he wondered, "is the world suffering now? From whose words is it receiving benediction? What damnable marplot put despair into the human heart?"

He told himself there was no despair in his heart. But when he had limped across the bridge he paused again to examine the approach. If something should happen here, what then? If the car should swerve just a few feet, that would be the end. With his mind he saw Toi down there, her flesh as cold as the pool of crystal. And he could see the jumble of black wreckage, and himself across the gray rocks of the bank—no longer sensible to pain. Merwin thought of the years he had fought for this spark of life that was his. Weary in body, depressed by the rejection of his labor of months, he felt like a man who had expended all his strength in reaching the foot of a mountain. The peaks lay beyond, but where was the strength to ascend them? "I'm done for." He sounded out a sentence—said it aloud to his aching ears: "I'm going to end it, I'm going to end it here at this bridge for both of us."

Perhaps he was the shadow in his City of Shadows. But as he limped through the cold, starlit dusk he said presently, aloud to himself: "I've got to think up something amusing to tell Toi." So perhaps he was the sunlight as well.

Merwin talked a lot of foolishness at the table that evening, failed to mention Mirror Falls and the cold alluring pool of crystal. He purposed writing an article, so he told Toi, an article on winter sports in the country.

"People in the cities have no idea of these things," he insisted. "It's true they glance at Sunday-supplement pictures of men jumping mountain-high on skis; but that gives only an opéra-bouffe idea of winter—has about the same relation to a winter in the country as the Pirates of Penzance have to the buccaneers of the Barbary Coast. I'm going to start right out by asking a rhetorical question: 'Shall you marry and come to the country in the wintertime?' And the answer is going to be: 'By all means. But be sure you marry an Eskimo.'"

This made Toi laugh—the reward Merwin was working for.

He continued: "I'm going to expatiate at length on a phenomenon which has baffled science—the glacial quality of country floors. Next, a short chapter describing the amazing undulations of country carpets; then a paragraph on the unaccountable shrinkage of doors and windows. 'This,' I'm going to say, 'is the only flaw Nature has revealed to me. Why doesn't this flawless Nature make the doors and windows snug in winter and leave cracks for ventilation in the summertime?' Toi, my particular instance is going to be that door right back of you. Remember? It wouldn't close last summer, had to keep a chair against it, and whenever it did get closed we couldn't open it. Now look at it! Half-inch crack. Been there forty years, hasn't become seasoned yet. I'm going to say: 'Figure it out yourself. If it takes a hardwood door more than forty years to become acclimated, what chance has a human being?'"

"Keat! I don't believe you like the country."

"I do. But I could write a thousand words on lighting fires in the morning, or give the recipe in a few sentences: 'Jump out of bed. If you pause to think, you'll never get up at all. Then throw on chunks, then kerosene, then light a match and leap for your life. Don't bother about singed fringes.'"

"Fringes?"

"English, meaning bangs," explained Merwin. "And I'm going to caution them not to spend time worrying about smoked ceilings. They will fall anyway in the spring."

"Keat, our ceilings are not going to fall," protested Toi.

"No. They've already done it. When a country ceiling doesn't fall it sags. They sag and sag and sag—until the roof is mended. And, Toi, think of the chapter on Creaking Blinds and Other Nocturnes!"

"I know you don't like the country," laughed Toi; "I know it!"

"I love it for both its virtues and its faults," insisted Keat.

This gave the girl an idea. "Tell me my faults."

Merwin tried to think of some that wouldn't displease her. "Well—you always drop your slipper off at the heel soon as you sit down at the table."

Toi put her slipper on. "What else?"

Keat pondered. "Don't know. All virtues to me, Toi."

"I'm going to wash the dishes tonight for that."

"Nope. But you can dry them—if you'll do it sitting down."

"Keat——"

"Toi?"

"What was the weather report at the store?"

He told her: "Continued fair—colder." And the girl nodded her head as if to say, "I knew it. Didn't I tell you?" But instead she asked him to go early to bed. "You're losing weight."

"But I feel great after that walk," insisted Merwin. And he tried not to limp as he cleared the table.

January days, cold and clear—four of them passed.

On the fourth night Merwin was awakened by the trembling of the house. Wind was gushing in a cataract down the hill at the back as if determined upon lifting the frail building from its foundation. Wind; but the stars were shining brilliantly in a cloudless black heaven.

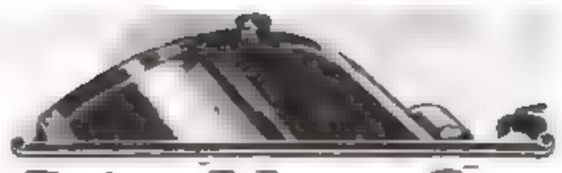
Getting into his bathrobe, Merwin entered the adjoining room. How could Toi sleep? He closed her window and put a log on the embers.

Downstairs a blind slammed with vindictive force. Merwin returned to his room, got into his clothes and went out into the night. The front of the house was sheltered, but when he turned the corner the wind tried to carry him off his feet.

He struggled with the blind. Finally he lifted it from its hinges and the thing became suddenly alive and leaped away. It struck the foot bridge, hurdled the stream, lay motionless on the opposite bank; then as suddenly it rose into the night and skimmed across the field.

Merwin got back to the front of the house. A wind storm. The sky was cloudless. Nothing to fear. Then he thought of the car—better see that Ben was all right.

He crawled across the foot bridge and was staggering through the lower field, holding



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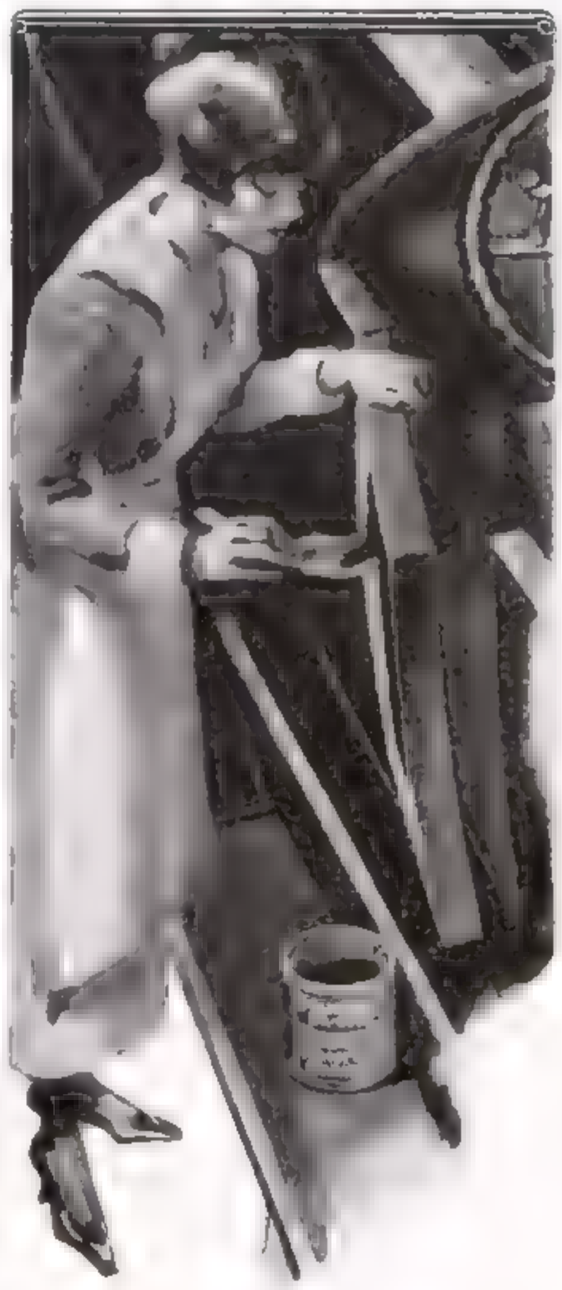


Women are great painters!

Not all the two million and more cars that have been renewed at home with Murphy Da-cote can be attributed to the efforts of proud man; a great many women lay claim to the distinction of making new cars out of old.

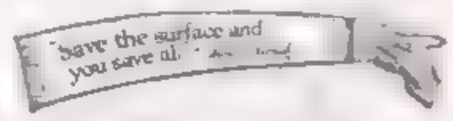
And why not?

There's nothing difficult about Da-coting an automobile. All you do is give the car a good scouring and then paint!

Da-cote flows the least bit after each stroke. Brush marks and laps melt as you paint; it dries overnight and next day you own a *car!*

Don't run a dingy looking car when you can get Da-cote in black or white or any of ten smart colors and have a splendid new finish. While you're at it renew your porch, kitchen or nursery furniture or any other wood or metal surface that shows signs of age.

Ask your dealer for a color card.



Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited Montreal, Canadian Associate

The Nickel Lunch

MR. PEANUT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

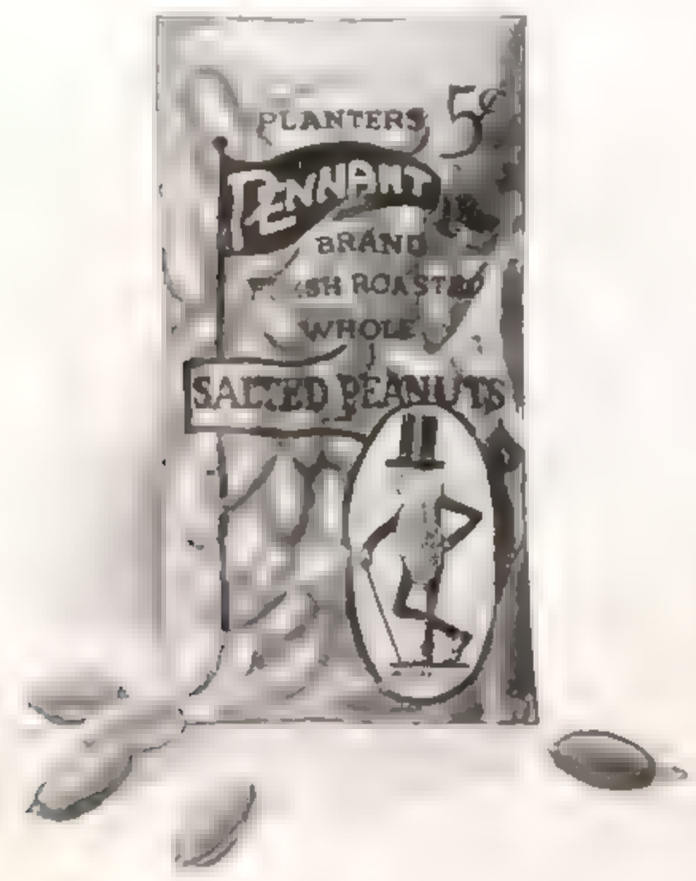
When the books dont balance

and dinner time comes and goes—and your craving for food is interfering with your ability to add a column of figures—get a 5c bag of Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts –The Nickel Lunch.

The delicious, golden brown nuts will satisfy your hunger. They contain as much nutriment as a slice of beef. They're good—and good for you.

Get the big crisp salted nuts—for hunger and health. Eat them between meals—at bed time—at the ball game—and rely on them as an "emergency-ration". Sold everywhere in the glassine bags.

Made by the Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Suffolk, Va., Chicago, New York, Boston, San Francisco.



Send 75c for a pound of the delicious Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts in the blue tin box—sealed to keep the nuts crisp and fresh

Planters
PENNANT SALTED
PEANUTS

back against this flood of dark nothingness, when it came to him that Toi might awaken and become frightened. The shed was visible, nothing had happened to the car. He turned back and pushed his way as if walking against the tide of the sea.

When he reached the house the girl was still asleep. He sat down by the fire, telling himself: "If this carries us away—well, that's a solution." But the weight of the wind was high above the roof—shrieking like the Furies up there.

"Keat," the girl's voice came to him through the firelit gloom, a serene voice in the midst of an uproar, "isn't it a funny little house? Kind of human. Feel it tremble."

"You're not frightened, Toi?"

"No."

"Hope our child is a girl. Much braver than men."

"I hope it will be a boy—like you, Keat."

He sat on the side of her bed stroking her hand.

"Keat, you're worrying."

Then after a time her hand became limp in his. She had fallen asleep. And Merwin returned to his room and gazed out the window at the disordered darkness. Leaves and dead branches were hurrying, hurrying, as if they were belated wraiths rushing through the night.

Merwin remembered in the morning that there had not been a cloud in the sky at midnight; only the winking, wind-blown stars.

He awakened with a feeling of security. The wind had appreciably abated and the light in his room was deceptively gray. Merwin believed the hour was early, and would have slept again had not the strange silence aroused him. He opened his eyes, wondering at these hushed noises.

The world was whirling through a dense white atmosphere alive with flying snow. Blurred shadows, silhouettes of trees were dimly visible from his window. The bridge, the stream itself had disappeared. The snow seemed to be swirling from the ground upward.

Merwin moved mechanically. He went into Antoinette's room, put on kindling and logs, then walked down the high rises to the kitchen. When he returned the girl was awake.

He leaned over her. "It's late. Won't you get up right away?"

"You haven't been downstairs in your pajamas and bare feet?"

He tried to make his voice natural. "Jump up now."

Toi looked at him rather solemnly. "Keat, I wonder will you bring up my breakfast?"

"Something the matter?"

"I'm just lazy."

Immediately he knew this was not true.

"We've got to get started as soon as we can at once. Toi, look out the window."

She sat up in bed and gazed out, amazed.

"It's come," said Merwin, "the storm."

"Today," said Toi, "we'd have gone anyway."

"You mean ——"

"Only, when I first awakened, I felt it would be best to go today."

He breathed more easily. "Put on everything warm you have—sweaters, everything. It's below zero."

"I thought when it snowed ——" But Keat had gone into his room.

He dressed, pulled on heavy boots, got into his coat, and on his way to the kitchen told the girl not to come downstairs. "Those steps—and it's freezing down there. I'll bring up your breakfast." Ice had melted in the teapot and dishpan, the coffee was beginning to get warm. He hurried outdoors.

Great silent flakes were descending and ascending, snow dust was flying across the fields, whirling away toward the south and east. What hushed noises! Even the wailing of the wind seemed akin to silence—a muted sound. He cleared the foot bridge and got to the shed and labored over the car.

Now he had brought boiling water and was pouring it over the carburetor and feed pipes and into the radiator, and now bending his back over the crank in an effort to move the frozen engine. A good, a powerful engine, no doubt; but now it was heavy, unresponsive, inert. Merwin told himself it would start presently, just to keep at it, not to take any chances, not to throw out his shoulder. He dared not crank the car with his right hand. As he labored he imagined the roar the engine would make—if only it would start. But moments passed and it seemed no less heavy, just as unresponsive and inert. A gust of wind brought the snow swirling into the shed and across his laboring form, and suddenly the need for haste outweighed caution. He took hold of the crank and attempted to spin it. A pain leaped from shoulder to elbow. Merwin straightened his back, stood there breathing heavily, glaring at the car; then started again to give the crank half turns with his left hand. After he had brought more boiling water, the engine awakened and roared.

It is no great distance to Buttonmakers Corners. They made it in no time. And though there was no indication in the trackless storm that Wabbly, the mailman, had gotten this far, still the hour was late, he had never before failed to come, and Toi insisted that Keat stop the car.

"But, Toi, we mailed the manuscript only four days ago."

Nevertheless she insisted. And he got out into the drift at the side of the road and glanced into the knapsack of the sturdy little soldier that stood guard over their destiny.

The mail box was empty. And the girl called "Good-by" to Buttonmakers Corners. "We'll be back soon—three of us."

The road, like the brook and the bridge, had disappeared. It was nowhere visible. Merwin had driven it in the nighttime and through dense fogs and at every hour of the day; he knew each rut and rock and gully. But all the landmarks had vanished and he was driving through a different world altogether. Where were the rock fences? Where the hills? Where was the stream that used to be somewhere along here? The windshield became clouded, opaque. He cleaned it persistently, then removed the curtain and drove with his head outside.

Clouds of snow dust eddied in front of the car, the zero winds tore at his ears, making them numb; particles swirled up into his face and eyes and down upon his neck. Where, exactly, was the curve before getting to the woodland? He was within half a mile of the Corners and hardly knew whether he was in the road or in some field. There was a bewildering sameness to everything.

Why hadn't he practiced driving with his eyes closed? Why hadn't he made maps and purchased a compass? Why hadn't he memorized each change in direction, no matter how slight? If he could only tear through this blizzard, striking these drifts with force, sending the snow flying! He drove carefully, feeling his way. Now the pan was scraping, the engine was laboring in high and now grinding in second.

Merwin pulled his head inside and grinned at Toi—all bundled up in blankets and looking at him with solemn wide eyes. "Thought we were going to have trouble down here!" But a stone fence had stopped the drift. They crawled up a hill. At the top he shouted, "Can't see a thing." His voice came to her faintly above the roar of the engine and the wailing of the storm. He stopped the car. "There's a curve somewhere. Can't see a thing. Don't talk to me."

The girl had not said a word. She smiled at him.

Merwin got out of the car, plowed through the snow and disappeared into the storm. Presently he returned. "The curve isn't at the top of this hill, but the next. We haven't come as far as I thought."

"Listen, Keat; don't let it get on your nerves. Just drive the best you can."

"It's unimaginable—the strength, the wildness of it. Are you all right?"

"Yes."

And they crawled on through the blizzard. They reached the woodland and started up the tortuous ascent toward Fairfield Center. Trees marked the road, blurred, shadowy ghosts of trees. On one side was a high bank of snow, on the other a ravine. He stopped the car and cleaned the windshield.

"When we meet Wabbly, Keat, he's going to have a letter for you. I know it."

"We won't meet him. Anyway it's impossible. We mailed it to the magazine only last Tuesday."

He stuck his head outside, and the car slowly ascended through the woodland. At a dip in the road the snow piled up in front of the radiator, clogged under the axle and stalled the engine. Merwin got out with the shovel.

When he returned, Toi asked: "Where are we, Keat?"

(Continued on Page 72)

Stop the holes in your tires before they stop you

A puncture starts a good tire on the road to ruin. A blow-out puts it next door to the scrap pile. ***Va-Car*** Tire Plasters permanently repair both in a few seconds for a few cents.

A little break—sand and gravel work in and weaken the fabric. Then there's a big noise and you've got a tire with an ugly rent in it.

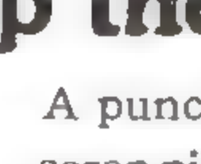
Punctures start the trouble. Whatever it was that made that hole in the tube, made a hole in the tire fabric too. Maybe a small one, but enough to make big trouble later on.

Easy and Permanent Tire Repair

Now you can make a permanent repair to your tire when you mend your tube—and just as easily. A Va-Car Tire Plaster, costing only a few cents, makes a permanent repair that will save that puncture from becoming a blow-out and will save the tire for many another mile.

The little hole that you neglect collects sand and gravel and—

—quickly becomes a larger hole, which exposes the tube

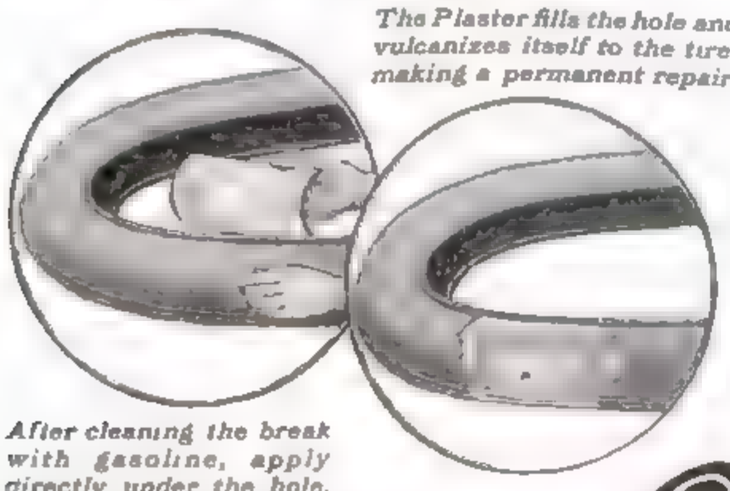


—and then a blow-out is due. Va-Car Tire Plasters mend either the puncture or the blow-out.

How the Va-Car Plaster Adds Miles

A plug of soft rubber gum fits right under the hole, works itself into it, closes it permanently. Beneath this a three-ply plaster of tough fabric treated with a self-vulcanizing cement. Clean the region of the break carefully, then place the Plaster in the tire with the gum under the hole or break; insert the tube and inflate.

The Plaster fills the hole and vulcanizes itself to the tire, making a permanent repair.



After cleaning the break with gasoline, apply directly under the hole.

Self-hardening gum closes the hole. The Plaster vulcanizes itself to the inside of the tire. No more trouble from that place—ever. Many more miles from that tire.

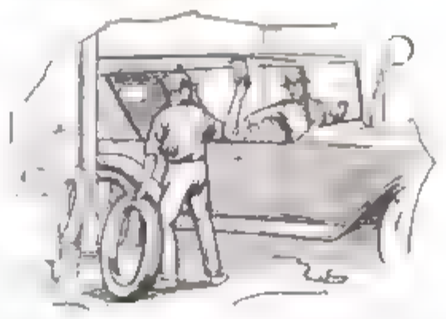
Live dealers everywhere are recommending Va-Car Tire Plasters because, as one dealer says, "They give 100% satisfaction".

It is as easy as putting a stamp on a letter. Not a mere temporary aid, good for only a trip in. It is a permanent repair.

If you carry patches for tubes, you need Va-Car Plasters for your tires.

Tell Your Garage Man to Repair Your Punctures, Blow-outs and Breaks with Va-Car Tire Plasters

Ask your garage man to mend your tires with Va-Car Tire Plasters. You will save tires, tubes and miles—and the cost is a trifle.



The results are the same as if you had the tire vulcanized. The expense is a fraction of the vulcanizing cost and you can get the casing right away. All the garage man has to do is to clean the region of the break, slip in the Va-Car Tire Plaster and the tire is ready—as sturdy and road-worthy as ever. Heat and friction vulcanize the Plaster to the casing as solidly as if it were a part of the original fabric. The soft rubber gum fills the hole or break—forever.

Keep Va-Car Tire Plasters in Your Car

What do you do when you're out on the road and your last casing goes blooey? With a make-shift you head for the nearest garage.

But with a Va-Car Tire Plaster in your kit you can make the repair right on the road—quickly, cheaply, efficiently. Back on the rim goes the old tire, and your troubles with that blow-out are ***over***.

It is the work of but a few moments to repair the tire when you mend the tube after a puncture or blowout—yet it's a permanent repair. More miles!

Va-Car Tire Plasters are made in three sizes: for ***large, medium and small*** holes in any size tire. Even the largest size sells for less than $1.

The cost of using them is a trifle, but the cost of not using them is staggering when you count up the amount that punctures and blow-outs are costing you in lost miles.

This is the Va-Car Tire Plaster. Three-ply fabric treated with self-vulcanizing cement. Rubber gum in the center fills the hole.

The very next time you stop at a garage or service station, don't forget to ask for the Va-Car Tire Plaster. If the dealer hasn't stocked them yet, send us 50 cents for a medium size Plaster. Sent post-paid.

Virginia-Carolina Rubber Co., Inc.

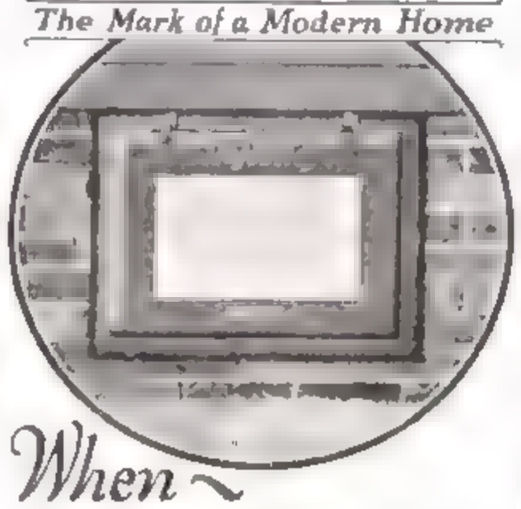
P. O. Box 1583 **Richmond, Va.**

Va-Car TIRE PLASTER

The permanent tire repair.

Majestic
COAL WINDOW

The Mark of a Modern Home

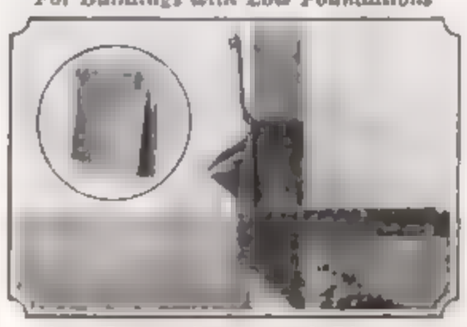


When You Build

WHEN you build, specify the new improved MAJESTIC Coal Window. It is *break-proof!* And, it likewise prevents costly, unsightly damage to the wall above the window — damage which always occurs when an ordinary basement window of wood or steel is used as a coal window.

No. M 101 Open and Closed
For Homes, Apartments, Etc.

No. M 16 Open and Closed
For Buildings with Low Foundations



No. M 12 Open and Closed
For Store and Office Buildings

The MAJESTIC CoalWindow is made in eight styles—two sizes in each style. And they are all *break-proof!* Sold by 5000 hardware, building supply and lumber dealers. Write for catalog and your dealer's name.

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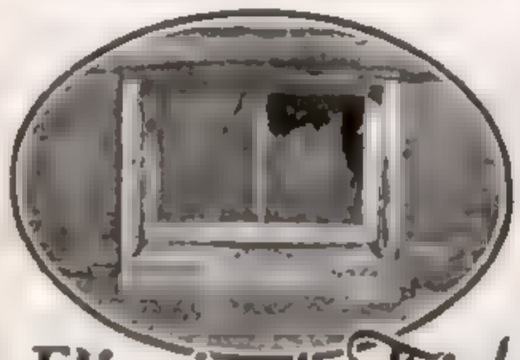
The Galt Stove & Furnace Co., Ltd., Galt, Ont.



Eliminates This!

(Continued from Page 70)

"Half a mile from the store. I'm going to make better time."

"No. Just drive carefully." She kept her hand on his. "Isn't Mirror Falls bridge just ahead of us? Last year, last winter, a man and woman—Mr. Sims told me—a man and woman missed the bridge. Keat, they were driving up this road in a storm, and they missed the bridge. You'll drive carefully, won't you?"

Merwin did not start the car at once, did not say anything, merely sat there under the wheel, looking out into the whirling whiteness. Perhaps the nearest thing to the parent God was a woman—like Toi. Omniscient. Or was it merely the instinct of every animate thing to protect its young? He did not know.

The car moved slowly across Mirror Falls bridge.

Fairfield Center had hibernated. Dimly through the blizzard, the snow-banked houses sitting back from the road seemed to be imaginative dwellings in a world remote from the sun.

He told Toi he was going to stop at the store for another length of rope. But the blinds were barred. No one else had ventured into the storm. These two were breaking the road.

Merwin drove faster now. Along this ridge sparsely dotted with houses the road was flanked by protecting hedges and fences.

"Cold?" he asked.

"Yes, a little."

He stopped to bundle the girl more snugly in her blankets. "Four miles -four miles we'll strike the state road. That'll be open."

At midday they had reached Bedman's Hill. Prior to that time, below Fairfield Center, Merwin had twice jumped out to shovel through drifts and once to make sure of the road.

"Just enough work to warm me up," he told the girl. "Sure you're all right?"

"Absolutely sure." She would tell him if she were not.

He had forebodings about a sharp curve, Old Maid's Elbow -a bad curve on a steep hill. But the car followed the road to the top without a pause.

"Good old Ben!"

"You certainly know something about engines, Keat."

"Nothing can stop it. The pan's been scraping ever since we left Buttonmakers Corners. Look at the way it plows through the drifts!"

These two, boasting about their car! Perhaps their smiles were grimaces; perhaps their faces cracked a little when they laughed, and their bodies were numb with the cold; but they were young and this belonged to them—this car. Nothing like it! Power to burn! A light car would never have got through, never! No traction, sit up on top and spin, and wouldn't have the power to shoulder its way through these drifts. Wouldn't have the weight to stick to the road. Feel that wind! Even old Ben shivered and shook, but he held the road; wasn't swept aside even by this blizzard. Good old Ben!

They came upon Bedman's Hill. This is not a hill, but a plateau on top a long high ridge. The road is sunken. In spring it's impassable, no way for water to drain, neither north, south, east nor west. The mud gets deeper and deeper until there is no bottom to it. But no such contingency was possible now.

Merwin could see only a short distance ahead into the storm. The gale was blowing a thick cloud of snow across and the road was filled to the level of the banks that flanked it. The car struck this soft white wall, plowed forward, then stopped.

Such light, flimsy stuff! Particles that in themselves were nothing had formed an impassable barrier, these weak things by their multitudinous numbers had overcome the strong. At two o'clock of that day the car had advanced no more than an eighth of a mile farther. Here the bank to the east was higher, to the west, whence came the blizzard slantingly, the bank was somewhat lower.

Merwin had labored for two hours. Each shovelful flew with the wind and disappeared into the frigid storm and the wind put another shovelful back in its place.

Again he got into the car, again put it in reverse, then in low and struck the wall.

Toi patted him on the arm. He could see her do this, but felt nothing. He had tried to save his shoulder, but it had lost all feeling. His arm was numb.

"Poor Keat! You're frozen."

He worked his jaws. Only his face was cold, he told her. "No colder than yours, Toi." But his hands, too, were swollen and visibly purple at the wrists. His throat seemed closed, his tongue thick, making it impossible to articulate distinctly.

"Toi, can you get out?" he asked finally. "Stand on the blankets a few minutes?"

"Yes."

He waited, leaning against the wheel. Then it came to him that Toi had not moved. She was huddled up in her blankets.

"Don't be frightened, Keat," she said slowly. "I'll get out in a minute."

"Toi!" She was suffering. He could see it in her drawn face.

"You mustn't worry," said the girl. "Hours before there will be anything really to worry about."

Merwin jumped out into the storm, attacking the white wall, hurling the light substance into the air to mingle and be lost in the clouds of snow that swirled around him.

He got into the car, sent it forward, put it into reverse, again struck the soft impassable barrier. Now again he was laboring with the shovel. He began determinedly to dig a wide path toward the westward side of the road. Presently he made his way around the car and gazed at the smooth storm-swept plane over which they had passed. There was no sign of their tracks.

When he climbed in beside the girl she made a strange little noise in her throat.

"You're splendid, Keat! Your hands——"

"Haven't any." He tried to laugh—a curious noise.

"Only a will," said Toi. "You're splendid. We're going to get through."

"Not this way."

"Could we go back, try some other road?"

"Solid, like in front. Filled up. Toi—soon as you can get out we'll try something else. Won't take long, Toi."

"I think I can get out now." She knocked the snow from the curtain and looked out upon the flying fields of white. "I can get out now, Keat."

There was no answer. She turned her head quickly. She could see Merwin dimly through the windshield in a whirlwind of snow. After a time he came to her side of the car and carried the girl a short distance in the direction of Fairfield Center.

"Hold the blankets around you. Stand on this one."

She leaned against the blizzard. "What are you going to do, Keat?"

"Try to get up the bank."

They clung to each other for a moment, these two, leaning against the storm.

"Toi—I've driven carefully, everything carefully, now I've got to take a chance. If it doesn't succeed—Fairfield Center is two miles back that way. We'll walk; walk on top of banks, across fields where the snow isn't deep, been blown away. Listen, Toi; we'll avoid every drift, keep on going. Remember that—keep on going until the first house. No matter what happens, start for the Center, keep on going until the first house."

"Keat! Keat! You're telling me something—not saying it!"

"We've got to take the chance," repeated Merwin. "We can't get out any other way."

"You're telling me I—I must go back to the Center—if anything happens I—must keep on going until I reach the first house. I can't, I can't do it. I'm going to take the chance too."

"Wouldn't be any chance. Don't you see? I can jump. If Ben turns over I can jump."

"You couldn't—your leg—you couldn't jump."

"Listen! We've got to take the chance, Toi. You've got to do what I say. Stay here."

"Keat, Ben won't turn over. Like in a dream when you lift yourself, Keat. Just your will—that's going to hold it."

He made a frozen grimace, the best he could do for a smile. And he left her, the only spot of color in all this world of white, leaning against the storm.

And the girl could see this Merwin of hers, see him dimly, a blurred storm-blown silhouette, a shadow in the whiteness. He was working in front of the car, now at the side as if tearing the bank away.

She saw him climb into the car and she called: "You're going to make it! *Bonne chance*, Keat! Just your will!" But the gale carried her words away.

The car loomed larger, backed toward her and for a moment was motionless; then she could hear the roar of its engine as it jerked forward. She could see it through whirlwinds of snow. Now it seemed to careen and disappear in a cloud. Then the shrieking wind drowned the other noise and she could see the car motionless at the side of the road. Again she heard the roar of its engine, again there arose a cloud of snow. The car toppled, disappeared and reappeared. Again the storm had been triumphant.

Ben loomed up, backing toward her. It had struck the bank twice and failed.

"Keat—just your will."

But it was the roar of the engine that drowned her voice this time, and it seemed to drown the voice of the storm as well. She could see it leaping forward, and now careening, and up and up. It had disappeared, but she could hear it roaring above the storm. Then came a noise that terrified her, as if the car had been lifted, torn to pieces, hurled down.

Toi stumbled forward, calling, "Keat! Keat!"

Out of these drifts, out of the blizzard, she herself was being lifted, up and up. She was in Merwin's arms, he was carrying her, struggling to carry her up the embankment.

"Toi," he was saying, "it's all right, Toi. Ben's up there. Ben's all right; we'll make it now."

He lifted her into the car. It was hard against a stone wall at the top of the embankment.

Circling trees, avoiding drifts, skirting snow-covered fences, he drove for half a mile that day above Bedman's sunken road, then lifted the girl out again and rushed down a bank and disappeared in a swirling white cloud as Ben hurdled a gully, tore through a drift and landed again in the highway. This was no time for caution. Whirling through the storm they reached the state road.

"They've kept it open!" Merwin called to her. "They've kept it open!"

And now snow-blanketed houses were flying by on each side, and now pallid street lights appeared and disappeared, and now the car was slowly taking the sharp curve into the main street of the town.

Toi spoke to him, but Merwin did not answer.

"Keat," she said again, "won't you stop? Wabbly couldn't have taken the mail from the post office. A letter might be there."

"No." It couldn't be there, nor did it matter.

"Won't take a minute."

He worked his jaws, trying to form coherent words. "Doesn't matter if it's there or not."

But he stepped on the brake and the car skidded to the line of black trees on the wrong side of the street in front of the post office. She watched him get out stiffly. Dark, bending forms with heads buried in their coats hurried noiselessly by, like shadowy inhabitants of a world remote from the sun. Then she saw the straight form of Merwin, limping, leaning against the storm.

She called to him. "It came!"

He climbed into the car. "Not from the magazine—the book publisher."

The car started.

Toi was laughing, perhaps she was sobbing a little. "A contract—full of things, Keat, think, your first novel!"

But Merwin's eyes were on the street ahead. And as he drove through this storm-bound village with marvelous skill up the winding road to the hospital, his face seemed as grim as a Roman coin and he seemed not even to hear the wonderful things that Toi was saying.

But hours later—it was night—an immaculate woman with frilled cap and large white hands carried an audible bundle into the baby room of the hospital on the hill.

And the nurse in the baby room asked, "What did the father say?"

"Nothing coherent." Further, it was the opinion of the nurse with the large white hands that these men, poor things, don't know how to express themselves.

"What is he—a laborer?"

"He told me he's a buttonmaker. Said buttons hold the world together." She glanced out the window at the wildest of nights. "But he's mad as a hatter. While I was in there he told his wife the storm had passed."

And she deposited the audible bundle efficiently in a basket marked "Boy—Merwin."

Something New in a Commercial Car Pneumatic

The Goodrich Heavy Duty Cord. Massive, rugged, durable. It has a scientifically designed anti-skid tread of specially toughened, wear-resisting rubber.

A newly developed sidewall construction reinforced with sturdy ribs of rubber provides extra protection against curb and rut chafing.

You have only to see it, to know that it is the pneumatic tire the commercial car has needed. Ask a Goodrich Truck Tire distributor to show it to you.

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ESTABLISHED 1870

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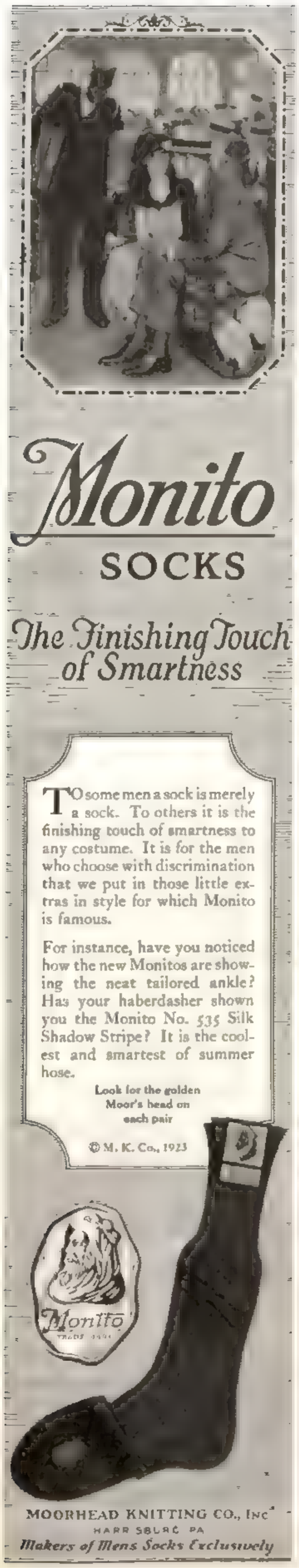
"Best in the Long Run"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Look for the golden Moor's head on each pair
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Monito
MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., Inc
HARRISBURG PA
Makers of Mens Socks Exclusively

GEORGE

(Continued from Page 19)

I can't go and leave you here. Come with me and we'll lean on that job—you and I together."

How sure he seemed! And suddenly how sure she seemed of herself! Together—the big job—and he leaning hard! Anything else appeared trivial, commonplace, impossible.

"You'll come, Nan?"

She said something which apparently he understood to be assent, because swiftly he leaned forward and seized her hand.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "we'll show the world!"

II

NAN, during this next month at home, acted as proud of George Broughton as though he were her own handiwork. To a certain extent he was. At any rate, she kept his hair tidy and his cravat in place and made him sit up straight and not smoke his pipe except outdoors. She showed him off to all her friends, and with especial delight to her two sisters and their husbands. Both Burroughs and Hill expressed their instant approval. They liked the man. Elizabeth and Helen, on the other hand, if not exactly cautious, were not so openly enthusiastic, perhaps because from one angle they had had more experience with men than their husbands. Of course, they were just as nice as they could be, and gave teas and dinners during their visit, but they were not so excited about it all as Nan would have liked to have them. Perhaps, she thought, there was a trace of jealousy. George loomed up so sort of big and promising! He was modest enough, but he had a tremendous job ahead; and though he never spoke of it, the fact reflected itself in his confident bearing. Nan was a little hazy about details, but confidentially she whispered to her sisters figures of millions just to give them some idea of the size of the project he had been selected to undertake.

"Yes, dear," nodded Elizabeth.

"The only thing I'm worrying about is his health," said Nan.

"His health?" questioned Elizabeth in surprise.

"Of course, he has an unusual physique, but the strain of such a responsibility ——"

"I know," said Elizabeth. "But it's surprising how much of that kind of thing a man will stand."

They appeared on the whole a good deal more interested in her wardrobe than in her husband. Here they were able to give her some very good advice.

"Cut back at least five years in your clothes," suggested Helen. "You'll find it pays."

"I don't think George notices those things very much."

"If he doesn't, he will," answered Helen.

"He's a little different from most men."

"Yes," admitted Helen. "Men have plenty of differences, but after all they are men, aren't they?"

"Naturally, but ——"

"Just naturally," cut in Helen. "Let me show you some dear camisoles I ran across yesterday. They are worth knowing about."

Everything considered, Nan was glad that this first year was going to be spent away from home.

They had a pretty church wedding in October. The bride looked quite as young as her younger sister, and Broughton, with his height and broad shoulders, almost Homeric. Incidentally, Jimmy Marden lost the bet he placed with his wife that Broughton would start kidding the clergyman during the service. The only words he uttered were "I do," and those were difficult to hear.

November found Broughton hard at work on his big Texas cotton mill and Nan installed in a neat little home on the outskirts of the city. Both were popular and made friends easily among a people eager to be friendly, and Broughton from the start leaned hard on his job. But from the start nothing went quite right. Unexpected difficulties cropped up here and there, which were forever setting him back. He accepted them good-naturedly enough as the fortunes of war and plugged ahead; but Nan, sitting at home, with more time in which to think, was sometimes disturbed. She had expected to see this mill go up as by magic as soon as George landed on the spot, and it most certainly had not. In January it was a month behind schedule, and that meant loss of the bonus unless somehow the time was made up. He was putting in from ten to twelve hours a day, at that. She could not understand it. The problem was the more baffling because at home he was so magnificent.

"He is simply wonderful," she wrote to Elizabeth. "I can't begin to tell you how nice he is to me. No matter how hard he has been working all day, or how many worries he has had—and he has had a great many—he comes back at night just his dear, sweet self. I certainly should consider myself most fortunate."

To this Elizabeth answered rather ambiguously:

"Yes, dear, you should consider yourself fortunate. Indeed, you must—even if, after a little, it requires an effort. It's the only way. Besides, I haven't any doubt that you are."

Broughton read the passage twice.

"What in thunder is she driving at?" he questioned.

"I wondered myself, George," answered Nan. "Sometimes Beth is hard to understand."

"Sounds as though she was taking a wallop at me," he declared. "Aren't you really happy?"

Swiftly her arms went round his neck.

"Really and truly happy," she assured him.

She meant it. Standing there at this moment, with his strong arms about her, she felt something like exaltation. Nothing on earth counted but this moment—and such moments. Instantly difficulties of every kind vanished, clouds swept away before a northwest wind.

"If Beth had you!" she whispered

"Or Burroughs had you!" he answered.

If Nan worried at first lest she find the routine of domestic work tiresome, she found herself happily mistaken. It was quite different from at home, where her duties had been largely those of supervision, for the house was too small to make a servant anything but a nuisance, so that she was undertaking everything. But under the circumstances, even the uninspiring details, such as dishwashing and sweeping, took on a new significance. The very drudgery satisfied a certain craving as nothing else could. It gave body to her love by allowing her in this way tangible expression of it. Perhaps the old custom of anointing the feet grew up in answer to some such need.

By early spring Broughton had given up all hope of finishing the plant in time to win the bonus which had been offered for its completion before June, and had shifted his interest to the problem of getting it done on time.

"If we can't win the hole, we'll halve it anyway," he declared.

"I suppose your father will be disappointed," she said ruefully.

"I suppose so," he admitted.

"Do you think he will blame you?"

"Probably."

"I don't like him to do that, George."

"Well, after all, it is up to me. I was sent down here to do the job."

"And you've done the very best you could."

"Why—yes."

"Then it isn't your fault."

"Whose fault is it, then?" he questioned.

"No one's fault. You aren't responsible for floods and train wrecks."

"I guess they are part of the game, Nan. Anyhow, there's no use worrying over what's behind us, because, believe me, there's plenty ahead to keep us busy along that line."

Sure enough, there was. For one thing a strike tied up all operations for three weeks. It was terrible. When Broughton got to going again he figured that this break against him had cost the firm pretty nearly twenty-five thousand dollars.

"And that," explained Broughton, "is net loss. I guess this is the last contract dad will take three thousand miles from home."

Nothing remained from that point on but to push through and get out of a bad bargain as soon as possible. There was not the slightest doubt but that Broughton's first undertaking had resulted, whether through any fault of his or not, in dismal failure.

He neither attempted to deny this nor to shift the responsibility. It was July when they started home.

"I got licked to a standstill, that's all," he said.

It was fear lest her husband be misunderstood that harried Nan all the way home. Considering the difficulties, he had really done wonderfully well. The difficulty came in trying to define these difficulties so that others would appreciate them. There were plenty of obvious ones, like the floods and wrecks, but it seems there were others, too, of a technical nature about which she was not very clear herself; and there were still others that escaped her utterly. She dreaded the moment when Helen and Elizabeth should raise their eyebrows and begin their questioning. She herself could understand without understanding, but this was too much to expect of anyone else. They could not know just by knowing or feel just by feeling how brave and clever and good he had been through a period of tremendous strain.

They went to Daddy Broughton's house in Chester until they had time to find a place of their own, and both Daddy and Mother Broughton received her cordially. If they felt any resentment they did not show it. She had to admit that even her own parents were most tactful. The only things that seemed to interest them were her health and the question of her happiness, and she could give very satisfactory replies on both those subjects. She could even answer with equal assurance for Broughton on these points.

"I don't see how he ever stood the strain," she confided to her mother. "It's only because he has such courage."

"That counts for a lot," Mrs. Harris nodded.

When finally she did have lunch with Helen she found her not half so formidable as she had feared. In fact, she did not appear so much concerned about George's business ventures as she really should have been. She was decidedly more interested in Texas as a state, and how it compared with New York as a place to live in.

"All I remember about it from geography," said Helen, "is that you can put a lot of the New England states in it and have something left over."

"And all I know about it is that the Broughton Construction Company put up a factory somewhere in the middle of it and had nothing left over," answered Nan.

"Tough luck—but you met some nice people?"

"Not many. You see, George was so terribly busy. You've no idea how hard he worked."

"Yes, dear. You can't be a man without paying for it."

"And then—so many unexpected things happened."

"They always do, Nan."

"Of course, you look for a certain number ——"

"It's always safe to double it," broke in Helen. "You mustn't let that get on your nerves."

"It made it difficult for him, not knowing the weather conditions."

"Of course."

"Now that he's back home and among his own he'll have a chance to prove how wonderful he is."

"That's the way to look at it, Nan. . . . Did you get any new clothes down there?"

"Not a thing, Helen. We didn't go about much."

"You ought to make up for it now. I know lots of people you'll like, but you mustn't get dowdy. We'll have to spend a day downtown pretty soon. I've seen some things lately just made for you. They seem to be going back to long skirts again."

III

BROUGHTON found a house something like the Texas house right there in Chester—a snug little affair, not at all pretentious, but comfortable and easy to care for. Within a month Nan had settled into it so nicely that she was scarcely conscious of any change. It was necessary not exactly to economize—she detested that word—but to run the house with discretion, because it had cost a good deal to furnish it, and the Texas venture had cost the firm even more than they had figured. This made Broughton a little sensitive about asking for the raise he had expected.

"Of course, I can hit up dad for what I need; but if we can worry along on the old

(Continued on Page 77)

SUN OILS

Why car-dealers like Sunoco

YOU'RE probably interested, as a car owner, in what experience has taught the car dealer. You'll find interesting facts in the following letter; the attitude shared by an increasing number of men who sell cars.

"We have been using Sunoco Motor Oils in our Dort, Cleveland, Chandler and Cole cars, and have had absolutely no trouble. When we drain a crank-case, the oil is apparently the same as when we put it in.

"Our repair foreman says, 'Sunoco is poison to carbon trouble, pitted valves, and burned bearings.'

"We sell Sunoco with every car; for we know that a properly lubricated motor will save money; and sell a lot more cars."

We've had hundreds of letters like that; from men who can see the results of proper lubrication; and those of faulty lubrication. They like Sunoco.

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White Owl value has won the nation's approval— the nation's approval makes White Owl value possible.

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General Cigar Co., INC.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

2 for 15¢

Wherever you go have a

White Owl

(Continued from Page 74)

salary until business gets better it might be wise."

"Certainly we can," she answered bravely.

She did not mind doing her own work, although she found a great deal more of it here because, back among friends, they had to do their share of entertaining. But Broughton was very good about the house and did his best to help. She was not sure that he did help much; but he tried, and that was what counted. More often than not when he came home early on Saturdays she sent him off to play golf, although she could not accompany him. He needed the relaxation. Broughton at first refused to go alone.

"It's no fun out there without you," he declared.

"The dinner won't get itself," she reminded him.

"Chuck the dinner."

"I wouldn't feel comfortable, George. Run along now and have a good time. You can't afford to neglect your health."

On the surface, there did not appear much to worry about there. He had never looked more vigorous since she knew him; but of course the time to lock the barn door is before the horse is stolen.

Reluctantly Broughton went off by himself; but within a week or so he adjusted himself to the new conditions—as, indeed, a man must—and came back to dinner buoyant, hungry and bubbling over with amusing anecdotes of the adventures of the afternoon. She listened at first with considerable interest, but towards fall she could anticipate almost everything he was going to say. The only variation was at just what point the inevitable "if" would come in.

That word was beginning to get a little bit on her nerves. It was too small a word for so big a man to use. She felt about it the same disparity she always felt when he faced a golf ball. Yet he was using it more and more, even about affairs in the office. It was clear enough by October that he was not making the progress there he should have been making. That miserable little "if" crept into everything he undertook. It was not as though he were an ordinary man. Had it been Hill or Burroughs she might have understood; but the whole point was that he was not either Hill or Burroughs. He was George Broughton—her husband.

In November a new development in her life made her realize this more keenly than ever. In June of next year, if all went well ——

When she told her husband he folded her into his arms so gently, so strongly that all her fears vanished. She knew him then for the giant he was.

"We'll have to have someone in to do the work," he said eagerly. "From now on you're to play the queen."

"If we can just have someone come in by the day," she suggested.

"You'll have plenty to do—just doing nothing."

"Don't be silly, George. I must keep active. Besides, we can't afford ——"

"We'll cut out that word," he declared. "Believe me, I'm going to get busy. Maybe I haven't been leaning as hard on the job as I might. But watch me go now! Woof!"

"I'm very proud of you, dear," she whispered.

That winter Broughton made a supreme effort. He was as busy around the office as a one-armed paper hanger. Furthermore, he bobbed into his father's sanctum every other day with new and epoch-making ideas—ideas which firmly and consistently his father quashed. If he had not, the firm would have gone into bankruptcy before spring. George had his good qualities—plenty of them—but they did not lie in that direction. In time this tendency caused his father no little worry. He had been forty years in building up this organization, and the secret of his modest success was based on the simple policy of selecting men who could do well the things he himself could not do, and then in allowing them to do those things and no other. There had been times when he dreamed his dreams around this only son of his—when he hoped the latter might take hold of this enterprise and develop it from a family institution to a national. Given the right type of man, and this, of course, was possible. But slowly he had recognized and even become reconciled to the fact that George was not that type of man. He was, he concluded, too steady. His feet were too firmly planted on the ground. Then this new development came along. The boy was trying to fly, and he was too heavy. He belonged right on the street floor, where, with a little more experience, he would in time fit nicely into the executive end. He had planned to make him vice president next year, and from that position he would eventually step naturally and easily into the presidency and carry on. That was all George needed to do—just carry on. When all is said and done, that is no small part to play in life.

Broughton hesitated a long time, however, before he took up the subject with his son. A man does not like to stifle enthusiasms. They stand at least for alertness and ambition. But in May the issue was unexpectedly forced. George came to his father with a proposal for going into business for himself. The latter was frankly disturbed, but he bade George draw a chair up to his desk and talk it over. Physically he was not more than half his son's size, and that always placed him at a disadvantage. Furthermore, he was very fond of him—more so than he had allowed himself during the last twenty years to show. It was a curious fact, but had he followed his natural bent he would cheerfully have handed him everything he owned in the world, including this business. He would rather twenty times over have seen the boy sitting here at this desk than to be sitting there himself. Broughton was only sixty, but somewhere along the line his hair had turned snow white. It lent his thin face and pleasant gray eyes a good deal of dignity.

"Tell me just what you want, George," he said, shoving his chair back from his big desk.

"I want to try out some of these new ideas of mine," the son answered somewhat aggressively.

"You don't think I've given them fair consideration?"

"It isn't that, dad. I'm not blaming you; but, of course, you've grown a bit conservative."

"I guess I've always been conservative," admitted Broughton.

"Maybe I'll be when I get some of these schemes out of my system; but—well, hang it all, I'd like to try for a ten strike."

"You need more money?"

"Not so much that," he answered, "although more would be welcome enough. But Nan ——"

"Ah," broke in Broughton, "I see."

"She always sort of expected me to do something big. She doesn't say anything about it, but I know well enough how she feels."

"I'd be disappointed if she didn't feel that way," said Broughton. "You couldn't ask for a better wife than she is."

"She's salt of the earth, dad, and that's all there is to it. She hasn't made a yip from the day I married her, and yet—well, all I've done is just to dub along."

"In a sense—yes," admitted Broughton. "But you've done the best you could, haven't you?"

"Eh?" exclaimed George.

This is where it took courage of Broughton. This is where to tell the truth hurt.

"Sonny," he said as he might have spoken ten years ago, "there is nothing in the world harder to do than to face cannonball facts, and there is nothing better worth doing. All the things you are planning now I had planned long ago for you to do, but—speaking to you fair, as I'd speak to myself—I've learned that it isn't in you."

"You're telling me I'm just naturally—a plain dub?" exclaimed Broughton, Junior.

"I wouldn't use that word, sonny. It's too harsh a word. If it applies to you, it applies to me. What I've done here I've done through others—just sitting tight in the background and directing them. I've reached my limit even in this direction. There seem to be men like that, who just jog along in the middle of the road, neither particularly one thing nor the other. Perhaps most men are like that. Perhaps they have their use doing just that. After all ——"

Broughton paused.

"Well?" demanded the younger man impatiently.

"That's all, George," concluded Broughton, passing his hand over his forehead as though in pain.

"Not all for me," the younger man snapped back, making his feet. "I'll show you something in the next year or two. You turned down that McIsaac contract. I'm going after it and push it through."

"We figured it out pretty carefully," Broughton said resignedly.

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Carrying spare plugs without risk of damage is now provided for by the *AC Plug Kit*—a compact, substantial metal box, as illustrated. Obtain yours free, with a set of AC's, then when your motor misses or performs poorly how convenient it is to take your *AC Plug Kit* and change all your plugs, instead of losing time to locate the missing cylinder. At your convenience clean and test the removed plugs and put them back into the *AC Plug Kit* ready for future use.

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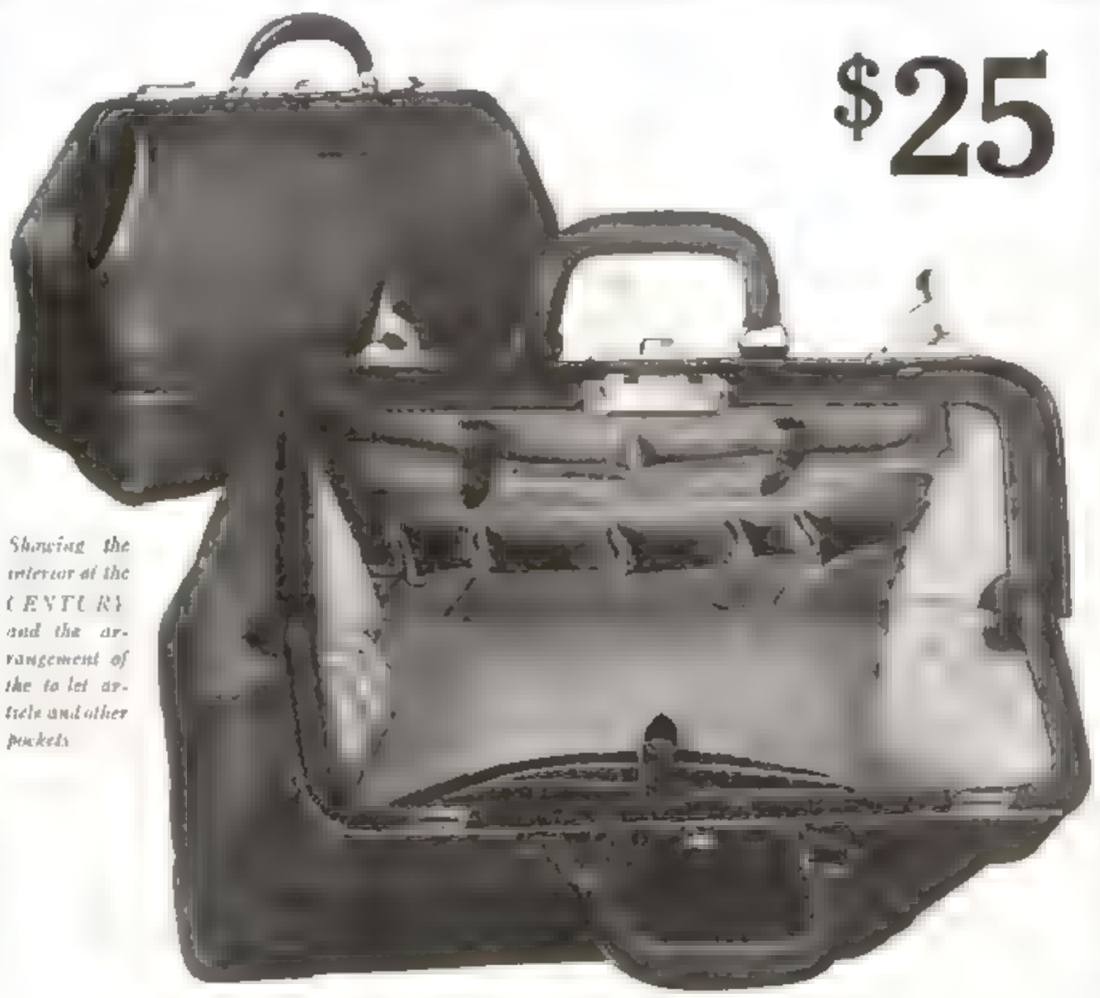

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Century

with moisture-proof pockets for every toilet article

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Made in Medium Brown, Dark Brown Beaver and Black flexible, hand-boarded Cowhide, with single or double handles.

18" size with serge lining and toilet article pockets, and three large, deep pockets for shirts, papers, etc.; or leather lining with the usual one long and two short pockets, **$25** f. o. b. factory.

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Double handles **$1.50** additional.

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THE GOVERNOR—Man's Club Bag. Smooth brown or black cowhide, long straps, sewed corners, linen lined with inside pocket. 18 in. $20.00, 20 in. $22.50.

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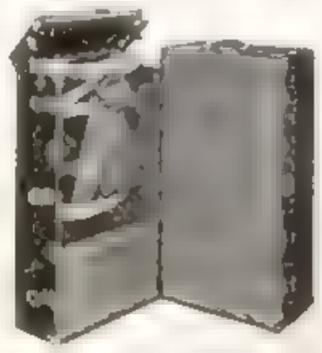

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HENRY LIKLY & COMPANY

Builders of Fine Luggage Since 1844

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LIKLY (LIKELY) Luggage

"But there are a lot of things you didn't figure in—Nan, for instance. Good Lord, do you think I could go back and face her with things as they are now—if I believed I was the sort of ass you think I am?"

"You aren't exactly fair to me," said Broughton.

There was a note in the tired voice that brought the younger man to himself. He placed his hand on his father's shoulder.

"Don't think I'm blaming you, dad," he said quickly. "I'm not even saying you aren't right. Only how can I admit it and go back to her?"

"By swallowing your pride and facing the facts. Sooner or later you'd have to do just that anyhow. Remember, you're my son. You don't know what that relation means—yet. I'd rather stake every cent I have in the world and lose it than to tell you this if I didn't believe it would save you from a harder fall. Harris went over the McIsaac proposition, and he knows more about those things than I do and a good deal more than you. That's what I hire him for. And much as Nan counts to me as well as to you, she can't alter figures in a contract, sonny; not that way."

"Good Lord!" choked George. "How I've cheated her!"

Broughton rose. He reached for his son's hand.

"The good women wouldn't marry us if we didn't cheat a little," he said tenderly. "Then we wouldn't have sons, and then ——"

He paused a moment and blurted out, "—— I'd be here alone in the middle of the road."

IV

THE baby—George Broughton, Second—was born in June, and from that moment on Nan found herself about the busiest little woman in New York State. Compared with New York State, this tiny bit of humanity did not loom up very big; but that did not seem to be the point. Compared even with the father, he was not much larger than a golf ball; but that did not seem to be the point either. He was what the philosophers call the thing in itself, although he was by no means so vague as that baffling essence. If there was one point about him upon which all his relatives could agree it was his definiteness.

For a while the larger Broughton was almost forgotten, although he was around the house just the same. Every now and then Nan remembered him with a start, and called for him to come in and kiss her and admire his son.

Very humbly and very joyfully he obeyed the summons.

"He is going to be just like you," she declared before he was a month old.

"God forbid!" exclaimed Broughton below his breath.

"What was that you said?" demanded Nan.

"You ought to wish something better than that for him."

She looked up with a trace of anxiety.

"Aren't things going right at the office?"

"As right as usual."

"Then what's the trouble?"

"No trouble," he answered uneasily. "Honest, I didn't mean anything more than I said. I just want to give the boy a show."

"But I don't know what you mean by that, George," she answered honestly. "He's your son. What more could I ask than that he be like you?"

"I'm such a dub, Nan," he broke out; "such a plain ordinary dub. I've kidded myself along all these years, and now I know it. But what is worse, I've kidded you along."

"George!" she exclaimed, in fear.

"I'll feel better once I get this off my chest. I promised you all sorts of things I can't make good on. I was going back to the office and start something. I tried it. The only thing I started was dad, and he set me down hard."

"Your father did that?"

"He was fair enough—fair and right. He didn't tell me anything but the truth. As long as I jog along the middle of the road I'm safe. But that's all there is to me, Nan—every darned thing."

As he spoke the fear slowly left her face. She stole nearer.

"And that is all that's troubling you?"

"Isn't it enough?"

"It doesn't seem very much to me. We're getting along pretty well, aren't we?"

"And you're willing to let it go at that!"

"I don't know what you mean, but does it help you to know that I'm very, very happy?"

"With things just as they are?"

"Of course!"

"With me just as I am?"

"Why, that's what makes things as they are."

He shook his big head in bewilderment.

"Darned if I understand it."

"The only thing necessary is to know it, and that ——"

She raised her warm lips to his and he did seem to know it instantly.

A few days later Elizabeth called at the house, and after admiring the new hair which had grown on the baby's head during this last week, and exclaiming over the dimple which had developed to the right of his mouth, and admitting that his increase in weight was nothing less than phenomenal, she inquired after George.

"Oh, he's all right," answered Nan.

"His business picking up?"

"I guess it's running along about as usual," she answered indifferently.

Elizabeth glanced sharply at her sister.

"Did I get that right—it's running along about as usual?" she inquired.

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Nothing, only ——"

She rose and patted her sister's shoulder. She even stooped and kissed her hair.

"It's wonderful, dear, isn't it?" she whispered.

"What is?" questioned Nan.

"We marry them for better and for worse, don't we, Nan? If it were as simple as that it would all be easy enough. The problem would settle itself. But more often they are neither better nor worse, and then ——"

"I know," said Nan.

"Well, dear, give my love to George, will you? I must go now. I'm to have lunch in town with Sam."

Holland Lake and the Mission Range From Gordon Pass Trail, Montana Rockies

The modern kitchen is bright with enamel

The progressive housewife knows that the lasting beauty of enamel depends on the purity of the iron beneath the surface

ONLY a few years ago "enamel" meant a kind of jewelry. Nowadays it means gleaming stoves and refrigerators, shiny table tops and tub covers. And it means a new ease and joy in housework.

Each year finds more and more enameled equipment being used by the modern woman, who buys things that retain their beauty.

Enamel equipment on a steel base of ARMCO *Ingot Iron makes for ease and pleasure in housework*

Underneath the surface

The beauty secret of enamel is more than skin-deep. You cannot see beneath the surface, but the base on which the enamel is put is of great importance to you.

You can be positive of getting the finest kind of enameled equipment if you make sure the manufacturer of the article is using ARMCO Ingot Iron for a base. Here is why: ARMCO Ingot Iron is the purest iron made in commercial quantities. Its purity gives it great density and a velvety surface which tenaciously holds the enamel. The enamel lies with satin smoothness and retains its beauty.

Zinc-coated ARMCO *Ingot Iron culvert being installed for Malacca Rubber Plantation, Ltd. Malacca, Malay Peninsula*

When covered with zinc

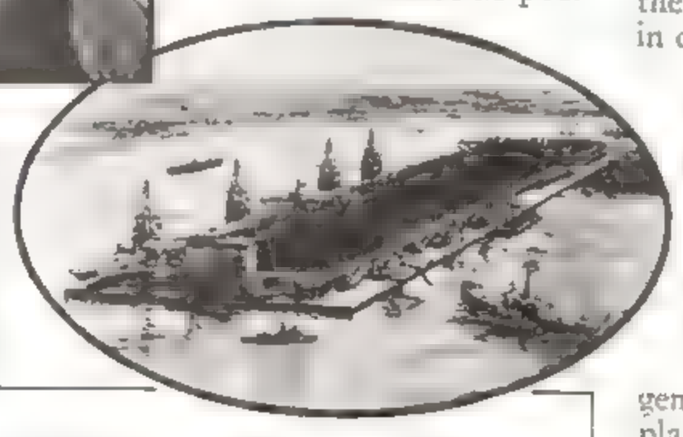
The purity, density, and evenness that have made ARMCO Ingot Iron so widely acclaimed as a base for enameling enable it to take and to hold a coating of zinc ("galvanizing") that is smooth and lasts for years.

The zinc does not peel even when ARMCO Ingot Iron is bent and formed. You can rest assured of enduring service if your hot-water heater, your furnace drum, garbage pail, gutters, down spouting and other exposed sheet metal articles are made of zinc-coated ARMCO Ingot Iron.

Iron's chief enemy

Zinc is put on merely as an added barrier against rust. ARMCO Ingot Iron is so pure that it needs protection less than ordinary iron and steel.

For it is the impurities that cause metal to rust. When ordinary iron and steel are exposed to moisture, the impurities in the metal act as positive and negative poles, electrolytic action sets in, and corrosion starts its deadly work.



Cristobal coaling station Panama Canal in which and in the other canal coaling station at Balboa near by a million pounds of ARMCO *Ingot Iron was used*

How modern science wins

Up to the beginning of the present century, high-purity iron was laboriously made by hand. Some of the articles of the ancients have come down, intact, to the present time.

Some twenty years ago we determined to find the scientific way to produce practically pure iron in commercial quantities.

We built a complete metallurgical laboratory, devised manufacturing methods, erected mills, acquired mines, and the result is ARMCO Ingot Iron, a product that is known the world over for its exceptional purity. (It contains less than 1/6 of 1% of rust-promoting impurities.)

Who uses it?

Not only have great industries pretty generally adopted ARMCO Ingot Iron for their own plants, but they also utilize it in innumerable articles they make for the public. Knowing its worth and its reputation they use ARMCO Ingot Iron in their wares and so label it in order that you will appreciate the fact.

Scene in Balance Room, Armco Research Laboratory

You can easily tell it

The salespeople in progressive hardware, furniture, and department stores will gladly show you articles made of ARMCO Ingot Iron, and they will point out the label to you.

Likewise sheet metal men and dealers in building materials are happy to supply ARMCO Ingot Iron with the blue Armco triangle stenciled on the product.

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WHERE TO LOOK FOR ARMCO *Ingot Iron*

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Roofing
Siding
Flashing
Eaves Trough
Down Spouting
Skylights
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Welding
Smoke Stacks
Oil & Water Tanks
Acetylene Tanks
Freight Car Roofs
Coal Car Sidings
Drainage Systems
Car Heaters
Gasoline Tanks
Coal Tipples
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A TALE OF THREE FILLUMS

Continued from Page 10

"I can't!" half groaned Thayer. He was haggard these days, and his eyes were like great burned holes in his pale face. "I'm nailed down. I can't even leave without a thousand dollars to square me up. I'll just have to take that thirty-five-thousand-dollar offer."

"Because you need a thousand dollars?"

Izzy looked at him pityingly, and walked to the window, staring down on the crowds with unseeing eyes; and there was a queer reversal of position in the two. Thayer, sitting in a chair with his hair in his hands, was the unsophisticated one, the helpless one, the child in the affairs of the world, while the gangling, flat-stomached, long-necked Izzy, with the pink of youth still in his cheeks, was the man of wisdom and experience; for he was centuries old in the qualities which Thayer lacked.

"Looky, Mr. Thayer. If you sell your picture for fifty thousand dollars inside o' six months you can pull out with what you want the most. You can pay your mother's loan. Ain't that right?"

"Yes."

"Well, I gotta little money. I'll let you have a thousand dollars." He said it with such an ease of apparent financial resource that Thayer looked at him in astonishment. Izzy was neatly enough dressed; but, except for his big enameled watch, thirty dollars would have bought him as he stood, and in no particular did Izzy Iskovitch throw out the impression that he was a person of means. "Y'see, I got my uncles to dig up the money to help a fella finish a picture last year, an' I got myself a interest in it for it. Now looky, Mr. Thayer, here's what I'll do: My judgment's just what it was on The Coryphée, and I'll take a lien on it to secure my thousand dollars. Then I getta contract to sell your picture, but I gotta sell it in less'n six months for fifty thousand dollars or more. I get 5 per cent at fifty thousand, 10 per cent on everything between fifty and seventy-five thousand, 20 per cent between that and a hundred thousand—and on everything above a hundred thousand I get half!"

Rawlins Thayer, in spite of the stupefaction which this proposition gave him, coming from such a source, pondered deeply and came up with a new worry:

"In the meantime I'll have to live; though I suppose that's my blasted egotism."

"You want a job?" asked Izzy eagerly. "Will you gimme 10 per cent commission if I get you one?"

"Certainly," laughed the director.

"Stay right where I know where I can reach you," and Izzy started for the door.

He ran back, grabbed up the heavy film can containing the sample of Thayer's work, and hurried straight over to the M. P. C. offices, where he left the film in the projection room; then he went in to see David Schusshel. The Old Man had refused to receive four callers, but he beamed with pleasure when he saw Izzy.

"Hello, Izzy! I suppose you're a regular New Yorker by now."

"I ain't had time; but I been in all the best picture houses all over town. I seen two shows every night. Say, Mr. Schusshel, you gotta director yet for Wondrous Sin?"

"No," replied Schusshel a trifle irritably. "I've made Lipsheim draw up that contract of Miss Byrd's four times, and he hasn't got it right yet; so we don't start to hand her anything as long as we're stallin' her."

"Sure!" hastily agreed Izzy. "But a good director ——"

"I'm not worried about directors. We have plenty good ones on the lot."

"Then Jake Steinberg must 'a' hired some since we left Hollywood," retorted Izzy. "Ernest Sapp's the only good one you got, an' he's busy; an' besides, he wouldn't work with a supervisor. You oughtta have a fine director for this picture of Miss Byrd's, 'cause maybe you can get it in some first-run houses."

"We have plenty good enough directors," declared old David with unusual decisiveness, for he and his whole organization realized in advance that they would be having a tough tussle with Mary Byrd before they were through, and they might as well get in the first blows.

Izzy regarded his employer thoughtfully for a moment. The Old Man's benevolent lips were pursed and his kindly eye had a glint in it. The potential magnate believed firmly that Rawlins Thayer would be a good bargain for the M. P. C., but this was no time to discuss it with David Schusshel.

"Well, so long; I'll see you again," he said, and slammed out.

In the corridor, amid the shrieking lithographs, he sought and found inspiration; and a taxicab hurried him to the Hotel Gilder, where he telephoned his name to Miss Mary Byrd and was told to come right on up.

On the threshold of Miss Byrd's private parlor he stopped appalled, for that emancipated person, in sandals and a black and scarlet negligee, was reclining on a chaise-longue, regaling herself with a highball.

"Well, well, it's my sweet child!" she exclaimed with a rising voice, and motioned him to a chair near her.

Gingerly Izzy walked across the tufted carpet, with his hat in both hands, and slid himself on the edge of the chair, his face pumping scarlet; and that color none abated because Miss Byrd patted him on the arm to set him at ease and offered him a highball.

"I don't use 'em!" he gulped. "Say, Miss Byrd, I guess you're gonna want a good director for your picture that you're gonna supervise, ain't you?"

"If there is one!" returned Miss Byrd, and Izzy was glad to notice that the wheedling high pitch was out of her voice immediately. "I've about come to the conclusion that the reason for stupid pictures is stupid directors."

"Well, maybe some," admitted Izzy. "But say, I been readin' your book; an' when I read anything it's to see how it'll make a picture; an' I got this out of it—that what you need's a director that's artistic. An' say, there's a picture over in our projection room that I thought o' you the minute I saw it. Say, it's artistic!"

"One of the M. P. C.'s?" inquired Miss Byrd suspiciously.

"No; one that was offered us to buy, an' we wouldn't touch it."

"Then there may be hope."

"Yes'm. Now listen, Miss Byrd, if you're gonna see this film, to see if this director might do, you gotta do it right away, because this director—his name's Rawlins Thayer—is gonna sign himself up pretty quick, an' the film won't be over at the M. P. C. more'n a couple hours or so before he sends for it. An' say, listen! I'm tellin' you right, Miss Byrd! You'll like this director's work, or I got you all wrong, or else my judgment's no good. Will you see the picture?"

"If my sweet child wants me to see it I'll come right away. Just wait until I put on some street clothes," and pressing a button to call her maid, Mary Byrd sat up. Izzy rose precipitately.

"I gotta hurry!" he gulped, the scarlet pumping again into his cheeks. "You dassent go with me, or else they'll know I touted Thayer to you." He stepped behind his chair as Mary rose. "Listen! You mustn't tell 'em I had anything to do with this." He was halfway to the door. "You just call 'em up an' say you heard that The Coryphée is in the projection room an' you wantta see it; then if you like the picture an' the direction you go right in to Mr. Lochlaren an' tell him that you want that director signed up. Right away! So long; I'll see you later," and with this he hurried out.

Two hours later Izzy was in David Schusshel's room, looking out of the windows and waiting, while the Old Man signed a book of checks in blank; and Andy Lochlaren came in with his nose particularly pointed.

"The first skirmish is on with our Byrd," he announced. "She's just seen a picture in our own projection room. She must have had it sent over. She's crazy about the director, Rawlins Thayer."

"Rawlins Thayer? Who is he?"

"Ordinary director. He's done pictures for a lot of companies, but they say he's a hard man to handle. Has original ideas and wants to put them into the pictures."

"Tell her we got good directors on the lot."

"You tell her! Maybe you'll have some effect. I didn't. She's made up her mind she wants this man and nobody else; and she wants him signed up immediately, and she's ready to go into a tantrum if we don't!"

"Then let her have him!" snapped Schusshel. "Jake Steinberg knows how to handle these artistic directors that wants to be original, and I tell you I don't want any muss with this woman until we get her name on that contract!"

Hot dog! Izzy sidled out of the room and in three minutes was in another taxicab headed for Thayer's hotel, feeling in the bottom of his pocket to make sure that he had his little folded check book on his Hollywood bank.

IV

MARY BYRD had plaintively wondered how motion pictures could be so stupid. Oh, she had! The first conference on Wondrous Sin was called in Jake Steinberg's foursquare office on the M. P. C. lot in Hollywood, and the eminent supervisor walked into it with the satisfaction which must have been felt inside the Trojan horse when it wabbled through the guarded gates; for she had come to conquer. Stupidity was as good as dead. Just behind the eminent supervisor came Izzy Iskovitch with her fancy gold-buckled script case, and Rawlins Thayer with his vitriol well corked; and though the sweet child was depressed by the aggressive Mary, and her director suppressed, they had reasons of their own for wanting Wondrous Sin to be a big-hit picture, and they were determined to help her make it so if her powers of resistance were not too strong.

In bright metallic blue from head to foot was Mary this morning, relieved here and there on hat and belt and shoe buckles by touches of vivid green; emerald rings on the fingers, a greenish tint on the eyelids, and ear pendants of ruby crystal. Also, in Mary's green-gray eyes a sudden steely glitter which completed her costume; for besides the three men in waiting, there sat at the other end of the general manager's desk a particularly confident young woman in vivid metallic green from head to foot, relieved by touches of bright purple on hat and belt and shoe buckles, amethyst rings on her fingers, a purplish tint on her eyelids, and the ruby crystal ear pendants so popular just now; and suddenly her costume was completed by a steely glitter in her hard black eyes. The eminent authoress might have a haughty intellectual superiority over this vapid young person, but Ethel Siren had something on Mary Byrd which made intellectual superiority pipe like a penny whistle. She had youth!

A pasty man was Jake Steinberg, so dark-visaged that the heavy circles under his eyes looked black; a chunky man with a roughly hewed chin and a ponderous jaw, one whom suavity fitted like gum boots at a ball. He gripped the bony hand of the eminent authoress in his thick fist, while Bert Hodges, the production manager, and William Morgan, the M. P. C.'s crack continuity writer, studied their visiting antagonist interestedly.

"Happy to welcome you, Miss Byrd," greeted Jake effusively but briskly. "Allow me to introduce the young lady who is to play your lead. Miss Siren, Miss Byrd; Miss Byrd, Miss Siren."

So that was why the vapid young person was here! Mary had suspected it! She barely nodded at Ethel Siren, without removing her gaze from Jake.

"The young lady may or may not be of the type we want for my picture," she said very clearly, although under any other circumstances Mary Byrd would have cast the girl instantly. "We shall not go into that at this moment. But I wish it distinctly understood that no casting is to be done without my sanction. I am supervising Wondrous Sin!"

"Look here, Miss Byrd, I want to have everything pleasant; but ——" Jake was now more at his ease, for he had instructions about Mary, and the sooner they came to a clinch the better. "All the rest of the cast you may pick, with my approval; but the lead is selected by the company. Miss Siren plays the part!"

"Miss Siren does not!"

Blam! The trumpet had been sounded. The hoarse shouts of the commanders were already in the air, and onward charge! Bring up the light artillery, the field guns, the Big Berthas, the flame throwers and the gas projectors! The atmosphere of Jake Steinberg's twenty-foot room seemed surcharged with little blue sparks flickering from the chandelier and the brass ash tray and the metallic little bird on Mary's hat; and the potential magnate, leaning back against the wall, began to bid down his own stock in The Coryphée, for it didn't look so good. The potential magnate had figured it like this: He had secured Rawlins Thayer a gaudy job which could put that director's sales value right up in the big-hit class; but if a flop emerged from Mary Byrd's famous book, Izzy would lose all his good money which he had expected to make on the Russian high-art picture. And what else could you get but a flop, with these two already scrapping at each other, and the other four itching to get into it? Six—count 'em, six—all with something to say about the making of Wondrous Sin, and all bent on saying it!

"Here, child, rush this!" snapped Mary, tearing a leaf from her notebook and handing a telegram to Izzy. "May I ask, Mr. Steinberg, what else you have saved me the trouble of doing?" she resumed.

"The London drawing-room set is up," returned Jake, not at all crushed, though he cast a sidelong glance at Bert Hodges. That pinch-lipped and pinch-nosed production manager stuck his tongue in his cheek and chewed it; but his pale, flat eye happening to catch the inquiring glance of Director Thayer he looked guilty but defiant. And Thayer knew as well as twice two that the London drawing-room would be an old stock set which had appeared in a hundred pictures. Jake watched that bit of eye telegraphy, then went on calmly: "We haven't put in the props, of course, Miss Byrd. Mr. Hodges wants you to furnish it whatever way you like. This is Mr. Hodges, Miss Byrd." He paused while they nodded. "But before we go look at Bert's pet interior, I suggest that we have a reading of the script."

"The script!"

"It's all finished. Mr. Morgan, our crack continuity writer, has worked night and day to have it ready for you. This is Mr. Morgan, Miss Byrd."

Slowly Mary turned towards William Morgan and viewed him with the amazed interest which she would have bestowed on a side-show freak; for of all the persons whom she might have suspected of authorship, William Morgan was the last.

"I'm pleased to meet you," smiled Bill, willing to come halfway in establishing an *entente cordiale*, though he knew from experience that none could exist between himself and the author of a book. "I hope you'll like the script, Miss Byrd, for I had a lot of trouble with it. You see, in the book you start out with this young girl doing things that we can't get away with on the screen; so I married her so she could be a widow and get by with the zippiest scenes, the one where she sticks a poison thorn in her knee and Count D'Avo has to suck out the blood. We start with a wedding at Westminster Abbey, and the sweet young girl is marrying a rich old fluff to save her father's estate. He gets killed on the way home."

There was a shriek from Mary Byrd.

"Go on, go on!" she cried. "It's too funny for words!"

Thus encouraged, Bill whipped a copy of his script from his pocket and began to read the figment of his imagination in a flat, monotonous voice, but rising presently, in the fervor of dramatic composition, to fist-smacking heights. Jake Steinberg lighted a cigar and stood at the window with his hands in his pockets and his shoulders hunched. Bert Hodges compressed his thin lips and rolled his eyes toward the ceiling, fixing them on the triangular leak above David Schusshel, in oil, smiling benevolently down. Ethel Siren resigned herself to the placid oblivion by which she kept wrinkles out of her face and intelligence out of her eyes. Thayer listened with mild amusement to scenes which he knew he would never shoot.

"A shipwreck!" presently interrupted Mary in vast wonder. "Where did you acquire a shipwreck?"

"I put it in to get a little action," stated Bill Morgan confidently; and being put to the defense of his art, he stuck his finger in his manuscript to hold the place and turned squarely on the author: "You got a three-hundred-and-forty-page book, Miss Byrd, and two hundred and eighty-one pages is conversation. I counted 'em. How you going to fill seven reels with that? You can't! That's why I put in the shipwreck

(Continued on Page 85)

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(Continued from Page 81)

and a native uprising and a battleship rescue from your South Sea Islanders, and two comedy beach combers. Say, they're a scream! You haven't any comedy in your book, you know; and these goofy birds slip along after the diamond necklace I wrote in, and ——"

"Great heavens, the eternal necklace!" Mary uncrossed her knees with a jerk. "You need not go any farther, Mr. Morgan. I shall write this continuity myself. I propose to transfer my book directly to the screen."

"I'd like to see you get away with it!" snorted Bill. "How you going to transfer the young girl you got in your book directly to the screen?"

Somebody chuckled. It was the burning-eyed director. All the way out to the golden West he had been telling his supervisor the same thing, but in vain.

"Suppose we go look at that set," said Mary, rising abruptly.

Jake Steinberg, who had kept his back to the controversy, now turned from the window

"Have you ever written a continuity, Miss Byrd?"

"No; but no intelligent person could do worse than this trash."

"Mr. Morgan has written some of our best money-makers," Jake dryly replied. "You may try your hand, of course, Miss Byrd; but whatever you write will have to have my O. K. before you can shoot it."

Disdaining that warming until she should hear from her telegram, the eminent authoress walked out of the door; whereon Ethel Siren punched Jake Steinberg on the shoulder with the flat of her palm and almost upset him.

From the shadow of a doorway Izzy watched Mary Byrd's procession pass across the gay phantasmagoria of the M. P. C. lot, with its vast acreage of skeleton palaces and temples and bourses towering against the misty sky and the purple hills beyond; watched the procession thread its way amid the throng of grease-painted and rainbow-clad workers in this world of sham, until he was certain that she could no longer turn and see him; then he cut across by a short route to the huge green hangarlike stage in which sprawled the set so familiar to the M. P. C's public; a long perspective of four great ceilingless rooms that stood in the center of the vast dusky space beneath high rafters midst which birds flitted, shrieking. Some set, if you left it to Izzy! It had everything; any kind of architecture you wanted; and crystal chandeliers, balconies with twisted balustrades, gold leaf aplenty and festoons with all the fruits and flowers of orchard and field. And say! Why, in that second room were panels where Thayer could pull some of that high-art stuff, like in the Russian picture, and slip it over on the exhibitors so it wouldn't be so new to them when they saw The Coryphée. Say, he'd tell that to Thayer, and ——

Suddenly the blinding lights blazed on, and here came the Trojan horse, as it were, full panoplied and well-processioned; and Mary, standing at the end of the glittering vista, took one good look.

"Ghastly!" she pronounced, without even glancing at her director to see what he thought of it.

"That's the best big drawing-room suite in Hollywood!" declared Bert Hodges stolidly, for he was used to selling this set to directors who didn't want it. "You can put in furniture and drapes and bric-a-brac and family portraits that'll give you all the English atmosphere you need, and ——"

"It's no use, Mr. Hodges," incisively interrupted Mary. "The old English place in my story was in stiff Tudor Gothic, and the family who had lived in it for many generations partook of that stiff angularity."

A snicker from somewhere in the background. It was Bill Morgan.

"That hen's got a fat chance to lay a striped Easter egg around this place," he said, and went away to begin the belated broadcasting of Mary and her ways—Mary, whom he was off of for life.

Thayer stood by with a troubled brow, and now he took his supervisor to one side.

"I think you might give this set a little serious consideration, Miss Byrd. It isn't at all what I'd like, but it lights up splendidly, and we only use it for a couple of long shots. By careful selection of backgrounds for the medium shots we can get a very good-looking picture, and I want to warn you that if you antagonize the M. P. C. by turning down this set we'll suffer for it before the finish. They'll load ten thousand dollars against us for the Tudor set, and we'll need that money before we are through."

Mary Byrd stared at her director in stony silence for a moment.

"I selected you, Mr. Thayer, because I thought you held artistic considerations above everything else. I am disappointed, but not helpless. I shall have a Tudor Gothic drawing-room suite!"

Thereupon she turned on her heel and stalked out, leaving the burning-eyed Thayer full of corrosive, hating this set and the M. P. C. lot and Mary Byrd and himself; for it did seem that this job was only the culmination of his misfortunes the last straw on the crowning sheaf.

"The old cluck!" exclaimed Izzy sympathetically as he passed Thayer in a hurry; but when he overtook Mary Byrd on the outside of the stage she found on the countenance of her sweet child the ingratiating grin that had caught her fancy in the first place, and there was warm friendliness in his dark brown eyes. She put her hand affectionately on his shoulder, and though the scarlet burned to his ears as he heard a snicker somewhere behind there, he trudged along manfully, supporting Mary's progress by his good right shoulder; and he even, the sly young thing, managed to steal up at her a few glances which might be construed as admiration for her cleverness.

"Say, Miss Byrd, I don't want to butt into your business; but I guess you want a girl that can make 'em cry for that second lead in your book, the gatekeeper's daughter. That's a fine part."

"Well, hear the dear boy! I didn't think you would appreciate the value of that part. I suppose you know some nice little girl whom you'd like to see well provided in the pictures."

"Yes'm."

"A little sweetheart of yours?" laughed Mary.

"You bet my life not!" denied Izzy with such shocked emphasis that the scarlet of his ears deepened. "Sweethearts is out for me till I get my good business. I just know Prudence Joy professionally, and she's been playin' leads in some good pictures." He hesitated a moment while he studied sidelong the features of Mary Byrd, and as she turned to him suddenly with that saccharine smile which he loathed he determinedly returned honey for sugar, and decided on his course. "To tell you the truth, Miss Byrd, I'd like to get 'er the job because I'm her agent an' it'll make me 10 per cent, if you think she'll fit the part, because this picture's gonna be exploited big."

"What a bright little business man my sweet child is!" gurgled Mary in delight. "Where is its little playmate?"

Speechless, Izzy led her into David Schusshel's musty old red office, where Mary, who had expected to find some chit with more aspiration than possibility, stopped astonished. Rising to meet her was a slender girl with big deep blue eyes and hair like spun gold, who, throwing off her smart cloak, stood revealed in simple muslin—as the gatekeeper's daughter.

"Well, well, Miss Joy, you look as if you had just stepped out of my book!" cried Mary, sweeping forward to give Prudence's hand a bony grip. "Can you cry, my dear? This is a weeping part, you know, and the poor girl just drips and drips from scene to scene."

Prudence looked at Izzy and smiled, and the gangling boy was fairly beatific as he regarded her. There was no thought in his mind of Prudence as a sweetheart; but in him was a firm belief that there wasn't another girl in Hollywood with her sweetness and charm and beauty and ability. Then a sympathetic change came over his features as Prue's curved lips drooped piteously, her shoulders sagged and her deep blue eyes filled with tears.

"Please, Miss Byrd, may I have the part?"

The tears welled out over her lower eyelids and went coursing down her smooth cheeks, then sobs fluttered her bosom and choked up in her throat, and she fell into an agony of distressful weeping.

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed Mary Byrd. "Oh, my dear, the part was made for you!"

"Thank you," laughed Prue, unsnapping her little bag for her powder puff.

"Marvelous! You turn it off and on just like that. I'll see that you get a contract at once"; and ignoring any ideas her director might have about the selection,

What's in the mind of your home town banker when he makes a loan?

IN your home town bank one man goes up to the president—gets a loan—and a smile. Another man gets—only the smile.

An understanding of what was running through the president's mind will contribute more to a man's prosperity than all the success literature ever written.

And learning how a banker thinks comes mostly from talking with him. Make it a point to discuss things with him and get his viewpoint.

The bank's business goes deeper than just money. It goes down to fundamentals that make success.

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Seems as if he just doesn't know the others are there at all!

Unconsciously, perhaps, he has learned that the airy Sealpax fabric, cut unusually wide and roomy, keeps him *cooler!* The webbed shoulder, triple webbed waist, double-crotch—keep him *more comfortable!*

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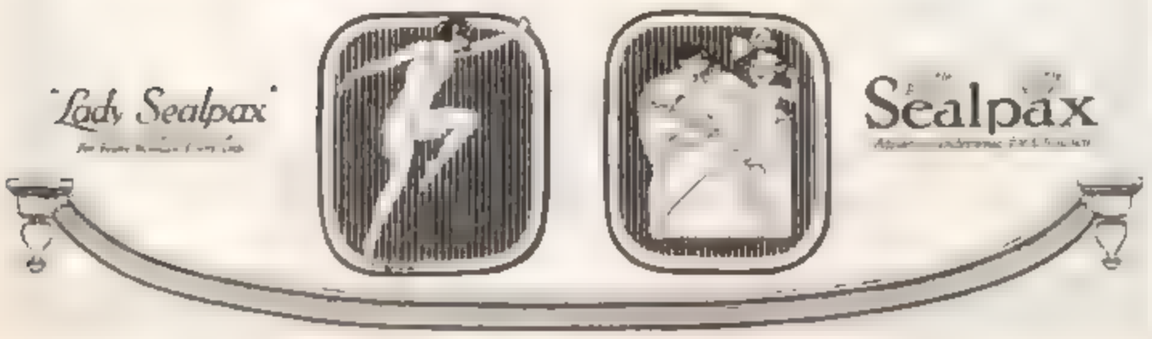

Mary went straight in to see Jake Steinberg, who was in dark-visaged conference with Ethel Siren over her wardrobe for her part.

"I have selected Prudence Joy for the second lead in my picture," she announced, paying no attention to Ethel. "Please see that she gets her contract at once," and out she stalked; whereon Ethel Siren rose dramatically.

"Look here, Jake, are you going to sign up that blonde to play in scenes with me?"

Jake Steinberg rose menacingly, his dark visage turning darker.

"I'm going to do as I please!" he answered. "If I get you set it's good business to give Mary Byrd a concession. Moreover, Prudence Joy can play the part to the queen's taste, and you know it. I didn't think she'd play second to you."

"It's the sympathetic part. If she walks on that set, Jake Steinberg, I'll gyp her scenes!"

"You try any monkey business around here and I'll bat your head off!"

"You poor big imitation!" Ethel scornfully told him. "You're a big bluff!"

Jake raised his two hands and gasped for want of words to express his intense exasperation; then suddenly he laughed.

"You little devil!" he said, thus putting his O. K. on another bit of the discord which makes pictures what they are. "What do you want?"

This last was to Izzy in the doorway, a telegram in his hand, and the boy was fairly breathless with agitation.

"Say, Jake, here's a telegram for you from Mr. Schusshel, an' the old cluck's just got one at the same time, an' she's gone down to Finkle, Fenstein & Flackman's with her'n."

Jake laughed as he read his telegram.

"Listen to this wise repeater from the old boy, Ethel:

> Miss Byrd is to have complete supervision of Wondrous Sin, strictly within the scope of her contract. Am wiring this at her request and am confirming her status to her as above.
>
> DAVID SCHUSSHEL.

"Sure, I was there when Lipsheim and Mr. Schusshel and Andy framed that contract," grinned Izzy. "They put in a clause to make her so mad that when they took that one out she forgot to look close at the rest of it; and now you got the veto. You can't tell her what she must do, only what she mustn't do. Say, Jake, that means nothin' but fights."

"You said it!" observed Ethel, highly pleased.

"I don't get a laugh out of it," and Steinberg began breaking the burnt matches in his ash tray, one by one.

"Say, Jake, looky!" There was sudden eagerness in Izzy's voice, and the light of sudden inspiration in his dark brown eyes as he saw a way to kill two birds with one stone. "Say, Jake, if I figure out a way to keep this old party too busy to raise trouble all the time, can I stick with Mr. Thayer on the picture?"

"Go to it! I'd be glad to get rid of you."

So it was that when Mary Byrd came back from Finkle, Fenstein & Flackman's, in possession of the deadly legal truth, fire in her eyes and the skin on her incisive jawbone stretched so tightly that there was a glistening little line of high light all around it, she was delayed in her intended battle with Jake Steinberg by the casting director. He led her into his office where were gathered a score of the society young men she would need in her London drawing-room scene; tall, sleek-haired, slim-waisted young dancing boys, with the curve of youth still on their lips and the pink of youth still in their smooth cheeks and the wisdom of a decadent world in their youthful eyes. Correctly dressed for the afternoon were all these he flappers, and Mary Byrd cast half a dozen of the most attractive of them immediately.

"You dear boys must come to dinner with me!" she exclaimed.

Hot dog! As Mary Byrd fluttered out to her car with her dear boys, she passed right by the flat-stomached, gangle-shanked Isidor Iskovitch with only a guy nod; and her ex-sweet child felt like a man again.

v

THE Tudor drawing-rooms stretched into a beautiful tall perspective, somber, dignified, artistic. Lords and ladies in brave attire waited out there in the dusky dimness beneath the high rafters, ready to be told to stand here and move there, to smile now and bow then, and to get back in your place, please, you were told not to step away from the fireplace. The eminent authoress, clad today in deeply yearning scarlet, sat on a canvas camp chair at the entrance of the great hall, surrounded by her coterie of devoted he flappers, but alertly ready to supervise at the slightest provocation; for the epoch-making moment had arrived. At last, after three weeks of nerve-racking, bitterly battled preparation, they were ready to begin shooting the picture without stupidity. Then suddenly a passionate voice broke out of the bustle:

"I thought this set was ready! Where are the lights?"

It was Rawlins Thayer, speaking through his teeth as he scowled up aloft.

"Go to it, friend!" encouraged Tommy, the camera man, a little, broad-faced fellow who shifted the visor of his cap from his forehead to the back of his neck, and vice versa, oftener than any other camera man in the business. "The last picture I made on this lot I carried a plumber's candle with me to help out, but it's all burned up. Say, Jim, have you got a couple of headlights you can spare off your automobile? Mr Thayer's decided not to shoot this for a dark scene."

Jim, the electrician in charge of this set, slouched over with an aggressive swing of his shoulders.

"You oughtta know you can't pour enough light on those dark walls to make it look like an August wheat field," he gruffly argued, refusing to glance up at the paucity of overheads, for he knew that they were totally inadequate to illumine this big somber set for the long shots. "These very lights you got light up the set you wouldn't have like a Christmas tree."

"What is wrong?" inquired the supervisor, bustling in immediately to pour her oil on the burning waters.

"Lights," said Thayer shortly.

He was already leafing over his script, and Jim turned to the woman in scarlet with a confidence which deceived no one.

"Wait till I kick 'em on. You'll find they're not so worse."

"Certainly, kick 'em on, Jim," and Tommy booted a cable out of his way. "Kick 'em on and I'll hold a match so we can find 'em."

Jim kicked 'em on, and sent the monkeys up on top of the set to handle the two spots so that this company should have all that was coming to it; and Tommy, surveying that vast, feebly lit dimness, snorted in high derision, "Well, what's the matter? Ain't the juice on?"

"Say, I don't know what kind of a picture the M. P. C.'s gonna get with a blind camera man," was the best Jim could do by way of come-back; and at that moment the drama shifted to Mary Byrd, who stood with her incisive countenance sharpened to a keen cutting edge, and her small green-gray eyes steely.

"Walk off the set, Mr. Thayer! Dismiss the company! Don't shoot a scene until they supply enough lights!"

"Please, Miss Byrd," said Thayer patiently, for with this very first hitch he foresaw that he would need more patience than art. "We have a two-thousand-dollar overhead today, and we'll need two thousand dollars before we finish this picture. Tommy, we'll set up for the medium-short scenes over in the corner by the big clock. Mr. Abbot, please get your people for Scenes 38 to 42, 51 to 64, 75, 77, and 81, 2 and 3."

"Yes, sir," and Thayer's brisk young assistant director was gone, while Thayer hurried across the big drawing-room to the corner by the clock, followed by Tommy with his camera over his shoulder. Mary Byrd compressed her lips and revolved a weighty question in her mind: Was she supervisor or was she not?

"I think we'll set her up about here," judged the director, tapping his foot on the floor; and Tommy, standing on the spot, stuck the tips of his thumbs together and made a frame of his hands through which he looked briefly.

"You get the couch, the full of the table and the clock. Do you want that white statuette in?"

"No!" yelled Thayer, glaring at the thing with aversion. "Where did that come from? It wasn't here last night. Get it off the set!"

"Off the lot for me," agreed the photographer. "You wouldn't be able to see anything else in this scene. Hey, Props, come and toss Venus in the alley!"

(Continued on Page 88)

The Three Ways Money Comes

MONEY isn't the greatest thing in the world; but since it is the universal medium of exchange, it is an index of a man's worth on the job—the evaluation of his success in the eyes of the world.

There are three major ways in which a man can get money—

If you are born with genius—a natural talent for rendering an unusual service of one kind or another—recognition and reward, bar accidents, are easily won. That's the *first* way.

Again, through the inheritance of wealth or influential family connections, money may come. That's the *second*—the least desirable way.

But we can't all have the overtowering genius of men like Edison or Carnegie, or gain wealth and influence by inheritance.

So—for the average man, success—money—influence—become available through only one channel.

This—the *third* way—is based upon the fact that modern business, broadly speaking, is founded upon the buying and selling of Services. And the amount of money a man receives is a measure of the degree of Intelligence of the Service he renders.

This applies to every man everywhere—to the President of the great corporation, its humblest employee and every soul between

So the third way money comes lies through increasing the capacity to render Intelligent Service. Those two words, "Intelligent Service," are the passport—the master key to quick and permanent success

Service is all you have to sell—the only thing any man, business or professional, has to offer other men.

And the more *Intelligence* behind your Service, the greater its value and the more you will receive for the hours you have to sell.

The ability to render Intelligent Service is born of but one thing—*knowledge*.

Naturally you can't sell something you don't possess. You can't render Intelligent Service in business unless your decisions and actions are the result of sound, well grounded business knowledge.

And the first step toward earning more lies through learning more.

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Each year a student body, outnumbering many times the total classes of the greatest resident universities, enrolls with LaSalle. Each individual student has the definite purpose of increasing his capacity to render Intelligent Service, thereby raising the value of the time he has to sell—both to self and employer.

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(Continued from Page 86)

Props came running, a gray-haired man, pleasant, polite and earnest, and darted away with the statuette under his arm.

"I think we'll play this for contrast, Tommy; good strong lightings on our people, and keep it off the walls. And suppose we shift the set-up so we get that plain background without any of the decorative border, except just at the edge.

"We'll get along fine," judged Tommy, turning his visor to the back of his neck. "Say, Jim, bring 'em over! Gimme those two spots, right up here and here, so I get a cross light."

"And, Jim"—Thayer turned on the electrician quietly and dispassionately—"I think you quite understand that I'm shooting these scenes in order not to stand idle while you're getting me just three times as many lamps overhead as I now have. Also, twice as many banks and floods behind the openings. If you get them in a hurry I'll be through with the long shots today. If you don't I'll have to use those extra lights all day tomorrow."

"I'll have to take it up with Hodges," growled Jim.

"Take it up with Will Hays if you like—just so you get the lights," and Thayer turned sharply to his script, while a gangling figure darted out of the shadows at the side of the set and went streaking across the lot to Bert Hodges' office. It was Izzy Iskovitch, and in five minutes he had Bert down on Stage Five urging Creiker to finish with his overheads. Bert was satisfied. He had shown 'em how much more expensive it was to light this new set than his pet drawing-room suite.

All was ready in the corner by the clock. A space twenty feet square was hemmed in by blue-vapor tubes and hissing twins and floods, the camera was set and a dozen players were ready to step in—but where was the leading lady?

Oh, here she was, coming across the floor at great leisure in her street attire, the one truly unflurried person in that vast stage! It was Ethel Siren, who had secured her job when Mary secured the Tudor set; and she wore a wonderful new sable neck piece on her new white broadcloth tailleur.

The director bit his lip, as a man with such burning eyes had need to do occasionally in a business the working details of which are so constantly so fervid, and considered how best to handle his tardy player; but the supervisor was hampered by no such flaccid calculations.

"Don't you know that the call was for 8:30?" she demanded. "You do know, for I heard Mr. Abbot notify you!"

"Oh, yes," rejoined Ethel nonchalantly. "Yes, I was here at 8:30; but I was told that the long shots would be made first, and I'm not in those, so I couldn't be used until noon."

"'Made up 8:30,' were Mr. Abbot's instructions!" fairly hissed the supervisor. "You procured your position by favoritism, Miss Siren, but you will maintain it by work!"

"All right!" Ethel's black eyes were full of lightnings and she swung her hand to her hip. "If you want to call names, come on, let's start, you giddy old ——"

But at that tense moment Rawlins Thayer jumped between, grabbed Ethel's arm, twirled her out of the scene, away from the pleased onlookers, and appealed to her professional ethics.

"That's out," he said. "We've a hundred extras at work today. Come on and help. How long will it take you to make up?"

"About an hour and a quarter," returned the young lady placidly. "I have to have my hair done in that funny way Miss Byrd wants; and if I can't make it becoming this time I won't wear it that way."

"If it isn't becoming we don't want you to." Thayer noticed Prudence Joy near one of the entrances, and walked Ethel in that direction with a friendly clasp on her elbow. "Make it snappy, won't you?" He released Ethel's arm as they neared the opening. "Miss Joy, I think we'll take your scenes at the foot of the stairway. I'll have plenty of time for your close-ups, and can study the best lightings for you."

Ethel Siren's black eyes glinted; but she left the set—and she hurried. Simultaneously a gangling figure darted out of the shadows at the side of the set and went streaking across the lot to Jake Steinberg's office. It was Izzy Iskovitch, and he burst in on the busy general manager with:

"Say, Jake, Ethel's crabbin' the show! She just now came on the set not made up, an' has a run-in with the cluck an' Thayer hadda split 'em out!"

"Where is she?" and Jake stamped out his cigar viciously.

"Gone to her dressin' room."

"Tell Thayer she'll be there when he wants her," said Jake, and strode out.

In the studio the tubes and arcs were once more dragged across the floor, and were hemmed now about the corner by the grand staircase; and at last the camera no longer pointed at an empty field, for Prudence Joy, an eager and an ambitious little trouper, was there to do her patient best. She'd read her scenes, she'd absorbed the character and she was living the part, a modest little thing with great innocent eyes which suspected no wrong, even in the most obvious of situations; and she went through her brief rehearsal with a neatness and dispatch which won the heart of her director—but not of the supervisor.

"Not what I want," quoth Miss Byrd. "As she comes down the stairs and meets Count D'Avo there should be a demure little uplift of the eye, a trace of a sparkle, a saucy little smile, and then shy demureness."

"I see," and Thayer exerted that suppression which always corroded him inwardly. "I thought this girl was straight."

"She is," responded the authoress tartly. "She can sparkle, though, can't she? She is straight from choice, not from stupidity."

The other principals surged into closer earshot, with the assistant director, the camera man, the assistant camera man, the property man, the assistant property man, two electricians, Bert Hodges, Bill Morgan and a few mere loafers all hanging on each syllable with the avidity peculiar to the gossips on a motion-picture lot, and Thayer forbore saying certain things he would have liked very much to say.

"I'll try it. Now, Miss Joy, we'll rehearse it with this motivation."

He explained it to Prudence carefully and rehearsed her painstakingly.

"Not the thing I meant," declared Mary emphatically. "Understand, this girl is a live human being. She is straight; but from the spice of the devil in her eyes Count D'Avo thinks she is not."

"So will the people who see the picture! You cannot do it, Miss Byrd! You cannot get over these contradictions of character on the screen in single scenes! This is the first time we see the girl in the picture, and every significant action stamps her at once. It is necessary to the dramatics of your story for this girl to be absolutely straight, yet right at the start you have indications that she's flirty and knows a few things she won't tell; and it will take the rest of your picture to correct that impression. The only thing you should stamp here is purity."

"Damn!" said Mary. "I'll rehearse this scene!"

Then began the tragedy and the comedy and the folly of so-called supervision, for by the time Mary Byrd was through explaining the complex character of the gatekeeper's daughter which Prudence Joy was to interpret into this simple little scene, the girl didn't know anything, but turned appealing glances to Thayer. The other principals, in the background, began to look worried, and the verve oozed out of them; for, after all, unless they are very big players in a compelling position, they are helplessly at the mercy of direction; and if the direction is confused, nothing but confusion can result. Over and over, Prudence, now at the direction of Mary and now at the direction of Thayer, who tried earnestly to interpret his supervisor, went up six steps and came down six steps, lifted her eyes demurely to Count D'Avo as a nice girl should, put a glint and a sparkle and a sidelong lingering in her eyes as a nice girl should not; then went up six steps and did it over again.

Time flew and dragged—both at once. Ethel Siren was on the sidelines, made up for her part, and not a crank had been turned. In desperation Thayer called Mary Byrd to one side. The vitriol was floating his Adam's apple by now; but he must make a creditable picture out of this, as the worried eyes of Izzy reminded him from just back of the camera.

"Well, Miss Byrd, you see yourself that it is an unmistakable flirtation, don't you? How shall we shoot the scene?"

"Oh, play the poor girl pure and pallid!" Mary went back to her dear boys for consolation, leaving her director flat, cold and without benefit of supervision.

Too late. Prudence Joy, having been drilled for an hour and a half to throw a

flirtatious note into her modesty, could not entirely drop the devilish little uptilt of the eye which came normally to her anyhow; the enticing little smile, the demure, sidelong down glance; so, sweltering in the fiercely hot and blinding lights which surrounded her, and smarting under the sneer of Ethel Siren, Prue went patiently up and down her six steps for another eternity, until Thayer, in desperation, shot the scene to relieve the poor girl of her misery, planning distressingly on a retake of his very first work as soon as they would be fairly started; and so is the virile drama of the pictures constructed.

"Now, Miss Joy," said he, with a great deal of sympathy, "we'll go into the next episode, where you meet your benefactress after the tragedy. Do you think you can cry?"

"Oh, my heavens, lead me to it!" laughed Prue. "I could do the best job of weeping I ever did in my career!" And suddenly her eyelids began to quiver and her lips to tremble. It was real emotion this time, dragged out of a tortured soul and body, and back in the shadows a tear was in the eye of Izzy.

"Hold it, Miss Joy!" begged Thayer. "Come in quickly, Lady Lei'ster!"

But it was too late again. Prudence was not supposed to be weeping at the opening of the scene. She was in a condition too moist for grease paint, and was sent to her dressing room to restore her make-up.

Across the set again with the lights; and Ethel Siren, cool and prim and with an expression like a cat licking cream after her lovely battle with Jake Steinberg and the pleasant entertainment of the blonde's misfortune, was the queen of the May. She knew exactly where she should stand and how she should turn and what emotions she should portray, without being told; for was she not Lady Clare? And as for a peppy love scene, just leave it to Ethel!

A strident voice was suddenly in Thayer's ear, a scarlet presence by his side.

"Where in my book or in my script do you find warrant for such a revolting interpretation? Even in her decadence, Lady Clare is not vulgar. She is high-bred through it all, not a common guttersnipe!"

"Please, Miss Byrd!" warned the director, but he was too late. Ethel's quick ear had caught the sibilant damning of her art and her character, and her fist was on her hip.

"Well, hear the old cuckoo strike twelve!" she exclaimed, while the entire strength of the company surged in, some snickering and some gasping; and Ethel Siren took a good deep breath. "Say, Mary Byrd, I may not be as well posted as some on the indecencies of the nobility; but if they've got anything that hasn't been expected in Hollywood, I'll bet my salary we'll have the epidemic before you get away!"

She got no further, because Jake Steinberg had her by the shoulders and shook her until her hairpins fell out, and Thayer had Mary Byrd backed up in a corner in a screaming hysteria.

"I've stood all I'm going to stand!" he told his eminent supervisor between his teeth, and a great weight lifted from his chest as he loosed the vitriol which was corroding his interior. "You've made existence one continuous humiliating hell from the minute I signed up with you, and now I'm a free man! I quit! Here's your script! Direct your own picture!"

Mary stared in fascination into those deep burning eyes, and the tension in her incisive features began to relax. It was at that moment that a gangling figure darted from the shadows quite near by, and rushing to Tommy, the camera man, said something quick, excited, breathless.

"Several cheers," observed Tommy, and twisting the visor of his cap sidewise he shouted, "Kick 'em on Jim! Let's see if we can find the dear old homestead."

An instant later the huge Tudor set was illuminated by a dazzling flood of overheads which would cost a pretty penny when the bills came in; but just now it was worth the expense, for Mary Byrd, looking down the long perspective, gasped and her steel gray eyes softened.

"Isn't it beautiful, Mr. Thayer? I suppose you'll go right ahead with the long shots next."

Thayer turned to her slowly and sternly.

"Miss Byrd, I will not have any further interference on the set, nor will I have the morale of my company broken up. Whatever instructions you may have for me must be in consultation away from the camera." He raised his voice. "Mr. Abbot, get your company together, please, for the long shots; and make it snappy!"

Oh, sweet, sweet dove of peace! For a few brief sequences it fluttered among the dim rafters over the impressive Tudor halls; then suddenly its coo turned to a hiss and it developed rattles on its tail. Thayer, brought to his senses by Izzy, resigned no more; but expended his nerves, as they moved from set to location and from location to set, in looking for the worst. It happened in the South Sea Islands—on a beach some twenty miles from Los Angeles—where Ethel Siren, long studious of how she could best sink a shining blade into the vitals of Mary Byrd's Wondrous Sin, acquired a totally unexpected prudery. She positively refused to have the poison thorn, which was the real plot of Mary Byrd's book, stuck into her knee. The ankle was the best she would do. She was a lady, not a common guttersnipe!

Then, indeed, sulphur burned and pitch flew, and for half an hour the authoress and the leading lady shrilled their vituperative compliments at each other; then the leading lady popped into her limousine and, leaving the picture helpless, drove home to give Jake Steinberg the worst hour of his life—up to then.

Tense silence settled on the South Sea Islands. The seven withered palms which were stuck in the sand to represent dense tropical vegetation stood stiff and stark, without a rustle of their desiccated leaves; under a flat sky lay the vast inertia of the glazed Pacific, not a wrinkle on its bosom; down back of the foreground hut the bloodthirsty natives, with their faces chalked in the proper circles and patches, harmonized in their soft South Sea Island voices about Lucky and Mobile and Cawn Pone Hot in Mammy's Pan; but that only added to the desolation.

"Say, Miss Byrd, can I speak to you private?"

Mary, sitting in her limousine, which was sunk to the hubs in the infernal sand, wiped her eyes and her red, red nose.

"Why, here's my sweet child come back to me," she sniffled.

Izzy Iskovitch gangled in. She seized his hand and held it and turned to him a countenance which pleaded piteously for tender sympathy. But what she got was a crisply cold, businesslike voice.

"Say, Miss Byrd, I gotta idea about your picture." He twisted himself so that he could be less aware of the strain on his arm. "Couldn't you change it to make Prudence Joy the one that gets the thorn in her knee an' has the big scene in the hut an' marries Count D'Avo?"

Mary surveyed the eager-eyed Izzy in amazement, then she looked out across the glazed Pacific; and lo, there was a ripple on its bosom, and in the desiccated leaves of the seven palms there was a rustling. Presently the clasp on Izzy's hand relaxed, a smile sat on Miss Byrd's lips and pleasantness beamed in her eye.

"Why, that would throw the entire lead to Miss Joy!" she fairly purred. "You dear child!" And clutching her bony arms around Izzy impulsively, though he battled with a desperation born of mortal terror, she kissed him!

VI

LOUD screams came suddenly from the office of the general manager of the M. P. C.; a woman's screams. There were the sounds of a mighty struggle in that room, and in the outer office cheeks blanched and hearts stood still. One intrepid man in a flannel shirt which made of him a hero rushed to the door, but it was locked.

"Jake!" he called. "Let me in!" and he shook the door handle.

No response, except that the screams redoubled. Izzy Iskovitch, running to the spot to find out what was the matter, immediately ran out again and around the corner of the building, followed by the breathless auditors.

They looked into the windows of Jake Steinberg's office. Jake, so black of visage that his teeth and eyeballs seemed startlingly white, was sitting stolidly at his desk with his arms folded, while Ethel Siren, not a hair of her elaborately coifed head out of place, was storming around the room, overturning chairs and throwing ash trays and other bric-a-brac, and shrieking frantically. The general manager, seeing the cluster gathering outside, rose, walked to the window and threw it open.

(Continued on Page 93)

A view up Broad Street, Philadelphia. In the background is shown the City Hall, a noted architectural masterpiece.

Who Smokes Cinco?

Survey No. 18, Philadelphia. A section of the Cinco National Census. Male population 573,077. Cinco sales over 31,733,000 per year. 8,165 stores distribute Cinco, Philadelphia's favorite cigar.

In its own home town

Cinco leads, as everywhere

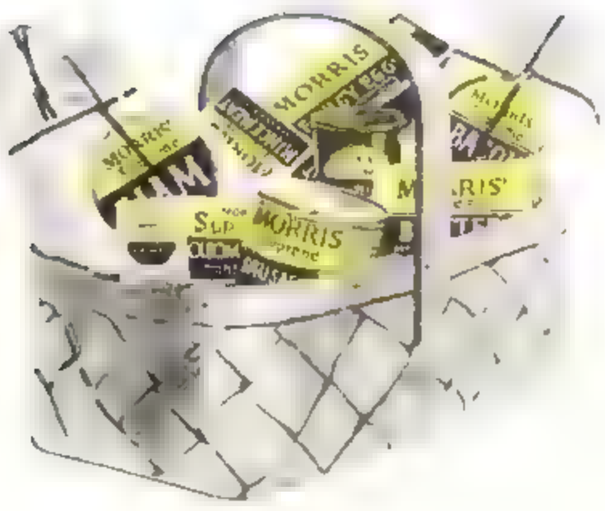
PHILADELPHIA is nearly a "one-cigar" city, for its chief allegiance is to Cinco, its own cigar, made here for many generations. Philadelphia men were first to smoke Cinco and for years Philadelphia has ranked first in Cinco sales. Now we make nearly a million a day to satisfy a nation of critical smokers, for in one city after another Cinco has become first choice.

The latest: A Cinco Pocket Pack of ten, triply wrapped to keep the goodness in and for freshness sake, 75c. For sale everywhere.

"STICK TO CINCO — PLAY SAFE"

CINCO

Made by Otto Eisenlohr & Bros. Inc. Philadelphia Established 1850



MO

When you eat Supreme Boiled Ham you'll experience all the pleasure that tenderness and sweet mild flavor can give.

Our exclusive vapor-cooking process retains all the delicious natural juices of the meat, and insures tender smoothness.

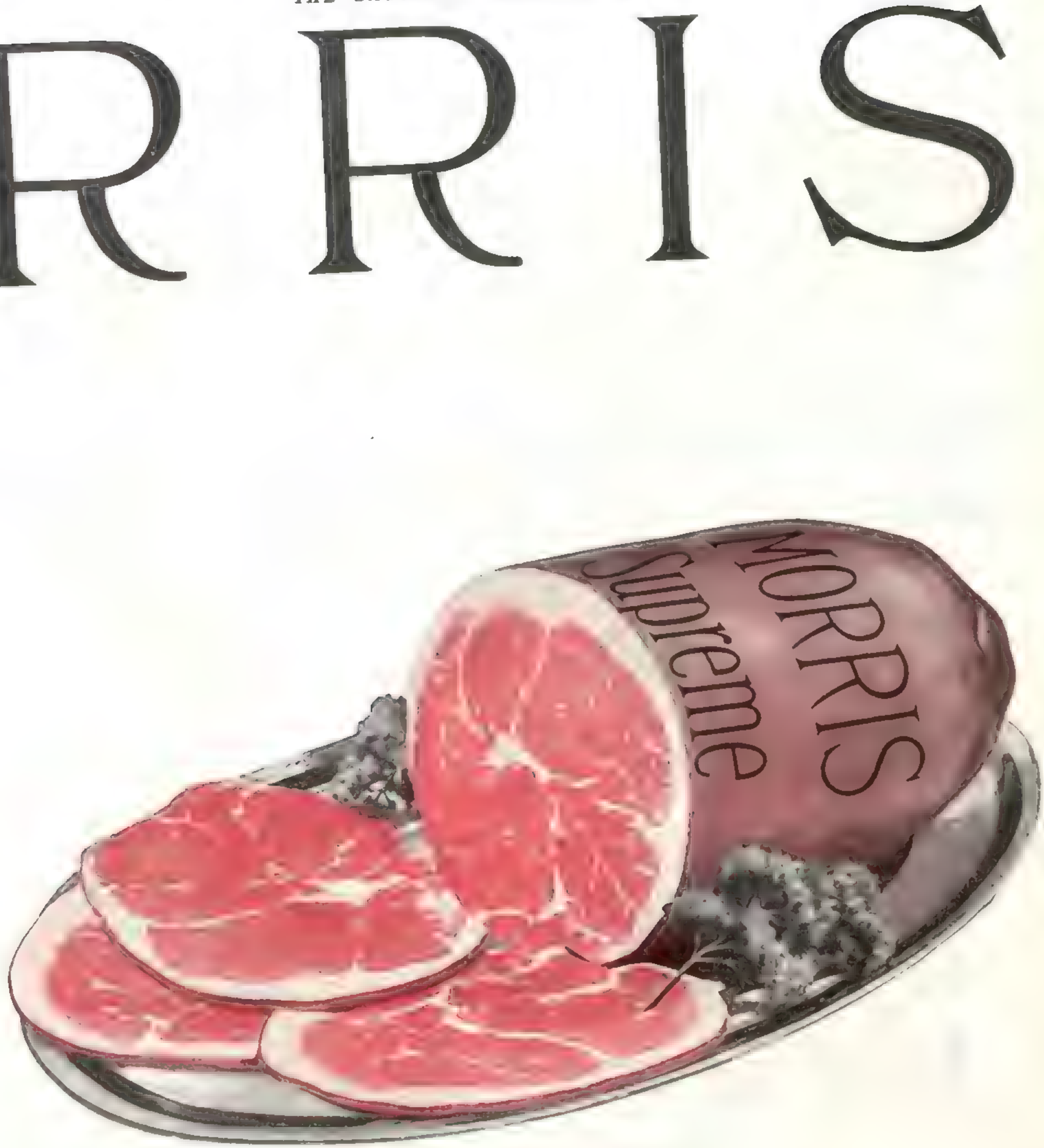
And you use *all* of it—a real economy. Like every product bearing the yellow and black label it's a supreme achievement.

MORRIS & COMPANY

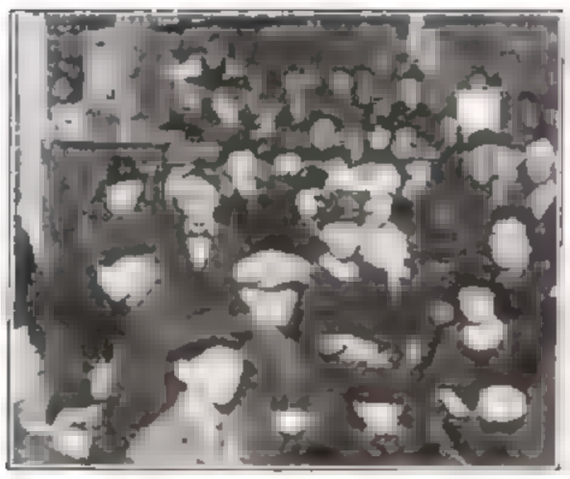
Packers and Provisioners

Both round and square pressed

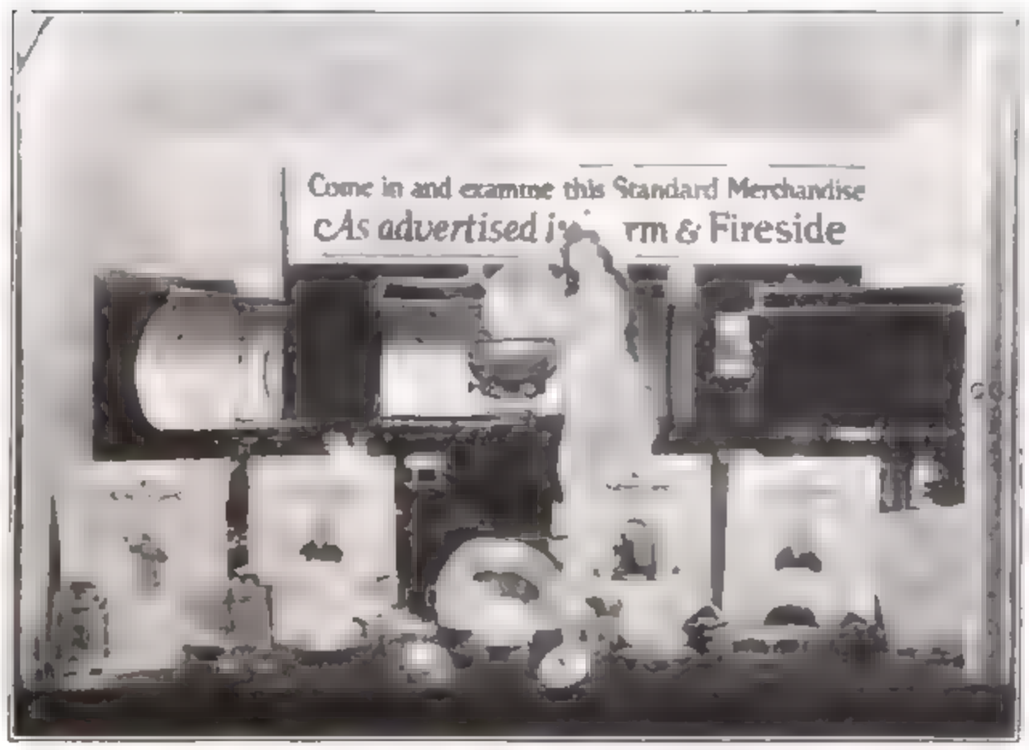
MORRIS



have the Supreme flavor



Many customers, many sales, resulted from the showing of Farm & Fireside-advertised products



This is one of the window displays used by the Ice Hardware Company, Newcastle, Indiana, to tie their store to the products advertised in Farm & Fireside

L. L. Ice (right) and D. C. Ice (left), proprietors of the Ice Hardware Company

85% of our sales this week were products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE *reports the* Ice Hardware Company, *Newcastle, Indiana*

How one progressive store learned at first hand the value of Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine, in increasing LOCAL farm trade.

LIKE other merchants throughout the country, we have been reading your advertisements showing how stores have increased their sales by featuring and displaying the products advertised in Farm & Fireside," writes the Ice Hardware Company of Newcastle, Ind.

"We decided to try the plan in our store, although we were perhaps a little doubtful as to the results. Accordingly, we made up a window display and a store display of the products advertised in Farm & Fireside which we sell, and advertised this display in our local newspapers

"We are no longer doubtful as to the influence of Farm & Fireside, and the buying power of its subscribers, in this community.

Display makes sales of $3,392.10

"During a single week in April—and this not a particularly good trading week, either, because the weather was perfect and farmers were busy in the fields—our sales on these Farm & Fireside-advertised products alone amounted to $3,392.10, or 85% of our total week's business. Sales for the week were 20% greater than the week before, and 113% greater than the corresponding week last year.

"Of course we would have sold merchandise without the Farm & Fireside display. But we know that the display speeded up buying—it told people that we carried these products which they had read about in Farm & Fireside:

"American Fence, Bean Spray Pumps, Champion Spark Plugs, Cleveland Metal Products, De Laval Cream Separators, Dietz Lanterns, Eveready Flashlights, Gillette Razors, International Implements and Tractors, O'Cedar Mops and Polish, Planet Jr. Implements, Stewart Auto Accessories, Viko Aluminum Utensils.

How customers responded

"A number of farm people told us that they read Farm & Fireside every month. Some of them seemed to show a better appreciation of our store because we featured nationally-advertised merchandise. Several people remarked that they had read the advertising of various products in Farm & Fireside, but did not know that we carried the products.

"You may say for us that we believe in Farm & Fireside advertising—we know that it is an important factor in this community. And we are going to have more of these Farm & Fireside displays—because we know that they increase sales and profits for us."

An opportunity for you

The opportunity which the Ice Hardware Company utilized so profitably exists for every merchant. In every community there are one hundred, two hundred, as many as one thousand or more families in the better farming regions, who are readers of Farm & Fireside—who look to its editorial pages for instruction and inspiration in the business of farming, who rely upon its advertising pages for information and advice regarding the merchandise which will give them the utmost in utility and value.

The manufacturers whose products are listed below are investing in advertising in Farm & Fireside to make it easier for you to sell these products.

It only remains for you, through the medium of window displays, store displays, local newspaper advertising and personal selling, to tell these prosperous farm families that you sell the products advertised in Farm & Fireside. When you do this, increased sales will follow just as certainly as day follows night.

Send for display material

If you would like to try the plan which the Ice Hardware Company used, we will gladly help you. Just write us, "How may we put on a Farm & Fireside display," and name the products in the list below which you carry, and we will send you display material and suggestions. Please write to Retail Sales Director, Suite 1A, at address below.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Advance Cork Insert Brake Lining
Agricultural Gypsum
American Fence
American Pad & Textile Company
American Radiator Company
American Telephone & Telegraph Co
Anthony Fence
Bean Spray Pumps
Black Flag Insect Powder
Brown's Beach Jacket
Burpee's Seeds
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
C. B. & Q. R. R. Company
Certo (Surnell)
Chandler Motor Cars
Chesebrough Vaseline Products
Chevrolet Cars
Clark Grave Vaults
Clark's O N T Crochet Cotton
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Diamond Tires
Dietz Lanterns
Douglas, W. L., Shoes
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
Duro Residence Water Systems
Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Essex Cars
Freesone
General Motors Corporation
Gibson Musical Instruments
Glastenbury Underwear
Goodrich Tires
Great Northern Ry.
Gruen Guild Watches
Hansen's Dairy Preparations
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hudson Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Mellin's Food
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
National Electric Light Assn.
Northern Pacific Ry.
O'Cedar Polish
Oliver Oil-Gas Burners
Overland Cars
Papec Ensilage Cutters
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Perfection Oil Heater
Pillsbury's Flour
Planet Jr. Implements
Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products
President Suspenders
Rat Nip
Reo Cars
Royal Fence
Sapolio
Sealed Solid Buttermilk
Shaler's Vulcanizer
Smith & Barnes and Strohber Pianos and Player Pianos
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
Stewart Warner Speedometer Corporation
Stewart Custom Built Auto Accessories
Swift's Products
Vassar Underwear
Willys-Overland, Inc.
Wright's Blue Fold Tape

(Continued from Page 89)

"Hello, Creiker," he said. "Were you waiting to see me?"

"Yes." The grizzled director grinned in at the subsiding virago, and then tried to look as if he hadn't. "Do I have to keep this big stiff Clifford Strong, or do I take over Hartley Danforth?"

"Danforth. His next script's all ready. Here it is." He reached back to his desk for it and handed it out. "What's your trouble, Benson?" and, finishing with the group, he ordered Izzy to bring him a couple of sandwiches and some cigars, closed the window, unlocked the door and sat at his desk.

"Now I'll begin where you made me leave off," he observed with grim decisiveness, "and if you start another ballyhoo I'll open the door and beat you up, with witnesses." He paused to give her a chance; but Ethel, studying him carefully, decided that he might possibly do it, for she had never goaded him quite so far; so she changed her tactics and began to sniffle; and Jake went on: "As I was about to state, this is the last picture you'll ever do on this lot. Now keep your trap shut, you!"

"But, Jake," she whimpered, "since they came back from location she's written me out of the picture, except for a few cheap scenes where I say howdy do and have some tea."

"Serves you right!" yelled Jake, his temper rising as hers abated. "I won't open my mouth to help you out of that. I got no use for anybody that walks off a set or quits any kind of a job with an unfinished responsibility, no matter what has happened. See? I'm through! And if you don't go back and finish these scenes that are laid out for you, I wouldn't give you a nickel for all the salary you'll earn in the next two years."

Ethel stopped sniffling and began to cogitate. For once the temperament which had proved so effective with Jake had miscarried. She began to express deep contrition in her mobile young countenance, then edged over close and said in her most wheedling tones:

"All right, big boy. I'll be good. Suppose I do go back on the set and finish out pretty, then what'll you do?"

"Nothing!" snapped Jake, edging away from her; and that was the sign of his weakening.

It took her five minutes to melt him, but she could not melt him far enough to promise that she could work again on the M. P. C. lot, for he was a man who had other fighting outlets than her for his office-hour energies.

"No, chicky, it's all fixed, and you can take your tortoise-shell toilet set out of Dressing-room 32. I think I've got you sawed off on the Pinnacle."

"You want to get rid of me!" wailed Ethel, genuinely this time. "Aw, Jake!"

"No, I just want to get you off the lot," he said. "It's either you or my job. But listen! If I can get you on the Pinnacle lot, you know what Granville Leroy can do for you. He owns stock in the company and pulls anything he pleases, and any picture he directs they put a minimum quota of four hundred thousand on it and ship it direct to their first-run houses."

"Will he give me leads?" inquired Ethel, a catch in her voice but the light of anticipation in her hard black eyes.

"You don't think I'd make a piker of you, do you?" and Jake was sternly reproachful. "Why, your very first part, if I can sell you to Leroy, is the vamp ballet dancer in Henri Fouchot's The Dancing Teacher."

Izzy, coming in at the door, nearly dropped his sandwiches. Any time he heard or saw the word "ballet" he had a palpitation of the heart, running into at least five figures. And it was putting a crease between his eyes, for Wondrous Sin was a sure flop so far as it concerned the making of a sales value for the director of The Coryphée.

"I'd like to play a ballet-girl part," mused Ethel.

The measure of any man's greatness lies in his ability to grasp an opportunity—and Izzy Iskovitch was right there with an eager clutch.

"Say, Jake, Ethel was fine in the third reel of Happiness at Last, an' her figure looks swell in The Trapeze Girl, an' them close-ups in The Luring Lie—say, they was works o' art!"

"You certainly have guessed 'em!" said Jake, reaching for a cigar and waving the sandwiches toward Ethel. "Suppose you go pick some films out and send 'em over."

"I'll take 'em!" offered Izzy promptly.

So it occurred that the potential magnate sat in a projection room at the Pinnacle studios with the famous director, Granville Leroy, who could make any picture stick because it was sold before it was made, and they viewed Ethel Siren in various moods; but at about a hundred feet into the second reel shown Izzy peered at Leroy, dimly visible in the stray light from the projection booth. He was leaning forward intently, and his cigarette was motionless in his fingers, not in his mouth.

"The bum!" muttered Izzy huskily. "That reel got slipped in by mistake by a bonehead boy. Ethel ain't in it. We'll take it off."

No answer. Leroy's head turned impatiently; he took a whiff of his cigarette and turned back to the picture. Hot dog!

"What is that?" the famous director asked when the reel was finished.

"Oh, it's a dead one," and there was profound negligence in the boy's voice. "One o' these little unknown independents made it with his own money, an' it takes a director with big sales value to put across this high-art stuff, so he couldn't sell it, an' it's in the scrap pile. But say, Mr. Leroy, you oughtta see some o' the rest of it! It's gotta Russian ballet scene with women jumpin' around that's the cat's whiskers, believe me!"

Leroy sat looking at the empty screen and visualizing there the ballet he had planned to put in his adaptation of the French novel, but suddenly a Russian ballet with women jumpin' around seemed more attractive.

"I'd like to see those other reels if you can find them," he presently concluded. He was a man of original ideas, was Leroy, no matter whose.

Three films, the fates of which had been strangely interwoven, proved of more than passing interest that winter.

Wondrous Sin, which had been so brazenly exploited as "a novel transferred directly to the screen under the supervision of the author," was chiefly notable for having the worst garbled story of any picture of the season, a plot which seemed to ramble off into nowhere and to be constantly changing its mind, characters with contradictory motivation, and scenes which were absolutely without conviction. The direction, under Rawlins Thayer, was artistic in spots, but strangely troubled in others; and the production alternated between extravagance and tawdry cheapness. It really seemed that nobody except the title writer and the photographer knew what they were doing, the honors being with the title writer, who had taken the censorship sting out of it, making it the story of a young girl battling for her virtue, a part played wonderfully by Prudence Joy, who thus established herself as the grandest little weeper on the American screen. There was another character, an almost-erring wife given to dangerous flirtations, and played by Ethel Siren, who at the outset threatened to steal the lead from Prudence Joy, but who soon dropped back into pink-tea oblivion. Altogether the production was another of those stupid things which proved that authors have no business in the pictures. Distributed by the M. P. C.

Granville Leroy's masterpiece, The Ballet Master, adapted from Henri Fouchot's The Dancing Teacher, and boldly transferred to a Russian background, was the sensation of the year. With Leroy's usual daring originality, he had employed such uniquely artistic settings and such novel tricks of lighting as to place him in the front rank of creative genius; and his Ballet Russe, headed by the zippy Ethel Siren, was the most astoundingly extravagant assemblage of women ever shown on the screen. Distributed by the Pinnacle.

Rawlins Thayer's The Ballet Dancer, a close interpretation of Balinkoff's tense Russian drama The Coryphée, was clearly an imitation of Leroy's Ballet Master—that is, in its unique art treatment and novel lighting effects—and by many was considered a distinct improvement even on Leroy's masterpiece. Leroy was without question a great leader, but it must be conceded that Rawlins Thayer was a great follower. Distributed by the Excelsior.

"A follower!" hissed Rawlins Thayer between his teeth; and his dark eyes were burning and the vitriol in him was blistering his tongue.

"What you kickin' about?" The potential Isidor Iskovitch, Magnate, wore a

Have you ever tried it this way?

When you do a bee-line from the office to an evening

YOU know, of course, that Listerine has dozens of uses as a safe antiseptic. But do you know of its unusual properties as a safe non-irritating deodorant?

Whenever you don't have time for a tub or a shower, or when these are not accessible, simply try dousing on Listerine. See how cool, refreshed and clean it leaves you feeling.

When you're hot and sticky after summer sports

When there are five hundred members and only four showers

And best of all, Listerine used this way as a deodorant cannot irritate or injure the most delicate skin. Rather, it is soothing, healing and evaporates quickly; and cannot stain garments.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.

The Broiling Sun tries out your Paint

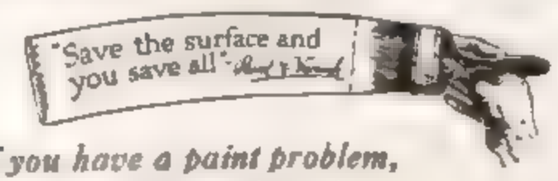
ITS heat blisters cheap paint and exposes the surface to weather wear. Then rot and decay gain a free hand, deterioration sets in and you must repaint or repair—perhaps both.

On the other hand, the surface protected by Patton's Sun-Proof Paint has almost unlimited life. This high-grade, long-wearing paint seals the surface with a non-porous film that is tough and hardy, yet elastic enough to allow for the expansion and contraction caused by weather extremes. That is why it doesn't blister, crack or peel.

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint also covers an unusually large surface per gallon. Remember these points when you decide to paint.

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint is one of the long line of famous products manufactured by the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company—each of which is known for high quality and perfect service. You can find anything you need in the way of glass, paint and varnish among the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company's products. Handled by quality dealers everywhere.

A good brush is needed for a good paint job.



If you have a paint problem, write for "Proof" Booklet.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.
GLASS - Manufacturers - PAINT
Paint and Varnish Factories
Milwaukee, Wis. - Newark, N.J.

cheerful grin that belonged with the thirty-five-thousand-dollar check in his pocket and the corroboration of that judgment which was to make him a great producer. "Say, if Granville Leroy hadn't a-stoled your picture so as to break the exhibitors in to them high-art effects o' yourn, you'd 'a' been followin' in the other direction, broke, in place o' standin' here with money to pay your mother's loan an' make another picture, an' us havin' more to come, fifty-fifty. An' believe me, you bet you my life, our picture, even if it is a imitation, grosses as much as Wondrous Sin, even with all Mary Byrd's sales value!"

Which was strictly true. The public, which hated Mary's inane monstrosity, paid to the exhibitors some seven hundred thousand dollars to see it, and it paid some seven hundred thousand dollars to see Rawlins Thayer's The Ballet Dancer, which it enthusiastically admired.

So what's the use?

Much the same thought was in the mind of the eminent authoress as she visited the New York office of the M. P. C. in final settlement; for she received only one-third as much as the Pinnacle would have paid her for almost as bad a picture, and she would have been spared all the agony.

"Well, Miss Byrd," observed Andy Lochlaren with a dry smile that would have been hilarity in another, "have you discovered how motion pictures can be so unintelligent?"

"Damn!" said Mary Byrd.

Small-Town Stuff

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Setting a Spell

I PRINT a weekly newspaper and have a few friends out in the country who send me items concerning their neighbors. If a farmer loses a hog or buys a piano or paints his barn the event is recorded and immortalized in print. Recently one of my rural correspondents contributed this item: "Mr. and Mrs. Joe Brown and children were at the home of Riley Gwinn to set a spell Tuesday evening."

Perhaps you are not acquainted with the art of setting a spell. It is a pleasure unknown to sophisticated people who live in large towns. When the chores are done and the supper dishes are washed you shovel some ashes over the bed of coals under the backlog, turn down the wick of the lamp, bundle up against the stealthy bite of the frost, and set out along the highway, with the children romping ahead. When you arrive Mrs. Gwinn fetches a broom to sweep the snow from your shoes and ushers you into the living room, where the family is gathered about the fireplace. You are wearing your old clothes and your everyday manners, and the atmosphere is innocent of restraint or pose.

Gwinn throws on an extra log as evidence of his hospitality and everybody settles down to have a good time. The children cluster about the hearth to crack walnuts and laugh shrilly at jests of their own, and you talk in a desultory fashion about trivial matters or sit and listen to the hiss and whine of the fire as it eats into the pitch of knots. There will be a basket of apples, and perhaps a jug of locust and persimmon beer, and along about ten o'clock you will yawn without offense or shame and gather your brood for the return.

People who make living a very troublesome occupation never go a-visiting. They make calls in the afternoon or come at night in response to an invitation, but always they have on their most expensive and most uncomfortable clothes and appear to be on their good behavior. They choose their words a little too carefully and sit a little too straight. They do not relax or feel at home. They seem to drip with a consciousness of being company.

Our young people who come back from college are a little contaminated by alien standards of formality, but they soon outgrow them. When they have a party they do the new dances very nicely, but they have a great deal more fun when their elders are present and the floor is cleared for the old square dances with a fiddle or two in the corner and Uncle Ben calling the dance with rhythmic variations and improvisations of his own.

When I sit at home after supper and hear the welcome scrape of shoes along the walk that leads to the porch I feel no urge to gather up the newspapers that are scattered about my feet, and the fact that the kiddie sits by the fire in her nightie eating a good-night apple causes me no embarrassment. The caller will be a friend, come to set a spell. I will not rise to greet him, and he, seeing me through the glass panels of the door, will not bother to knock. He will talk, perhaps, or get a book from the case and read. If he is hungry he will get an orange from the dining table or prowl about the kitchen and find some bread and a slice of cold meat.

I sometimes fear that the people of the earth are forgetting how to be natural. They are forever putting on airs. They spend their money for clothes and furniture and trinkets they do not need or enjoy, and think thereby to win the commendation of their acquaintances, whereas those whose good opinion they covet would love them more if their personalities were not concealed behind a mass of machine-made properties. The finest people in the world are natural and simple. Those who pose and simper and strut to ape the great, but make themselves ridiculous. The difference between a great actor and an amateur is that the amateur is obviously acting.

Habit

THERE were three Wilson boys—John, Henry and Leonard. All three were smart and well-behaved, as boys go, and all three gave promise of becoming useful citizens.

Leonard, the youngest, was the favorite of his parents and the best loved by the community. He was a pretty boy. He wore curls hanging to his shoulders until his eighth birthday, but those whose locks were shorn did not taunt him, for he could outrun and outthrow and outwrestle boys of his age. His mother petted him and made small effort to conceal the fact that he held first place in her affections, but he remained unselfish and generous, so that, oddly enough, his less fortunate brothers loved him well and did not feel ill used. People of the community were unanimous in the opinion that Leonard would become a great force in the world, and this opinion was so frequently and so frankly expressed that it must have come to the boy's ears, but praise served only to encourage greater virtue. He remained courteous, gracious, even-tempered and unspoiled.

At the age of nine Leonard began the study of music. It was at once apparent that he possessed unusual talent, and the community adjusted itself to the belief that he would become a great pianist.

When John and Henry finished high school they went away to college for a year and then came home to work during the vacation. They did not return to college. The family purse was lean, and they agreed with their mother's opinion that Leonard's greater possibilities required giving him the greater advantages. When they found regular employment and began to make a pool of their earnings to pay the cost of Leonard's training in a school of music the community applauded both their generosity and their business acumen.

The Wilson boys have done well. John is superintendent of a great factory that manufactures harvesting machinery, and Henry is serving his second term in Congress. They are out of touch with the community and are seldom remembered.

Leonard is a little gray about the temples. He teaches music and has an office where he writes fire insurance and prepares deeds and mortgages. He is still unspoiled, still uniformly courteous, still without fault. When there is an entertainment or a public speaking in the school auditorium he furnishes the music and his neighbors who are in the audience applaud generously. They love him, and the older ones among them, who knew him when he wore curls to his shoulders, will say to strangers who happen in town that he is the community's chief pride and is destined to make a great name in the world.

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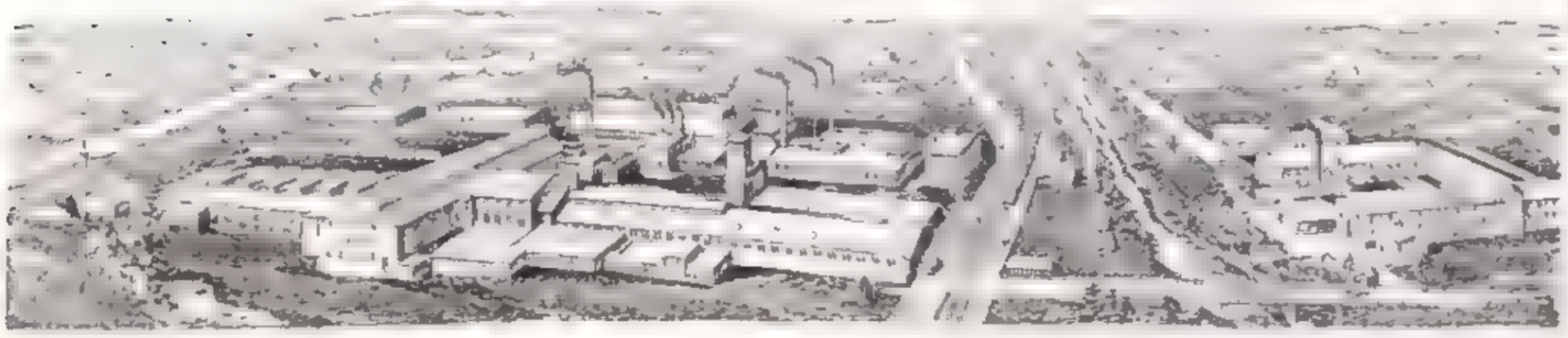

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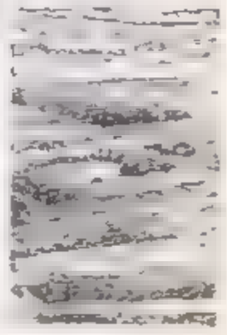

HEAD WINDS

(Continued from Page 36)

Arnold's safety and well-being. It roused him to a beautiful pitch of temper, but he looked straight into her eyes and said deliberately, "That scream you heard came from—from the lascar. He was sleeping in the engine room." Peter went on to add further careful details after a moment's thought. "He had been drinking. Now he is half dead of—of fusel oil and alcohol." It would relieve her mind; but this was what a man could be brought to, by a woman!

Palely cynical was Pat.

"Do East Indians drink intoxicating liquor?"

"That's the point!" He made a great bluster of answering. "And that is the reason why this—this renegade deserves all he is getting."

Peter spoke the last few words with an access of confidence, more convincingly.

"Will he die?" demanded Patricia, her abruptness giving the effect of her being without sympathy or concern. Peter, however, was not to be fooled.

"No," said Peter, "not this time, I believe; we took measures to prevent; but he is a very sick man." And blackening gustily—"Moreover, he is likely to be sicker," promised Peter.

VI

THE day came in mistily. Low-hanging clouds drowned the horizon, a dull sea merged with duller sky. Peter was dispirited, and the day made it worse. He was filled with self-loathing. If she had known just how that dinner and the evening had affected him!

He stood on deck, his shoulders hunched, his eyes reflecting the somber lead color of the rising and falling expanse, which was heaving thick and sluggishly; and he scored Peter Rosslyn. When it came to where an eyelash or a matter of a tan hair or two could take the fight out of a Rosslyn, leaving him more weak-kneed than her supine brothers, then was he untrue to his trust.

Win and Ted counted on his strength to save Patricia from herself, and two days threatened to result in what Ted had long ago prophesied—"She'd have his cave, club and his goat." And sure enough, here they were, in a fair way of returning precisely as they had set out, with Pat again at the mercy of her own disposition and of what Peter could see as an endless array of marriages, though for the present The Rotter was plainly higher in favor than he had ever been.

If The Rotter, the white-livered, fishy-eyed son of a something could stand up to him just once! Luxurious dream, but one manifestly impossible. Peter's hard fists gradually relaxed. There were other ways! Considering the circumstances, there were ways both possible and justifiable. But oh, a sweet job, this!

How little and pitiful she had seemed, though! Why, he had gone soft on account of her again! He had been barely able to hang on to himself. It had taken all the resolution he could muster to laugh, to tell her to believe what she liked, so long as she turned out her light and got some sleep. She hadn't done that, either, of course. He'd seen the light shining under her door until morning.

She was so late for luncheon that he was leaving before she came. She sat down silently, but glowered at him. Exactly! She knew she'd had him the night before, and despised him more than ever for his weakness. He did not blame her; he despised soft men himself; he took off his hat to the two-fisted and the resolute, and so did she.

By way of penance, he backed to the opposite wall, chose a point of view two inches off the starboard line of her profile and lashed these words out of himself: "After this don't be late for chow! It upsets ship routine. Either you eat with me, and do it amiably and courteously, or you go without!"

Score one for him.

She flared about. If she had acted ill used before, now she was in a quiver of affront.

"Am I the only one to be amiable and courteous?" she began softly, but gaining speed, "Am I expected to be coerced, lectured, browbeaten and bullied, and not resent it? Am I to sit opposite as I had to this morning a black-faced, sullen, feelingless jailer, all appetite and no sensibilities, like—like a cormorant?" She had a second thought. "A stuffing cormorant"; seemed charmed with her own indelicacy; lost her fury, and was so plainly on the verge of further improvement that Peter fled.

"My George almighty!" he said, wiping his brow. "Where does she get it?"

It rained all afternoon, but the cabin was snug. Her outburst had cleared the atmosphere. She examined the books, frowned at a shelf of psychologies, floundered among tomes of navigation, ancient and modern; scorned stacks of novels and periodicals, blatantly feminine, pages uncut; and chose for her solitary reading a dog-eared copy of Swiss Family Robinson from a shabby group down in one corner.

There was overmuch food in the book. She grew restless toward six bells and rang for Wah Sai. She would more than likely be very late for dinner; and since she no longer took as idle any threats made by Peter Rosslyn, it was as well to be fortified against contingencies.

Accordingly she had tea. There were interesting almond cakes. She encored the cakes, and Wah Sai, sympathetic over the dainties, scurried off to return with a second plate, lovingly held. A China boy, if little and fat enough, is not alarming. Patricia gave him a smile by way of experiment.

He became amazingly human. Cap'n Losslyn had promised she was to be his missy boss, but this was his first intimation that she was pleased with him. His slanted beads of eyes glistened, became lost in creases. He chuckled fatly, pushed the cakes more easily to her hand, and Patricia suddenly laughed—a little laugh under her breath.

"Man very sick last night, Wah Sai?" she asked softly.

"Velly sick," beamed Wah Sai. "Velly sick now; velly sick all time, I think." He turned quickly toward the galley door. It had clicked shut as if the one who opened it had been halted by their dialogue. Wah Sai became uneasy. "Cook, Li Sing, I think," he said nervously.

"Never mind, listen to me!" And Patricia was so intent that when the door was opened again, though she was facing it, she paid no attention. However, it was opened by a mere crack, and very silently.

"Wah Sai," she was saying, "will you do something for me?"

Wah Sai would, unless he pridefully burst in the process.

"Will you take the sick man a letter, and bring back his answer to me?"

Wah Sai blinked.

"And remember, you are to tell no one! It's to be a lovely surprise for Mr. Rosslyn." It sounded delightful.

"Hai!" Wah Sai chuckled—a play game, then, of the missy boss! He would take a letta, all lite; he would bling a letta, all lite; and missy boss say not tell, he not tell. His ardency and partisanship were certain. He flew for writing materials, and when she had written hastily, and sealed the note in an unaddressed envelope, he concealed it beneath his embroidered jacket and scuttled right out through the galley door—and right into the Captain Boss' hands.

Not even a squeak came out of the waylaid messenger. There was no outlet for a squeak—Peter saw to that; and while he was shaking the missive out of Wah Sai he whispered ferociously, "Now I make a surprise for missy boss! You say one word and I'll break your neck!"

"Yis," agreed Wah Sai obligingly. He needed his neck.

Peter laid the letter in front of Patricia.

"Wah Sai told you?" she asked.

"Certainly not. I took it away from him; I heard you."

"Eavesdropping?"—gently.

"And murder and arson, or anything that's necessary," with his white, wide grin.

"And what are you going to do about it?" She looked up at him.

Gleaming-eyed little cat! All she did was to soft-foot her way into trouble for the pure joy of scratching her way out again.

"Nothing this time," he told her. "But try it again and the recipient will pay the postage." He went topside.

Patricia rang for Wah Sai.

"You may take it now," she said, more gently than ever.

"Cap'n Boss velly mad, I think," said Wah Sai unhappily.

"No, indeed, Captain Boss very glad. Go by this companionway," she urged, "as fast as you can."

It was for her to say; she was missy boss; but none of it seemed good for a China boy with only one neck to his name. Cap'n Boss would get him.

Captain Boss got him; but was satisfied with taking the letter and telling him to let Foo know he would be wanted in the cockpit, and his smile sent Wah Sai away, once more chuckling. It was, indeed, a play game, if unaccountable.

"You'll have to come, Patricia"—Peter at his grimmest—"I want you to hear the postage being paid."

He was ready, also prepared, for her refusal; but instead she was all too ready to accompany him, stepping along at his side, lightly alert. Peter's stride lessened.

"If you'll promise to try no more of this communicating business"—he began; but Patricia prevented compromise.

"No; no, not by any means. I'm satisfied with things as they are," and eyed him sideways.

Foo, waiting in the cockpit, received his orders. Patricia regretted never having studied Chinese; it gave Peter an advantage.

When the powerful first mate moved toward the chart-room ladder, Patricia watching interestedly, Peter got the cue—she was finding out exactly where a prisoner might be lodged! He knew she suspected one of three places—the storage room, which she must have found improbable; and either Woo Lang's quarters or the chart room. But Patricia, who did not care for mustaches on Chinamen, would not risk breaking into the privacy of the sailing master—Peter was sure of that; but he restrained his ill-timed mirth.

"Are you willing, Pat," he temporized, "that a man should suffer for your fault?" taking a chance to save his face, without going the limit.

Replied this new edition of the Medicis, diabolically smug, "He should be glad of the opportunity."

"Of all the cold-blooded propositions!"

But his expression belied the disapproval in his voice. Peter should have been hot with indignation; he should have been revolted before this exhibition of cruelty in one so young, whose appearance was so alluringly tender; but undoubtedly some of the Virginia pirate lurked in his black-maned descendant.

Foo had unlocked the chart-room door, gone in and closed it behind him.

"Listen!" hissed Peter; and Pat listened, cocking her head to one side intently.

"What do you suppose he'll do first?" she murmured. "Twist his ankles?"

Peter moved to the steps and hurled down a shouted command. Foo came up gloomily, and at another Rosslyn roar disappeared.

"You'll do it yourself, then?" inquired Patricia, as though anxious not to lose entertainment.

"You may be able to stand it," said the pirate's offspring severely. "I can't!" He added with premeditated venom, "No woman is worth it."

Score two for him. That shot reached home. She scowled. But on leaving her at the cabin entrance, he glanced back to enjoy fully her rage.

As she stood watching him, something made him think of one of Ted's pieces of nonsense: "When she looks like a bird taken bad with a question mark, it's too late! The cat's got the canary already inside!" Pshaw, she thought she'd put one over on him by finding out where Arnold must be incarcerated—that was all! She would get tired of these small revolts soon, and they could settle down to a quiet, peaceful enjoyment of the cruise.

Merely to play safe, he marched back, and grinning down at her, said, "To get down to brass tacks—from now it is you versus me! Every time you try anything that isn't ordinary, rational conduct you'll pay some sort of penalty," and at the light which flickered back of her lashes he commented with no particular stress. "You look sweet enough to kiss, Pat."

"Why, you utter brute!" flamed Patricia, and she dropped down into the cabin. It was the first downright natural remark that she had so far made; and that evening, in spite of having laid in the late tea by way of preparation for a state of siege, Patricia decided she might as well be on time for dinner.

Peter, however, was the one who was late. She might have mutinied in any way she pleased that evening; Peter was too preoccupied to have noticed—preoccupied and hurried.

VII

PETER'S manner had prepared her for some untoward event, some pleasantly awful complication, perhaps. She was whetted for discord and disaster, but he merely reported a rising wind and a falling glass.

"What does that mean?" she said flatly, feeling cheated; but rallying, asked hopefully, "A storm?" and turned to other avenues of interest. To certain busy mills everything is grist.

"It does, of a sort." Peter showed his anticipatory relish. "We've been looking for a blow off the Columbia, and now it promises to be a good one."

The gale began making up early. The Averna's sails were reefed, made ready for the fray, and everything movable put below or lashed securely on deck. The small boat was turned over and made fast; the launch, skylights, hatches, covered with canvas and battened down; and none too soon. Properly canvased though she was, the Averna ripped along, bulletwise, seeming to skip the sea like a flying projectile.

Rosslyn took the wheel, beside him Woo Lang, before whose countenance the crew ran as if scourged.

"Greatest sport under heaven!" roared Rosslyn, battling at the helm, tasting again the old joy of it. It was good, this, after four years of land fighting in squalor. The blasts here were clean and worth the fight; not like the shambles that man made. This, this was living! There was a prodigious clamor; the wind whooping, the schooner racing, a whining of steel and hemp.

Woo Lang shouted to him. He relinquished the wheel, moved forward. Sure enough, there she was, framed against the glow from the companionway. Nervy little devil! He must warn her though.

"Don't come up, Patsy!" he stopped her. "It's too dark to be safe! There will be plenty left for you in the morning, don't worry! Good night."

He closed the doors, drew over the slide. She was safe and protected. Now he could enjoy himself!

It was a wild night and he did not turn in until daylight.

In the morning, meeting her in the cabin, he saluted her gayly. He was still lit up from the night's orgy; that was the effect he gave. He tramped in his sea boots back to the locker for his deck clothes.

In oilskins and sou'wester, he came back all a-grin. He had halted as if to speak, when a wild yell from on deck snapped him to attention. Before he could make the ladder the Averna rolled; there was a crash; Patricia's breakfast tray leaped over the table rack, and the table stayed where it was only because it was bolted to the deck. Patricia was slammed in a heap; the deck became an unscalable wall; the bulkheads, absurdly, an uncertain floor and ceiling; everything topsy-turvy. The squall had struck without warning.

Peter leaped for the upper deck, bawling at her as he jumped, "Stay down here! Do you understand? Don't let me catch you trying to come up!"

The rough threat in the order was unmistakable; it left Patricia no alternative. With earnest purpose she sorted herself out from the toast and marmalade. More head winds!

Peter staggered under the impact of the wind; but he made it aft to where Woo Lang stood forward of the wheel, behind which two men were wedged, straining at the spokes. There was din and hubbub, but out of it was coming order. The sheets had been eased; all was being snugged down with frantic haste, when the squall seemed for a moment to suck in its breath. Then followed near-chaos!

The schooner buried her lee rail and deck to the cabin trunk; there was an inferno of screaming wind in the rigging; everyone scrambled to the weather side; the Chinese, clinging like flies, stuck to anything they blew against; they chattered shrilly; broken wisps of their high pipes pierced the howling of the storm. Peter, thanking his gods for the tons of lead on the keel, looked to his rigging.

Woo Lang was miraculously everywhere. Giant Foo, the mate, kept his eyes on the crew, too careless of their lives, preferring

(Continued on Page 100)

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(Continued from Page 96)

death any time to being hurt. He touched Peter's arm and pointed.

Peter swore. A head rose from the companionway. He yelled at her to go down, gesturing violently, his words an indistinguishable roar. He felt that she pretended not to hear him. She was struggling with the doors, evidently excited by the rush and tumult, and enormously happy with proving an annoyance. Her perversity was criminal, her daring not to be endured.

Outside the doors she was protected by the port boat from the solid water, but not from the stinging spray which came slamming through.

Woo Lang performed the nearly superhuman feat of getting to her; and she backed away from him up against the cabin, clinging desperately to a safety line.

He shouted to her, "The captain orders you below! If you come from the protection of the boat you will be washed overboard. Go!"

He paid her no more attention, but went on forward to see that all was well.

When Peter next had time to notice her she had had the temerity to come as far as the mainmast, where she clung. In a second she was without hat or pins, and her cloud of hair streamed like a Valkyrie's. She gave it no thought. Head tipped back, lips parted, she drank in danger as if it were strong drink, imbibing the wild ferment, reveling in the intoxication of elemental riot and disorder. At the sight he worked himself into a furious anger, but still gave her credit for enough sense to stay where she was comparatively safe.

A big sea came rolling in on the weather bow, gaining in height until it loomed appalling. Peter put his hand to the wheel, helped to ease the helm in order to take it bow on. The Averna dived by the head into the trough preceding the curling menace of the crest now topping them, and before the little vessel could recover the wave shipped—huge, green and inexorable—and Patricia had already left the mast to try for the deck!

For a flash Peter saw her incredulous face as she was hurled down, engulfed and swept aft. He dived, and by a miracle of luck caught her. They brought up against a line, which he gripped until the full force of the comber was spent. He hauled her into the cockpit, pushing her down into the shelter of the coaming and roaring an order to the helmsmen to prevent the yacht's getting head to wind. By the time he was back at his station the helm had been put up and the sails were ramping full, the ship boiling ahead. The boys were real sailors!

In the short interval of smooth which followed the roller, Patricia, not wishing to miss anything, struggled up to her knees to see what was happening. She had her wish. The Averna took two more deep dives, rose streaming with water, and before she steadied threw herself ahead like a bucking bronco in a series of terrific plunges. The girl, in the process, was pounded down into the pit, where she stayed, for the time being satisfied.

The scuppers were running full and she was drenched. Peter took off his oilskin and threw it over to her. She shook her head, her forehead puckering as if she were going to cry. She could not take his coat.

"Put it on!" he shouted, and turned to the steersmen.

Peter's hat was gone and his face was steaming, his eyes black with excitement. Without the coat he was instantly wet through, his clothes sticking to his powerful body. He saw that she had not done as he told her, but was holding the coat up to him mutely.

With an oath he dropped on his knee beside her, forced her arms into the garment, roughly pulled it about her and buttoned it. After that he gave himself wholly to the care of his schooner.

In twenty minutes the squall ended as abruptly as it had begun. But it ended with a hateful bellow, with a last stamp and toss, as do these bulls of squalls. The rain belted in with spray and wind, stinging like hail. Patricia cowered to avoid the sharp particles. The clouds parted, the wind dropped to twenty-five miles, the sun came out. It was over. There fell a wonderful peace.

She was shockingly wet and cold. Peter bent down and lifted her to her feet; but taking no time to learn whether she could stand, he swung her in his arm, made his way forward over the deck which still ran floods, and so carried her down into the cabin.

"Get into something dry," he directed at her door. "Then roll up in those blankets while I fetch you hot coffee."

He changed hurriedly; and it came to him that, after all, she had merely wanted to get into the game. It was not her fault that she was a girl and not suited to storms. He felt a little sorry for Pat. In the pantry he rebuffed Wah Sai and carried out a steaming cup.

If he had hoped for an intimate moment with a repentant evildoer, he was disappointed. Pat was in the main cabin, and she was warmly dressed, ruddy and fresh, as if her soaking had agreed with her.

He stood irresolute until he saw an expression which set him in motion. Down went the cup on the table to slide where it listed. He caught her in one stride, held her from escaping.

"You can't get away with it, Patsy! You've gone too far, and you're gloating. No can do. I don't know yet why you weren't swept overside. Look up here."

She tucked her chin farther down. He gave her a slight shake, one arm going about her shoulders, but she fled to shelter. No other refuge being at hand, she hid her face in Peter's coat. He lifted her face from where it was buried, but she was still hidden—hidden behind tightly closed eyes, pinched mouth.

"Patricia!" he whispered. "Patsy!"

Before he could prevent she pushed him away and ran to her room. In his uncertainty he let her go; in his bewilderment Peter forgot to punish Pat.

VIII

IT WAS well along in the afternoon before Patricia hazarded a second encounter. His voice, however, sounded indifferent to the past, and the words were thrilling.

"Land, ho!" cried Peter. "Come see the mountains!"

All signs of the squall were past; excepting the followers of heavy winds, those long, smooth seas, with their unbroken crests, placating and soothing, which win to forgetful somnolence the harried sufferers of storms.

Off to the right lay diaphanous clouds that Peter asserted to be land. The clouds resolved into a dream of mountains. A low fog hid all but the peaks of the great Olympic range, and left them without visible foundation, floating halfway between earth and sky.

"That shore fog," said Peter, "promises one busy night."

Patricia stayed out with him all evening, watching the pale colors from the low sun reflected on shore. Nature worked in pastels and made combinations delicate beyond imagining; but her palette, which was the western sky, was a riot of spilled brilliance.

Sharing such beauty together disarmed them both, so that Peter, alone that night, considered his progress with vast relief. Four days, only, of his ninety-odd had elapsed, and not alone had her indignation at being tricked weakened, but she had been willing to let Arnold suffer, and—most significant—hadn't cared if Peter Rosslyn knew it!

Secondly, Peter had saved her life. But with her peculiar processes of reasoning, he could not be certain that it would count as anything to his credit with her.

Thirdly, her early prejudice against him, that worst handicap, was lessening! His pulse missed a beat and made up for it with a few quick bounds of recovery. He was remembering the morning; repeating the tingling, exquisite journey from wheel pit to cabin, after the squall.

She had not resisted, not by a movement, as he carried her, and her face had been close against his throat. Was anything impossible after that?

Arnold! Arnold again creeping up into his mind! If it were not for The Rotter, what a wonderfully beautiful future could he not see! If he could forget that beast! He had thought that with him out of sight, with things so ordered that there would be no reminder of Arnold, Patricia and he could forget the man to be in existence; but the very fact that he was not present, that there was no longer either sight or sound of him, made him the more present!

Yet she had not resisted when he carried her. Could she, if she had wished? She was chilled and buffeted. What about her hiding her face in his coat? He could still feel a warmth over the exact spot; judged he would always feel it. Granted, there had been powerful stimulus. She knew a penalty was due for insubordination; she had surely taken the bit in her teeth without excuse too. As he recalled the incident, he had suggested that she stay below during the gale. Possibly he may have raised his voice—it was at times the Rosslyn habit. She should have allowed for his haste and excitement; but not Patricia!

She had come out to take part in the squall, and she had added materially to its velocity. Then, to escape punishment, she had done what she had done.

So back to his findings: Instinctively, when in a difficulty, she had sought refuge. What difference if it was in flight away from himself, since she had fled to him? Consciously, away from; unconsciously, toward! Ergo, she was beginning unconsciously to consider him as her natural refuge. The logical resultant left him in a whirl.

Again, doubt, like a cold fog. Was he a victim of the will to believe, that insidious, creeping betrayer of pure reason? Because he desired to believe that Patricia would hide in his breast to escape retribution and trouble, was he misinterpreting a simple reaction to fear?

He was an ass!

He got into boots and heavy coat and tramped up on deck.

The air was moist, and before he and Woo Lang had ended their conference the fog came rolling in, shutting out all chance of seeing Tatoosh Light, which they decided should be discernible at about this time.

The wind had died, and the engine was started. There followed the rumble and tremble of a sailing ship's protest before she settled to a steady pulsing of machinery, mild and rhythmic enough to hold Patricia in her quiet sleep.

The sensation reminded Peter of the first night when he had watched Patricia standing poised at the head of the companionway. How she had responded to the dainty dancing of his ship! But his answering joy had been killed before the knowledge that she was showing such happy security in the face of believing that Arnold was waiting her.

There was but one way to explain it—the terrible, beautiful ignorance which had made possible Patricia's contemplation of the step they had saved her. At all events, she was safe; and if he were the man he should be, he would be content, instead of suffering like a fool with loneliness. He was on his schooner with a mysterious silent fog creeping in; what more could he want?

The Averna's fog horn commenced, sounding at regular intervals its long sleep-shattering blast. It would wake her.

Her light was burning.

"The lightship should be along here," he told the door panels, "and we've shut off the engine so that the lightship siren can be heard."

"Can you see the light?" she asked with uncommon graciousness.

"Too much fog."

"Are we near Cape Flattery?"—her voice close to the other side of the door.

"We should be," he answered, and waited; but not able to think of any other pleasant news, he added that everything was serene, and would be, no matter what she heard in the way of noises; that fogs gave rise to all sorts of procedures, unusual and interesting; and leaving the bait craftily hanging, he went back to the white fog

Thick and tangible, it smothered up against him; and fearing lest some unknown gift might flit past him unknowing, he spread his arms across the companionway.

Six bells after midnight—seven before he lost hope. He paced aft. By and by he heard the far-away blat of the siren, but experienced none of the accustomed glow at proof of his reckoning. A heaviness and a sadness settled down upon him. A sailor's is a solitary, lonely life. He paced fora'd. A breathless voice sounded from nowhere.

"Is it you?" it said.

"Yes!" Peter lost even the memory of heaviness and sadness.

"Where are you?"—the voice easier, less anxious.

"Here"—his tranquillity reassuring to an undecided person who might change her mind and go away again.

He groped toward the silence which had taken place of the breathlessness, and found it, soft, woolly and warm, all proper and ready to enjoy a fog. He tucked a friendly feeling arm within his own and started fora'd again, light-heartedly, explaining that they would now stand in the bow

(Continued on Page 102)

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(Continued from Page 100)

to push aside chance collisions. The nonsense hardly exaggerated his sense of power; he felt able to cope with anything that could offer.

A bellow came through the fog, well off the starboard quarter. "And that's all right!"

Peter grew carefree, reciting in a chant, "Now, swing we around east and keep the siren on our starboard beam."

The far-away blat of the siren was answered by the bellow on the starboard side; falling gradually astern, but continuing the decreasing question and response; crying blat, instant bawl; the Averna's blast an irritated curse between.

The schooner snuffled into the thick blanket. Twice in the next hour they passed ships; not even a blur, only a sensation and a weirdly close hoot of horns, lonesome, inquiring. The engine was slowed to a crawl.

"We have passed Tatoosh." Peter's tone lowered unconsciously in the hush of the fog. "Though we cannot see them, the straits are opening before us in a long straight way, Patsy; in a long straight way to our inland sea—of dreams."

But his last words were whispered, and she did not hear.

They were far away from all the world in the white cover of the fog—they two, and none other; and time was made up of long spaces of blissful quiet, the more precious while they lasted for the shattering blasts of the fog horn, momentarily shocking, but soon over, and to be endured for the knowledge that with the lifting of the fog there would be no further need of harsh warnings. So, mused Peter, was it with the two of them.

"It seems queer to have the engine going," said Pat.

"Yes," murmured Peter, too deep in his waking dream to appreciate what she had said.

"Who is running it?" said Pat.

"The lascar," answered unwitting Peter; and from habit, "Chinese are no good with engines."

"And is the lascar quite well?"

"Huh?" said Peter blankly. "Oh, yes, yes; he's well enough," and dismissed him from mind. He slipped his hand down to the smaller one, found it cold, engulfed it in his own warm palm, was not rebuffed for a moment, and therefore grew more daring; opened his big coat, attempted to draw her inside its shelter. But at that the quiet presence near him fell into a panic. He lost what he had had of her—the friendly feeling pressure of her arm, the curled up hand—lost it all.

He kept his voice steady, not venturing to reach a finger to find her; hoping to hold her by unconcern, and succeeded—"It is nearly daylight, if we could see it. There is a comfortable place here where you can sit, if you like." He had a conviction she was in touch, made a cautious exploration, found a sleeve. "If you will sit down, I'll fetch you a heavier wrap; it is growing chillier."

Taking her consent for granted, he ran below, came back with one of his own greatcoats, only half believing she would wait. But she had; and she let him button the wrap about her, gently enough this time. He made no more mistakes, and the presence beside him grew more trustful, less on the ready, so that there was once more companionable quiet.

A translucence, a gradual lighting, showed morning to be well on its way. The fog began to thin, blew into tattered wisps. By three bells the early sun had wiped up the last of it.

They were marching down the middle of the Straits of Juan de Fuca; the sun was ahead of them, the wind in their faces. All along south of them piled the Olympics, placid and white, in their vast immobility; north rose the wooded heights of Vancouver Island.

Patricia broke into the rhythm of the engine, "Do we land there, in one of the Canadian ports?"

"We do not," he replied. "The Canadian customs officers are not alone efficient but indecently curious about hidden treasure. Under the circumstances ——"

He left the sentence unfinished, as if overwhelmed with a rare rush of tactfulness; but he grinned hugely.

Patricia, from under half-lowered lashes, studied his grin, but said nothing.

He became voluble with high spirits and appetite; shouted down a galley ventilator to the unseen Li Sing that there should be cooked much and immediate breakfast. Peter showed his white expanse of teeth.

"'No time blekfus!'" he quoted from a former seeking of this kind. He could have sworn to a twitch of her lips. Peter had hard ado to keep from capering as they went below.

All day they loafed down the straits, and it was calm, warm and sparkling. The Averna was washed down and made orderly after her set-to with the seas; the decks cleaned, covers removed, bright work polished. All was bustle and pleasant activity, the boys sing-songing at their work, plaintive monodies, minor and excruciating, but somehow cheerful too.

Patricia nodded, tried to stay awake, but could not. Scenery or no scenery, it was good to be in a flat bed again and not on a pitching inclined plane. So far as Arnold was concerned, next to being safely on dry land, an even keel, under the circumstances, might be welcome. She laughed—and slept; slept through the afternoon.

She was wakened by the slowing of the engine. The Averna had been spoken by a revenue cutter, which, as she looked from a port, slid into view. Hastily she sprang to her dresser, arranged her gown, her hair; caught up hat and cape and ran up the companionway. She had started out precipitantly, when she heard the following:

REVENUE CUTTER *(curtly)*: What ship? Where bound?

AVERNA *(guilelessly, with disarming innocence)*: Averna, of Hong-Kong; five days out from San Francisco; yachting cruise.

REVENUE CUTTER *(brazenly through its megaphone)*: How's the wedding party? Best wishes to the bride!

There followed a hoarse, coarse roar, meant for a laugh. Did Patricia rush forward to demand rescue of that megaphoning monster? She did not. She stayed below. Neither did anyone else on board that yacht take occasion to call for help and release. A guest, no matter how unwilling, under the circumstances, might find cause for embarrassment in wording a complaint. Peter, for the nonce, unquestionably held the upper hand.

Much later, Patricia found the sails furled and the Averna purring along under power on a glassy sea, all green and reflected green nearness, and blue or purple distance splashed against snowy backgrounds.

"Did you hear the revenue cutter?" Peter offhand and easy.

"What revenue cutter?" inquired Patricia.

He was nonplused.

"Where have you been?"

"Asleep," responded Patricia. "Why?"

"Too bad you missed it," he regretted, and turned to study her expression. It was placidly unrevealing.

After a while, and apropos of nothing in particular, he said, "Patricia, how do you feel about divorce?"

"I don't believe in it."

"Under no conditions?"

"Under none whatsoever!"

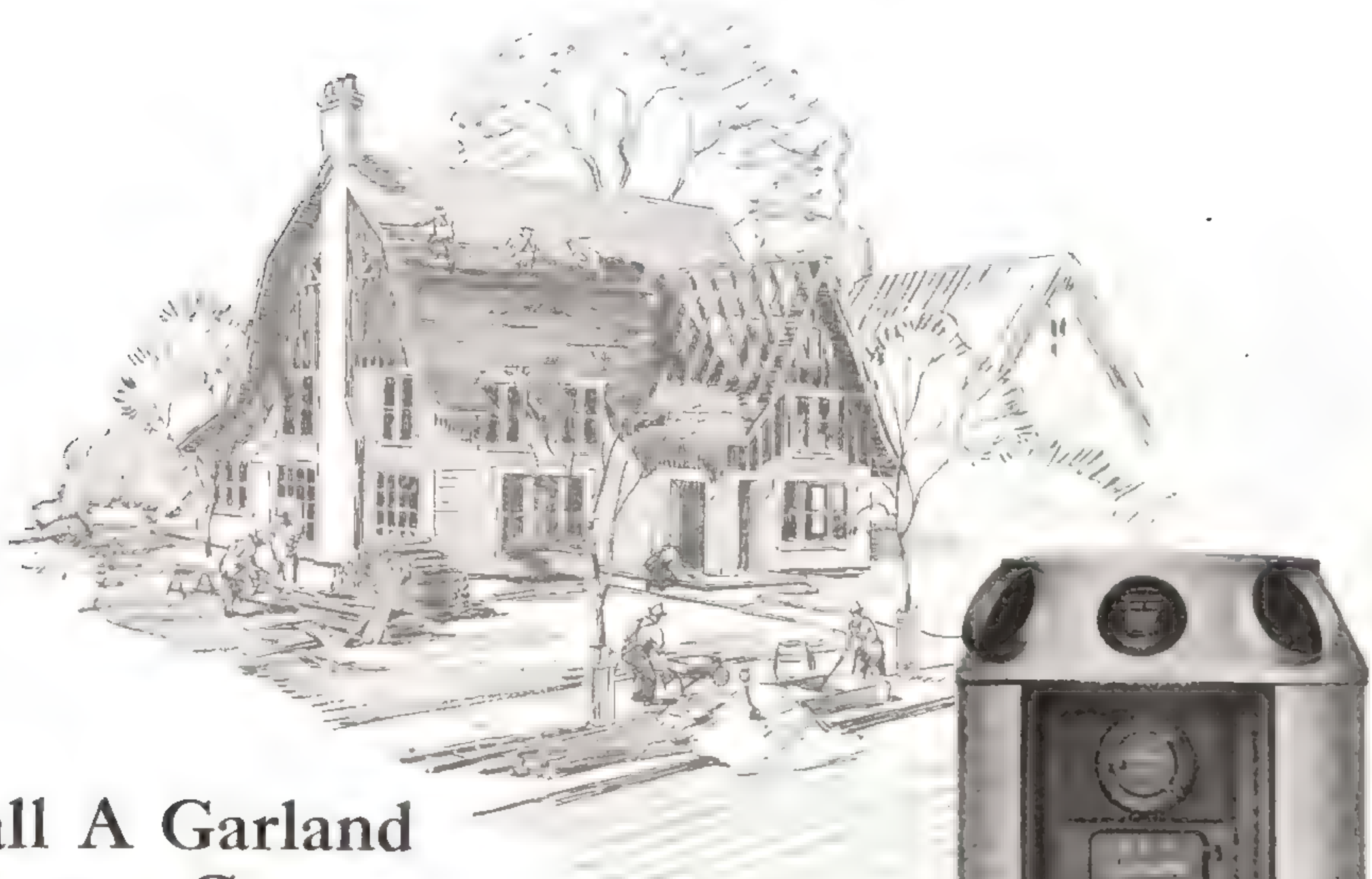
Tentatively from Peter, looking away, "How about a—a ceremony's being dissolved then?"

"I can see no difference between that and divorce." It was intolerant, and it was final.

"I thought you would feel that way about it," he muttered; and after a short pause he added, "I feel the same."

It was Patricia's turn to study Peter.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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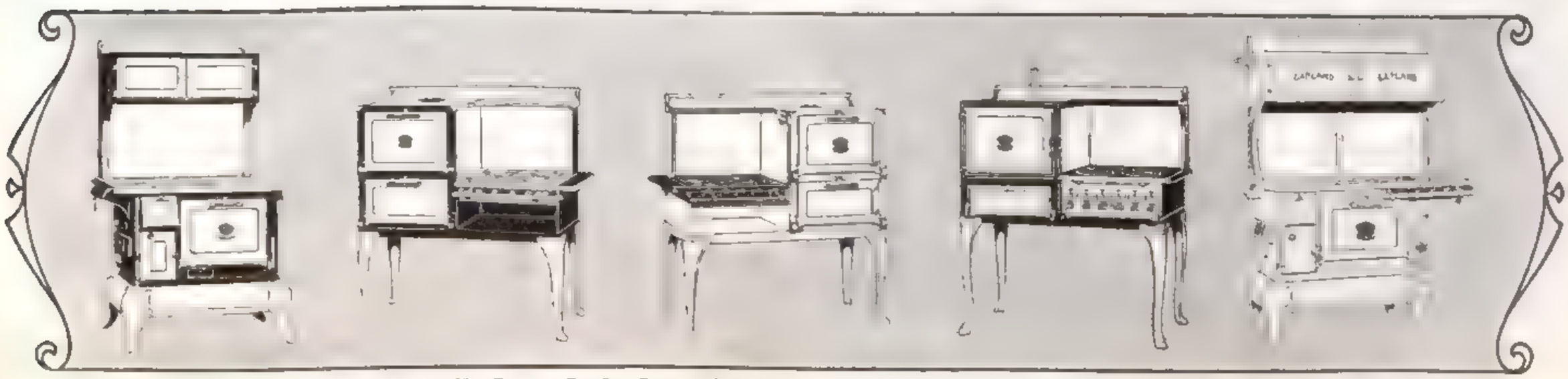

GAS COAL AND ELECTRIC STOVES AND RANGES

THREE-QUARTERS of a century ago a broad-visioned architect specified riveted iron joists for the floors of this historic bank building. His specification originated the first light weight type of fireproof construction.

Previous to this time heavy structural steel forms had been deemed essential for permanent floors. The record of seventy-five years of service, however, has far more than justified this architect in his radical departure from former standards.

When this bank building was finally torn down to make way for a large and modern edifice, its floors were still found to be in perfect condition. The ravages of time and wear had in no way impaired or damaged them.

Science, too, within recent years has fully demonstrated the correctness of the theory upon which these floors were built—that fire-safety, durability and permanence are not dependent upon the weight and mass of the materials employed. And today thousands of buildings bear testimony to the growing popularity of this steel joist fireproof construction.

With the introduction of Truscon and National Steel Joists, the Truscon Steel Company has played a conspicuous part in the development of fireproof, permanent, yet light weight and economical flooring for all light occupancy buildings. Such flooring constitutes a saving, not alone in first cost, but in upkeep costs. It is crack-proof, vermin-proof and in every way suited to meet the ideals of present day building.

If you are planning a home, office building, hotel, apartment, store, school, etc., learn more of the safety, economy and durability of steel joist floor construction. Write today for detailed information and descriptive booklet.

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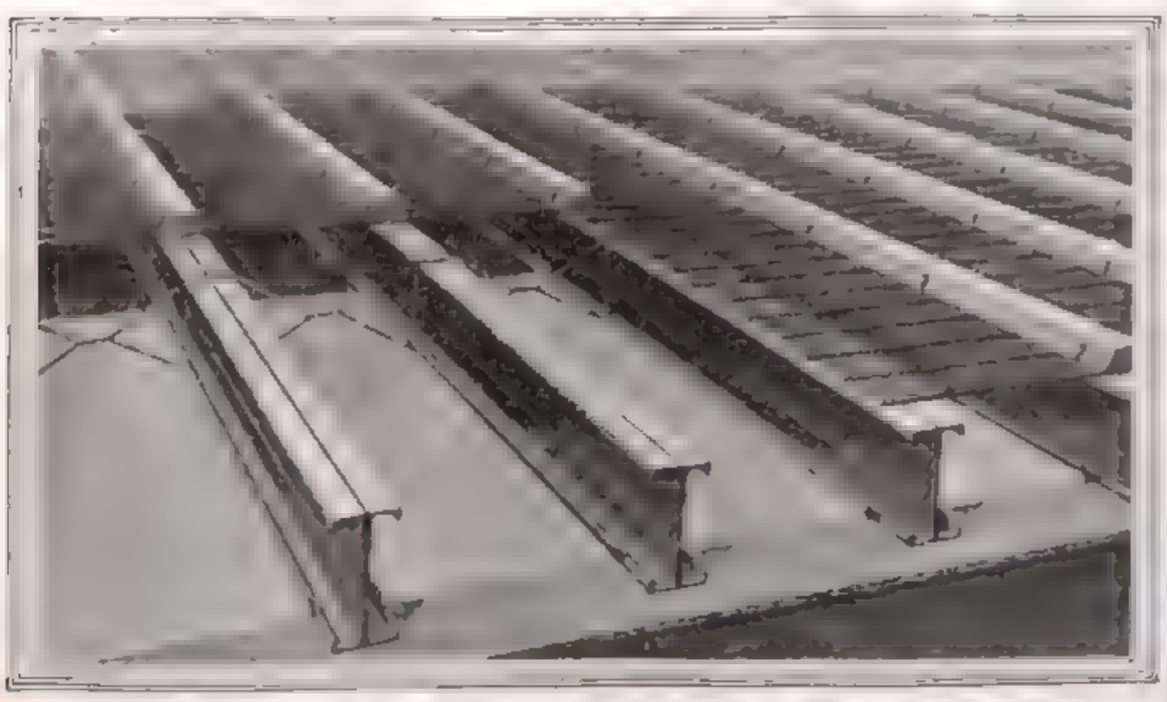
Detail representing the construction of [illegible] steel in the bank building [illegible] 1855. Iron joists, constructed from two curved sheets and two flat strips, riveted top and bottom, rested on iron girders. Above the joists corrugated iron sheets supported [illegible] and the wood floor [illegible]



The great advance made in modern fireproofing is illustrated by this Truscon Steel Joist Floor Construction. Steps in the [illegible] concrete and terra cotta [illegible] equipment. Used everywhere in apartments, schools, stores, hotels, first floors, homes, etc.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 30

viewing history as a whole. In the same way the sum of human knowledge can be realized and appreciated only by a logical coherent presentation, and not by the artificial alphabetical system employed at present."

"That ought to keep you pretty busy," said the star reporter.

"Yes," said Mr. Wells. "I suppose it will take up most of my time. I may dash off a novel or two. Something in my lighter vein, of course, like Mr. Polly and Kipps."

"You ran for parliament last year, didn't you?" said the star reporter.

"Stood for parliament," corrected Mr. Wells. "I felt that as time was hanging rather heavily on my hands, there was no better way for me to employ my leisure moments than in the service of my country. Besides, my attention was recently called to the statement that the British Constitution is the 'greatest unwritten document in history' and I felt that I could do a great public service by writing it."

"To what do you owe most of your success?" asked the star reporter.

Mr. Wells thought a moment while he corrected the pile of galley proofs that one of his secretaries had placed on his desk.

"I think," said Mr. Wells, "that I owe most to The Three Dots. I have figured that if I had been obliged to finish the chapters of my books instead of permitting them to trail off into dots, it would have reduced my literary output 17 per cent."

"It is surprising," said the star reporter, "that with all your tremendous and diverse activities you have never attempted to write a play."

Mr. Wells looked up in astonishment.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "you're right! It never occurred to me. Take this!"

He turned abruptly to one of his stenographers who was temporarily disengaged.

"Act One, Scene One: The scene is the home of Lord Scarsdale, leader of the Conservative Party. On the right is a door . . ."

The star reporter seized his hat and coat and quietly departed. —*Newman Levy.*

Le Rêve Sous-Marin

I STROLL along the ocean's edge and watch the oxide eels,
I hear with glee the roundelay of the sulphureted seals,
And the golden-throated niter fish singing at his meals.

The chlorinated oyster, as to the manner born,
Plays sad decompositions on the aliphatic horn,
And his plaintive colloid melody makes countless thousands mourn.

Unseen, in grottoes submarine, the fermentative trout,
Distills a subtle beverage and peddles it without,
A universal solvent, dissolving every doubt.

The methylated flounder, the slim diazo whale,
The hydrocarbon cuttlefish that feeds on ocean kale,
All these unite to color bright this most organic tale.

But sweetest of all is the amorous call of the hydriodic shark,
Under the light of the moonfish in the oceanic park,
Awaiting his hygroscopic mate to join his bromide lark.

This glucosidal lover pours forth his madrigal,
And in his pride he opens wide his lips—that one and all
May enter, comminuted, into his concert hall.

* * * *

Now from this scene of bliss serene my steps are turned toward home.
Forgotten are the elfin sports that reign beneath the foam;
And glory be to chemistry that helps me build this pome.

—*Laurence Wolfe.*

The Outline of Woman

WHY read Dryasdust Outlines of History, Art or Science, when you can have the Fascinating and Enchanting Detailed Account of Nature's Masterpiece, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Day?

Woman, the Dratted Sex.

Woman, the age-old, ever-young Phenomenon. The Puzzle of the Ages. The Glory of the World. The Triumph of the Universe. The Top of the Heap.

Woman, First, Last and All the Time!

CHAPTER I

The earliest women were prehistoric. They lived before the Earth got to going round. In fact, with the aid of Love they made the Earth go round. It's been going round ever since. So have the women. Among the earliest prehistoric remains are fossils of feminine skulls. They have no jawbones. This is because the prehistoric people had soft, rather perishable jawbones and the women talked theirs away.

Prehistoric woman was something like a mollusk, but better-looking.

CHAPTER II

When the Neanderthal Man was found, no woman was found of that period. It is therefore deduced that the Neanderthalers were confirmed bachelors.

CHAPTER III

With the Caveman Era, woman came into her own. It was during this epoch that the true foundation of the character of the *genus femina* was laid. Your true woman loved the Caveman dispensation. She was in her element, dragged about by her hair, beaten to a jelly and clubbed into submission. She loved to crawl tremblingly to the feet of her lord and master, and cringe before him. Contrary to the absurd opinions of a few misguided minds, this spirit is still the backbone of woman's amatory complex. It is the keynote that unlocks the Niagara of her soul, whose flames burst forth in unquenchable floods.

CHAPTER IV

The Assyrian and Babylonian women made strides toward progress and things like that. They made a regular cult of Culture and understood all sorts of things. They didn't yet know much about Art, but they knew what they liked. Love letters had come in. They did them on bricks and then baked them. The Baking Day of an Assyrian Belle was a whole show. Cumbersome stationery, and especially awkward at Divorce Trials or Breach of Promise Suits, but the clay screeds were hot with passion, even before they went into the ovens. The Babylonian women were renowned for their tendency to babble. The Tower of Babel, it is now known, was the scene of one of their Club Meetings, which accounts for the confusion of tongues.

CHAPTER V

The Egyptian women wore the costumes you see in the shops today. The Tutenkhamun influence was over everything and the Egyptianesses reveled in beads and dangling earrings and perfumes and cosmetics the same as we do. Their feasts were more elaborate and also friskier, as they were an Amendmentless race. They used a good brand of cigarettes, but it is said they were a lazy lot, coming to the dinner table on couches. However, we are told they excelled in conversation.

CHAPTER VI

Greek women were very clever. They studied Art and wore beautiful white draped dresses. They invented the Grecian Bend and an embroidery pattern that looks like a string of swastikas. They were, historians assert, great talkers.

CHAPTER VII

The Roman women were usually matrons. They wore togas and tunics and had Roman noses. Research into Roman History proves that they were noted for a fine flow of language.

CHAPTER VIII

Medieval woman was a queer sort. She wore a long peaked head rigging with a veil hanging from its peak, and a tight, straight sort of gown with a big jangling bunch of keys. She had few if any home comforts and she didn't care. Her knight was forever going on business trips and she had only women to talk to until his return, for promiscuous callers were put to death by awful tortures, besides the hostess' conversation.

CHAPTER IX

Early English women, subtitled Mid-Victorian, were not very interesting. They talked a lot, but in a prunes-and-prisms

style, and had little if any fun. They were well-bred, well-fed and well-read, but they didn't use make-up much and they didn't jazz.

CHAPTER X

Modern woman is the product of today. She is the greatest thing on earth. She is wise, witty, beautiful, saucy, pert, haughty and altogether ducky. She makes up her face, her stories and her quarrels. She dresses like a fright, but it is the style, so she can't help that. She is slim and slender and sleek and sally, and the sweetest thing that ever was! She is better than all the women of all the other ages, and she talks rather more. God bless her.

—Carolyn Wells.

My Modern Motif

I'VE had my hair bobbed, dyed lampblack and stiffened,
So I can wear a Luxor Bandeau,
I've bought myself a new mummy pouch
Embroidered in Krazy-Kat flowers, birds, dogs and sacred cows,
I've discarded heels for High-Priest's-red silken sandals,
I've bought a good-luck tablet necklace,
And twin cabochon bracelets,
And a hand-painted King-Tut's purse,
A scarab ring,
And Cleopatra jade-green tassel earrings,
So I'm going to make a special trip, down to the Museum,
And pad into that Egyptian Gallery
And say, "Wake up, mummies,
And have a look at a live one!"

—Kathleen Elaine Harte.

I Love a Book

Ballade en guise de rondeau

I LOVE a book beside the fire
When outdoor haunts are white and cold,
And when the roads are whelmed in mire
Or swept by blatant winds and bold.
And when soft ways win back the wold,
Beside the crescent of a brook,
'Mid stirring scents of moss and mold,
I love a book!

I love a book! All my desire
Is volumes beautifully old.
All my resolve is to acquire
De luxe editions bright with gold.
The screw who will not be cajoled
Is tricked at last. By hook or crook
I gather them into my fold!
I love a book!

I love a book! The lute and lyre
To which sweet serenades are trolled,
Unblemished marbles that inspire
To deeds exaltedly enrolled,
These in most high esteem I hold;
Enrapt at paintings do I look;
All leave me only half consoled!
I love a book!

It was a quarto fitly scrolled
That taught my Caroline to cook,
And yet—it may as well be told!—
I love a book!

—Edward W. Barnard.

Triolet

IT IS never the cost of the gift;
It is the thought that I treasure.
Such affections as mine do not shift.
It is never the cost of the gift—
Which is quite an incentive to thrift;
Business must come before pleasure.
It is never the cost of the gift;
It is the thought that I treasure.

—Dorothy Parker.

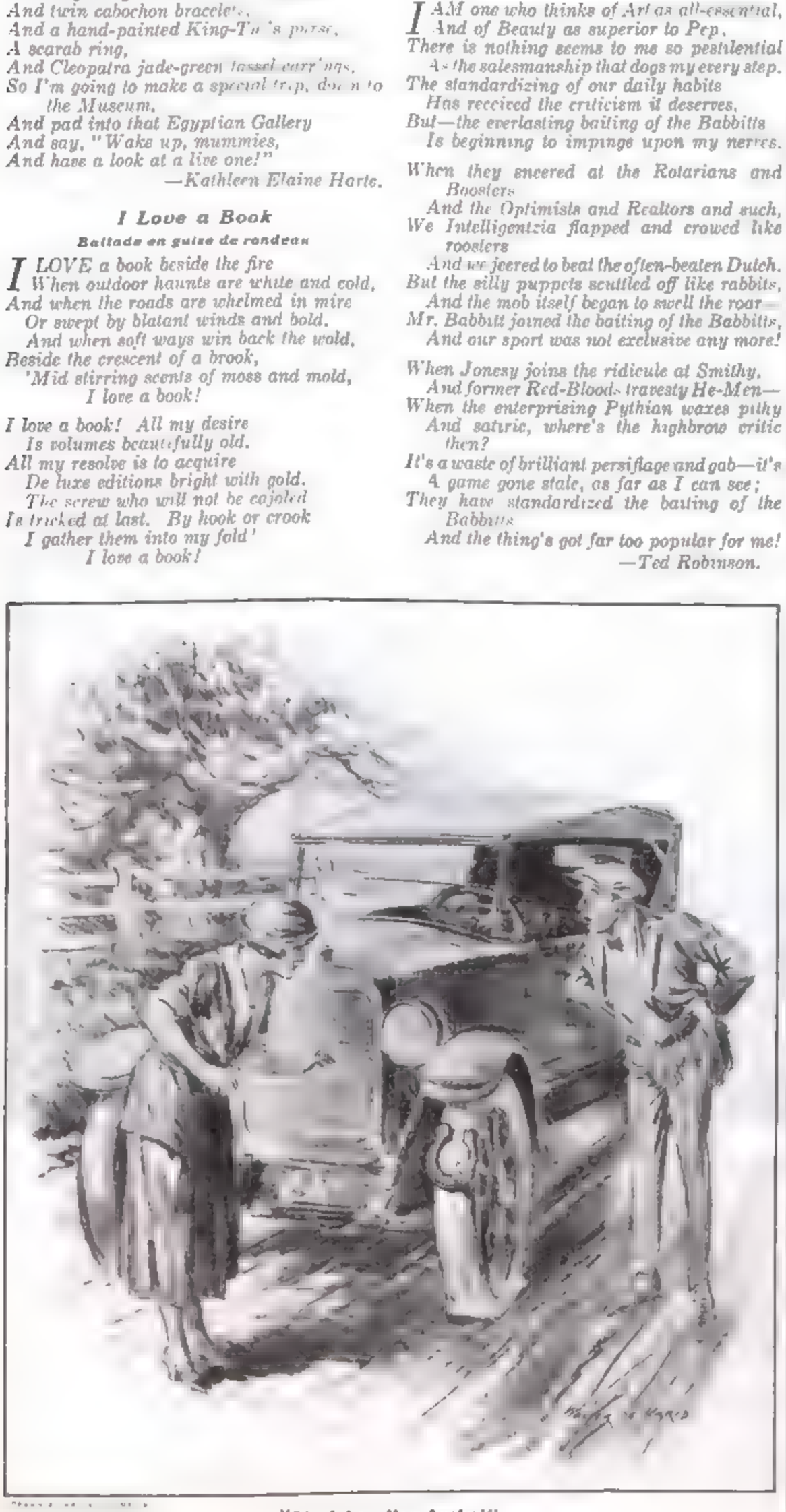
Ruined

I AM one who thinks of Art as all-essential,
And of Beauty as superior to Pep,
There is nothing seems to me so pestilential
As the salesmanship that dogs my every step.
The standardizing of our daily habits
Has received the criticism it deserves,
But—the everlasting baiting of the Babbitts
Is beginning to impinge upon my nerves.

When they sneered at the Rotarians and Boosters
And the Optimists and Realtors and such,
We Intelligentzia flapped and crowed like roosters
And we jeered to beat the often-beaten Dutch.
But the silly puppets scuttled off like rabbits,
And the mob itself began to swell the roar—
Mr. Babbitt joined the baiting of the Babbitts,
And our sport was not exclusive any more!

When Jonesy joins the ridicule at Smithy,
And former Red-Bloods travesty He-Men—
When the enterprising Pythian waxes pithy
And satiric, where's the highbrow critic then?
It's a waste of brilliant persiflage and gab—it's
A game gone stale, as far as I can see;
They have standardized the baiting of the Babbitts
And the thing's got far too popular for me!

—Ted Robinson.



"Oh, John—How Lucky!"

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It had a *distinctive type of motor,* the "Valve-in-Head," an outstanding contribution to automobile progress. With that motor Buick won more racing trophies in 1908 than all competing cars combined.

Its makers had a program which regarded *service* as an essential part of every sale. Wherever Buick owners traveled, Buick service stations followed them until today there are thousands, girdling the globe.

Most of all, Buick had *intrinsic value.* Year in and year out men knew what to expect of their Buicks: no fluctuations, no lapses—only consistent improvement.

So, from owner to owner and from country to country, Buick's reputation spread.

The automobiles exhibited at the national shows are assigned to their places by an election in which your dollars are the ballots. The honor of first place goes to that one for which purchasers have paid the largest total amount of money in the preceding twelve months.

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So the business which began so modestly has grown to leadership. The name which was known to only a few is known today around the world. The tiny brick factory has become a plant more than a mile and a half in length, the largest of all the General Motors plants.

* * * * *

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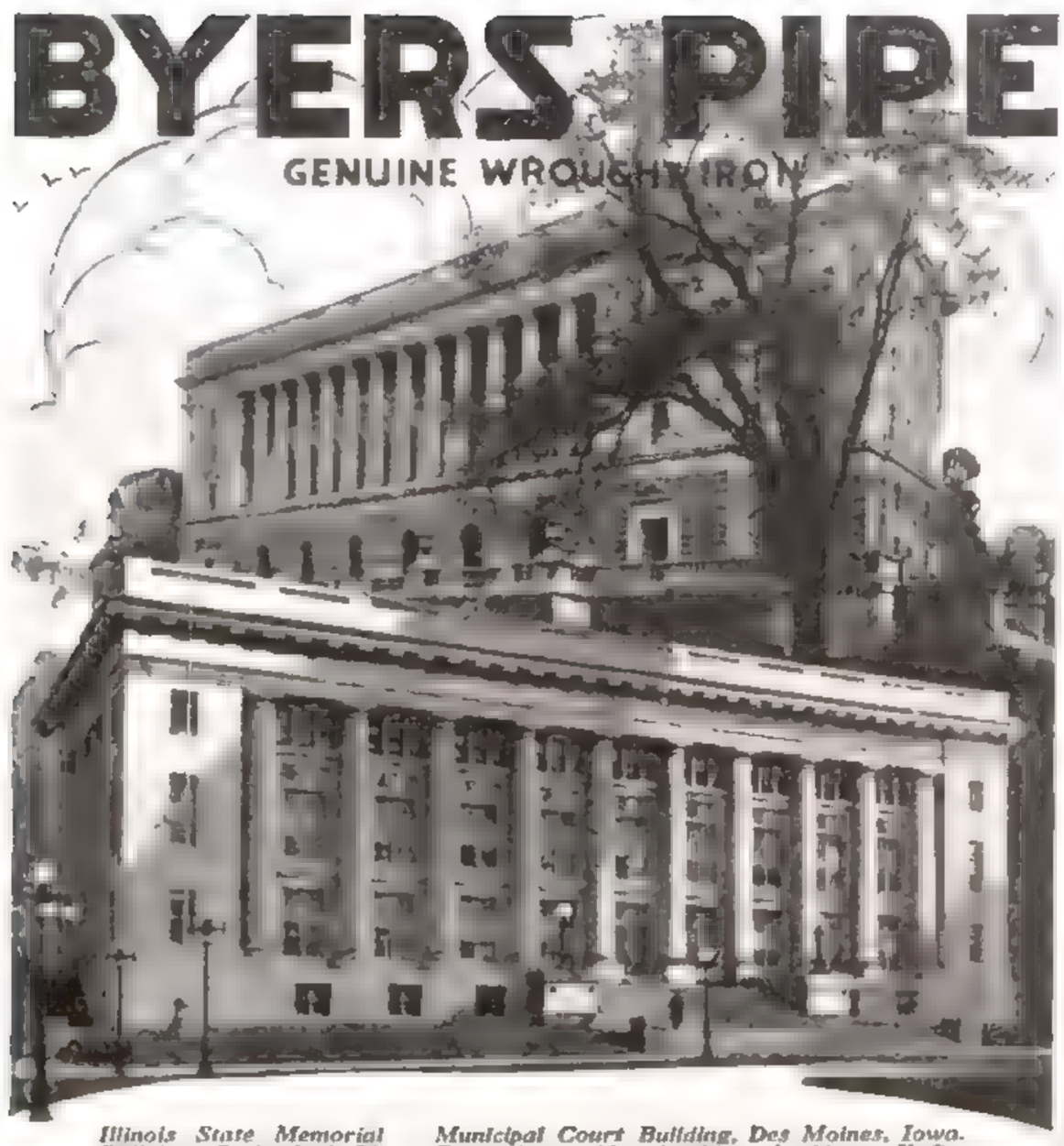

Illinois State Memorial Building, Springfield, Ill. Byers pipe used for plumbing and heating systems.

Municipal Court Building, Des Moines, Iowa. Byers pipe used for plumbing. Architects: Keffer and Jones, Des Moines, Iowa. Plumbing Contractors: VanDyke Heating & Plumbing Company.

A Sixty-Year Record

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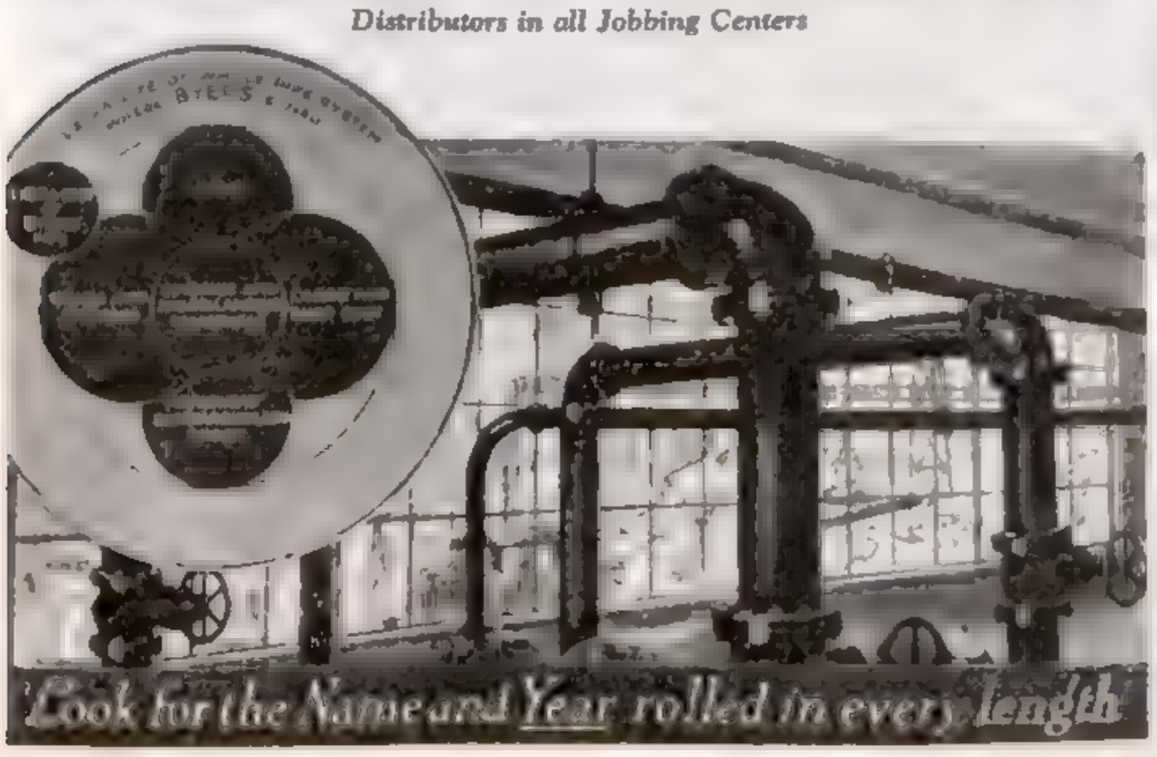

ONE FATHOM OF ROPE

Continued from Page 17.

through his body from back to breast. Swiftly he turned, holding up the lantern. The boson stood at the edge of the circle of light, laughing foolishly, the flask midway to his lips; the second mate towered over Bob, livid with fury, and in his hand was a rope end of new manila, which swished again and curled viciously around Bob's shoulders

"Hey, hold on, sir!" Bob cried, vainly trying to make a one-arm guard against the snaking rope. "Don't strike me, sir! I warn you ——"

"Threaten me, will you?" gritted the second mate, whirling the rope again. "Lay your dirty hands on me, then threaten me, hey? You saw it, boson; heard it too. I'll show you who I am aboard this fine ship. I'll show all hands."

Bob backed away, pleading, holding himself in check. The lantern was knocked from his hand, the rope swished. A white, frightened boy's face peered over the rail and bobbed down quickly. The drunken boson looked a bit concerned when the cheap oil lantern took fire. He put out the fire, partly sobered, and started to remonstrate with Mr. Parks. But Mr. Loring appeared, surprised, then angry, and burst in between Bob Stafford and Parks.

"What's this? Stop it!" he ordered sharply, seizing the upraised arm of Parks and twisting the rope from his fingers. Mr. Parks seemed to come to his senses. He looked foolish for a moment.

"You going to interfere with ——" he began.

The mate stopped him.

"That'll do, Mr. Parks! You know better than to flog a watchman! Go below and wash up. You'll have to stand by to shift ship unless the captain comes aboard pretty soon. If you know where he is likely to be you'd better ——"

"Yes, I know where he is," sneered Parks, making a dart to intercept young Betts, who slipped aboard and ran towards the half deck. The mate spoiled the interception, and peered into the second mate's face, irritated by his tone.

"I know where he is. He's where I've been. And you putting that young snipe to watching me won't do you any good. The Old Man knows you put a snooper on his heels, too," said Parks, raising his voice in harsh triumph. "You'll have all you can do to find a new berth for yourself next time home, without sneaking after other men's business!"

"Huah! Stow that sort of guff!" the mate warned, with a troubled glance at Bob Stafford and the boson.

It was not the sort of talk that wise officers wanted the hands to hear at any time. Parks was drunk, and Mr. Loring was a good fellow. "Come on below," he said. "Tell me your troubles there."

"I can tell 'em here, and they're not my troubles, they're yours!" Parks vociferated. "Setting that damned boy to sneak on the Old Man, trying to make yourself solid for his berth ——"

"Shut up, you boozy lunatic! Come below, before you say something you'll be sorry for. I'm not after the Old Man's berth, and well you know it. More likely you're after mine. Come on down."

The boson followed as they slowly moved aft. He had a drunken man's grievance, and wanted to air it; but so long as the mate was ragging Parks he was very glad to let his own grievance wait. Not often was it given a boson to listen in at such an unseamanly exhibition. Old Bob Stafford stood where they had left him, glaring after Parks, handling nervously the end of a new manila mizzen-staysail downhaul which had the knot already tied that was to prevent it slipping through the block when the sail was set. That knot had bruised his bowed old back. It had done more. It had bruised his stout old heart. He saw Betts peeping around the half-deck door as the loud-speaking second mate passed. Then Parks noticed the boson, and his voice rose to a shrill invective.

"Get for'ard, you!" he cried. "I'll work you up for your damned impudence, see if I don't! Give me that, you guzzling swine!"

Parks snatched the flask from Boson Clegg's hand and hurled it into the Hugli. Clegg started towards him, cursing incoherently, and Mr. Loring shoved him away.

"Boson, go for'ard!" said the mate. "Do you hear? If you don't go I'll have you logged, and that I don't want to do. Go, now"

"I'll do worse than log him!" snarled Parks savagely.

The boson cursed him, but obeyed the mate's sober order, glancing back over his shoulder as he went, however.

The noise made by the two mates as they entered the cabin awoke the steward. It could be heard through the ship. Young Betts, shivering with fright, crept along to old Bob Stafford; the steward appeared at the main-deck cabin door, standing there in his night clothes irresolutely, like a man who wants to be sure of two avenues of safety and cannot choose one.

"Do you think there'll be trouble, Bob?" the boy asked. "I wish the Old Man would come. Hark to that wind, Bob!"

"Turn in, my lad; there's nothing to fret about. Here's the hands coming aboard now. Don't mind the wind, human or nat'ral, my son."

"But Mr. Parks is so mad! Hark to him! He's telling the mate he's to get his job next voyage. And Mr. Loring never was half so angry as he is now. Great Cæsar!"

"Turn in, I tell you, boy. You ain't got anything to worry about. Mr. Parks'll come round in time. 'Tis only the rum talking. Turn in. Sailin' day tomorrow."

"Darned if you aren't a queer fellow, after all!" the lad returned, staring hard at the old seaman. "You let Parks swish the dickens out of you with a rope end — Hey! D'you know what you're doing? That's a new rope."

"'Tis a bad bit, my son," Bob said quietly, slipping his knife back into the sheath.

He had cut off a fathom from the end of the downhaul that had been used on his shoulders.

The boy went off to his berth, and men tumbled over the rail in ones and twos as the night wore on. The uproar aft had subsided. The mate was on the poop, anxiously waiting for the skipper's arrival. Dark shapes flitted fore and aft from time to time when men or boys went to their berths. Out on the dark river the weird howling of lascars indicated some ship moving out from the riverside to the greater security of midstream. A spark-belching tug sped by, snatched up a big bark's line and snaked her downstream. And where the waters of the great river were stirred into motion they ran yeasty and growling.

"I'll larn him a lesson when he gets sober," old Bob muttered.

A man bumped into him in the darkness and laughed evilly. The lantern had not been relighted yet, but Boson Clegg's voice was easily recognizable.

"That's you, old hoss! You larn 'em! Cookin' it up for Mr. Mouthy Parks, hey? I'll betcha! You show 'em! Be damned if I'd let no second greaser flog my back wi' no rope end. You git arter him, Bob."

The man's evil voice died in a chuckle, and Clegg vanished suddenly into the forward blackness as the captain's peevish voice was heard on the next ship demanding why there was no light at the gangway. Bob Stafford hastened with another lantern, and Captain Skinner half stepped, half stumbled aboard. His voice was thick, sirupy, as he hailed the mate; not at all the voice of a shipmaster holding a grievance against his chief officer. Yet it was not the voice, either, of a strictly sober skipper entirely satisfied.

"Mr. Loring," he said, "have all hands stand by to take the ship down river. I suppose the hands are on board?"

"I think so, sir."

"Hah! 'I think so'! Then I'll thank you, Mr. Loring, to make sure. The tug will be here any minute. I heard the storm flags were flying at sunset, Mr. Loring When I was a mate I remember such an occasion, and I saw to it that I let my captain know."

The skipper's thick voice was not so sirupy.

"I sent Betts to search the town for you, sir," protested the mate.

"Did you now? Well, well! And where d'you think young Master Betts could ha' looked for me, mister?"

"I sent him to the club first, sir, and told him to look everywhere for you. He hasn't long been back. He couldn't find trace of you, sir."

(Continued on Page 110)

"We're losing many hours a week by these constant interruptions."

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Continued from Page 108

"Very inefficient, mister, very inefficient," retorted the skipper unpleasantly. "I'll take charge myself. When I was a first mate I had pride in ——"

Mr. Loring was already at the forecastle doors, rousing out the hands, tallying them as they emerged, growling, on shore-giddy feet with bleary eyes, sending them to their watch stations to single the lines and pass the towrope.

Bob Stafford followed the port watch on to the forecastle head. That was their station, along with the mate. Mr. Loring saw that every man was aboard and the forecastle empty of lingerers, and mounted the ladder himself. As the expected tug slid alongside, he bumped into Bob.

"Here, Stafford, you go below," he said kindly. "You've been on deck long enough."

"It's a all-hands job," growled an unseen seaman, jealous by reason of a sore head and interrupted sleep.

"Go below, Stafford," repeated the mate, ignoring the grumbler.

Bob departed.

He lit his pipe, standing inside the forecastle door, taking the few whiffs without which he never could go easily to sleep. Men shouted from tug to ship as the lines came in. Impatient men on the other ships yelled as the stagnant air of the murky night was suddenly whirled into motion by a hot blast of wind. The skipper's voice called peevishly to somebody unseen; and a boy's voice presently answered.

"What?" cried Captain Skinner.

Bob removed his pipe. That note in the skipper's voice portended trouble. He would be ready, anyhow, if ruffled tempers caused him to be routed out. There was a brief silence aft. Then the skipper bawled along the deck in a hurricane voice: "Mr. Loring! Come aft! Come aft! Mr. Parks has been killed, murdered! Mr. Loring! Will you get a move on?"

Mr. Loring was already on his way, swearing softly. Old Bob Stafford dropped his pipe and shuffled along aft too.

"Sutlej ahoy!" bellowed somebody aboard the nearest ship. "Are ye goin' to pull out or must I stay fast here until I suffer damage?"

"Stay and be damned! Here's trouble enough for me!" roared Captain Skinner.

A few warm heavy drops of rain fell, thudding on the deck like spoonfuls of hot tallow. The tugboat skipper yelled impatiently for word to go ahead. Mr. Loring was at the companionway door, trying to hear what Captain Skinner was saying while the starboard watch, with the boson prominent, crowded near eagerly. On the river side whistles shrilled and winches clattered as loitering craft made a last-minute decision to get away.

"He was murdered, I say!" the skipper cried angrily. "Stuck in the breast with a common sheath knife, mister. It's a case for the police."

The steward, a frightened, furtive, yellow-faced Goavese, appeared at the skipper's side and gabbled some information. In the dim lamplight his face was ghastly.

"Shall I fetch a police officer, sir?" the mate suggested.

"Stay where you are, mister," the skipper snapped. He peered closely into Loring's face.

"Send somebody?" the mate asked patiently. "Stafford can go. He's not likely to sneak away for more liquor, sir."

"Ahoy, the Sutlej!" howled the tugboatman frantically. "If you're not ready I've got a dozen jobs waiting! What d'ye say?"

"Sutlej ahoy!" yelled the man on the nearest ship. "Will ye haul ahead, and be damned to ye!"

A blast of fierce hot wind swept up the river, making the tug sheer and the big ship sway.

"Aboard the tug!" cried Captain Skinner. "Send one of your lads ashore and tell the police murder's been done in my ship. He can bring them out in a shore boat. Then you may go ahead slowly, mister." He glanced keenly at Loring again, and his face writhed in a crooked smile.

"Stafford will be better aboard, mister," he said. "Get you for'ard to your station and 'tend the tug's line."

Grumblingly the tugboatman drove one of his lascar deck hands over the Sutlej and the other ships to the dock. Then the last mooring line was let go with hearty good will by a hand on the next ship, and the tug drew ahead, pulling the deep-laden Sutlej into midstream.

Bob Stafford went up to the forecastle head and stood by, uneasy because of the abruptly announced and still unsolved mystery aft. The mate stood beside the bitts, watching the straining towline, his face moody and worried. The heavy hot rain fell faster, drumming hollowly, hissing in the river. The mighty stream seemed suddenly possessed of devils of unrest. The great city lay like a sleepy giant, winking sardonic eyes at the puny human insects plying like water beetles under the downpour. There was a sudden lull of rain, the erratic wind stilled, and the world seemed smitten with dumbness, save for a vague, distant, enveloping murmur that gave promise of increasing speedily to a roar.

"The city's just like a hive of bees; stinging bees!" ejaculated the mate passionately, his nerves on edge already, jarred afresh by the sharp cessation of nearer noises.

"That ain't the city, sir, that's this old river getting its breath," growled old Bob Stafford beside him. "Won't be no police come out this night, unless ——"

A boy ran up the forecastle ladder and found the mate.

"Captain says, sir, to send Stafford along to the after sail locker, and tell Chips to iron him and lock him in there," the boy said.

"Stafford? What the devil for?" Mr. Loring suddenly realized that this was not a matter to discuss with an apprentice. "Here, Chips!" he cried. "Get a pair of irons and the sail-locker key. Better go quietly, Stafford. I'll put this right as soon as we get clear. Damned idiocy!"

Old Bob looked dazed. The ship was slipping along past the bright lights of the docks. The hot heavy rain fell in a torrent. The wind moaned in the mazy rigging.

"Go along, Stafford," the mate urged. "Slip below and get your pipe, only don't let the Old Man see it."

"Is it murder I'm supposed to have done?" demanded the old seaman harshly.

The jubilant voice of the boson was heard at the ladder.

"Cap'n wants to know if you can't find that old killer," he said. "Ho, there you are! Looks bad for you, old socks. You was heard threatenin' Mr. ——"

"That'll do you!" snapped the mate. "Go along, Stafford. You'll come out all right. Get aft, boson, and say he's on his way."

Old Bob went dumbly. But he got his beloved old pipe first, thanking the humane mate for the hint. He also wound around his body, beneath his canvas Cunarder, the piece of rope he had cut from the downhaul. And as he entered the sail locker the police boat came alongside the ship, the boatmen wailing bitterly that they could never make the shore again. A burst of windy rain drowned the decks as the officers clambered aboard.

"Get in, Bob!" Chips urged. "Hurry up. You'll get the sails all wet, then your bed's a mess of hell's delight. In wi' you. I ain't got time to put irons on you, shipmate. 'Sides, 'tain't no use, since the door's locked."

Chips winked, decent man; and although his wink was invisible, his manner was soothing to the dazed old sailorman.

The iron door clanged, the key turned. Bob groped for a place to sit. With a shriek a squall hit down upon the ship, heeling her over, under bare spars though she was, sheering her far away from the wake of the tug. The policemen darted for shelter. From the river came weird howls of fear. The tugboat skipper yelled frantically to the ship to steer straight or cast off. Out of the howling blackness of the lower river appeared a lightless brig, high sided and crazy, which smashed her way along the Sutlej's stately sheer and hurled herself into the river-side mud.

"Stand by both anchors for'ard!" screamed Captain Skinner. "Make ready both spare anchors aft!"

A stupefying reek of drowned jungle surged across the river, conquering the sharper acrid stench of the city. A flash of vivid lightning lit the yellow rolling stream; and horrid dead things dotted the waters. There a thin cry, a suppliant hand rose from the turgid surface. The storm boomed contempt upon both.

The tug was driven back, hurled against the ship she was supposed to be dragging to safety.

"Anchor, cap'n!" roared the tug's skipper. "I can't make head against it. Anchor quick! I'm going to cast you off!"

(*Continued on Page 112*)

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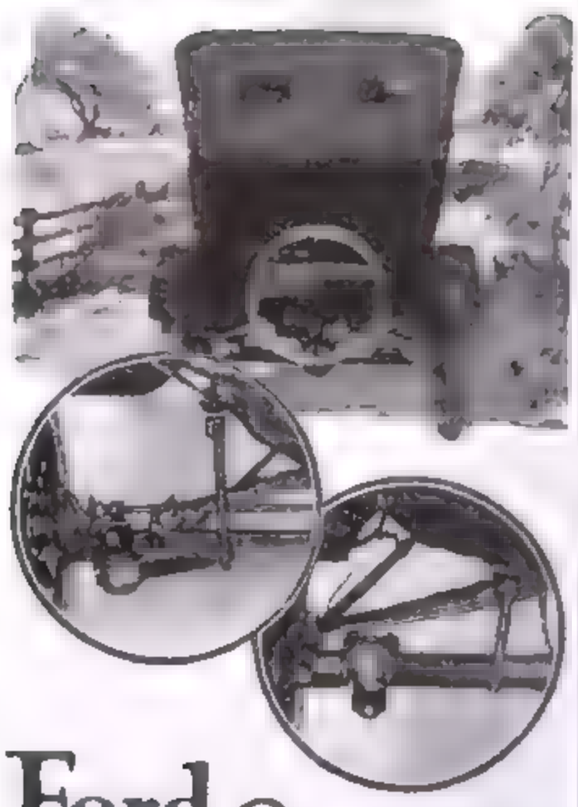

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The new improved
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SHOCK ABSORBER
"Makes every road a boulevard."

(Continued from Page 110)

With the warning came the splash of the hawser, and the big ship swung with amazing swiftness shorewards as the tug scurried for safety.

"Let go both anchors!" bawled Captain Skinner frantically.

"Let go both anchors!" echoed the mate, and the clattering cables roared through the hawse pipes.

The ship's head was checked, but her stern swung fast. Tops of trees, heavy bits of timber whirled athwart river and ships; there was a long-drawn wail as of a thousand wretches in torment when a coolie ship was swept broadside against a moving steamer's sharp stem and overturned. Wind that had shrilled, howled and boomed in turn began to roar in so deep a note that the very air thrummed to it.

"What chain have you got out, mister?" the Sutlej's master pealed through his megaphone, trying vainly to scan the chaotic river scene.

His starboard watch, under the frightened boson for want of the second mate's presence, stood shivering about two stream anchors, with winches of wire ready.

"Ninety fathom port, seventy starb'd, sir!" screamed the mate.

"Give her all you've got, both anchors!"

Then, when the mate reported the cables out to the bitter ends, the skipper bade his waiting men let go the stern anchors.

"Heave in, for'ard!" he yelled.

"Heave in!" repeated Mr. Loring, and desperately strove to imbue his shivering men with courage and strength to man the windlass against the terrific blasts. And the warm rain fell athwartship in slashing stinging sheets.

The Sutlej lay to uneasy moorings at last. The cyclone grew in fury until she lay, like the frog of a horseshoe, to her four straining twanging cables, sagging perilously towards the heaped-up shore. About her decks men ranged helplessly, each with a cork belt about him, longing for dawn. In her cabin Captain Skinner and three police officers faced the boson and Mr. Loring across the table, on which lay the body of the second mate. Cowering in a corner was young Betts the apprentice. At the pantry door the steward cringed, writhing his yellow hands, grinning with yellow teeth. Clegg, the boson, grinned, too, maliciously, meeting the eyes of the policemen boldly.

"Where is this man Stafford who, the boson says, threatened the second mate?" asked the policeman in charge.

"Locked up in the sail locker," the captain replied with a smug smile. "I did that as soon as I heard what had passed. And just as soon as I could spare him I had the mate brought aft, too, hearing what the steward told me."

"Have him down here, captain. Have him down here."

The police officer was shaken out of his official coolness by the bewildering situation of the ship. The mate went to get Stafford, and in the pause, which seemed hours long, the spacious cabin of the big clipper was full of thrumming voices which had nothing of material or human note about them, but rather the ghostly, awful suggestion of spirits of evil running rampant. Overhead, scarcely deadened by the thick teak decks and closed skylights, the tall spars with all their involved cobwebbery of shrouds and stays, braces and running gear, shrilled with a note all their own, vibrating to the terrific wind until the very fabric of the stout steel ship shook to the keelson. The maddened river outside moaned and roared, hurling itself against the hull, pitting its power against the noisier strength of the rising wind. The steward in the pantry doorway shivered, his yellow face ghastly. The bravado of the boson was entirely spurious. Except for color, he was no bolder now than the steward. Even the skipper was pallid and slack of lip. There was a twang and clash of bursting wire rope, a sharper wave to the vibration, and a broken end of a stay crashed through the skylight glass.

The steward screamed, slammed the door of his pantry, and beat the wood with his hands. The companionway doors opened and shut blusterously, and the mate came in with Stafford. A drenching sheet of high-flung river water came with them, and they stood shivering at the end of the table. Bob Stafford's gnarled fingers busily plaited seven-strand sennit from new manila yarns wound about his waist.

Half a fathom of the fine flat plait hung before him, and he seemed unconscious of progress, working mechanically, aimlessly. The mate's face was dark with rising anger. He had only imperfectly understood the meaning of something the skipper said before sending him out for Stafford. Now he knew.

"Captain Skinner," he said with repressed anger, "you told these officers you had me brought aft as soon as you heard what the steward had to say about this killing. You said too much, or not half enough. What did you mean, sir?"

"Do you presume to question ——" blustered the skipper, pallid with rage.

A policeman stopped him.

"He has a right to question, captain. You practically said you suspected him. Have the steward out, too, and let's get to work on this business. Great guns! What a night!"

"Who's on watch?" demanded Skinner, suddenly displaying interest in his ship.

"The senior apprentice, with a man standing by each cable. I ordered all hands to stay on deck, and to report everything ——"

The storm shrieked through the broken skylight. A crash of water on deck was deadened by a weightier, solider thud. Water sluiced through the opening, and the big ship rolled down to leeward, down, down, down. A seaman shouted down through half-opened doors, something about wreckage. The steward flung open his door and fought his way out in panic, blindly, stumblingly; and as he clawed upwards on the reeling cabin floor the body on the table slid across the chairs, fell, and hit the fear-crazed Goavese in the shin, toppling him heavily against the wainscoting.

"Leave an apprentice ——" roared the skipper, dashing up the stairs.

"Who else is there? You ordered me below!" retorted the mate, taking the stairs after him three at a time.

The policemen went, too; but the giddy deck and leaning stairway proved too much for them; they crawled. The steward rolled, whimpering, on the floor behind them, fighting off the dead clutch of the half unwrapped corpse. Water poured across the stairs; the wind was deafening. The policemen gained the door, were struggling with the handle, when Boson Clegg, who had remained to give a hand to the steward, burst past them, swearing horribly, flung the door wide, and was swept by the wind along the deck and from their sight.

On the poop confusion rioted. Old Bob Stafford clung to the mizzen rigging, his grizzled hair streaming in the gale, his clothes whipped tightly about him, his rope yarns and flat sennit stuffed inside his shirt. Captain and mate, senior apprentice, who was acting third mate, Chips, and two shivering boys hung in a staggering mob to the rails, staring aghast at the mad scene.

The ship lay over perilously; her lee waterways were full of churning water. There was a faint suggestion of dawn, and it only magnified the horror of the night. Ashore, where the city had thinned out to suburbs, the fields were littered with craft of every kind. The Sutlej herself was thumping her keel into the river mud. A small steamer had thrust her bows across a garden and into a glass outhouse. A good sized bark had cleared bank and gardens entirely and lay at uneasy rest in a rice field. But what sent fear into the hands of the Sutlej was the soaring stern of a four-masted ship as big as herself, dragging all her anchors helplessly, rising and falling, and at every fall smashing down upon the leaning side of the Sutlej's steel hull.

"Issue life belts, mister!" bawled Captain Skinner as soon as he realized the peril. "If that ship drags another foot it'll be every man for himself with us! O Lord, O Lord!"

The cyclone gathered force, but shifted in direction, and the dragging ship slued aside somewhat. Out of the farther darkness flew strange things, uncanny shapes. A giant bat flapped across the river and alighted among the shivering crew amidships. It changed from a giant bat into the thatched roof of a native hut as soon as it lit. A spitting moaning dragon javelined through the murky air and drove headlong through the big ship's main hatch. The dragon came to rest and became a palm tree, its umbrageous head adrip with salt spray and rain. Up from the gloom of the waist crept the sailors, seeking the security of the higher poop and the company

The most dirt is IN your rug, not on it —this laboratory test shows

The Royal gets the embedded dirt

as well as surface litter

Ordinary surface-cleaning methods do not get the embedded, germ-laden dirt that's in your rugs. The Royal, with powerful suction, scientifically applied, gets *both* the surface litter and dangerous embedded dirt.

Along the entire 14-inch nozzle the powerful suction of the Royal Electric Cleaner is applied directly to the rug surface. This is done by two things, (1) the scientific nozzle design, (2) the patented Royal adjustment screw. The rug is lifted, the nap opened up, and the embedded dirt, as well as the surface litter, sucked into the bag.

Thus the Royal cleans quickly, easily, thoroughly. Yet, it is absolutely harmless; it cleans by air alone.

Arrange with the Royal dealer in your vicinity to have a Royal Man clean a rug in your home, free. He will explain the many convenient labor-saving features of the Royal, the guarantee on every part; and he will show you the convenient attachments which make the Royal a complete homecleaning plant. If you don't know the Royal dealer in your vicinity, write us.

DEALERS: The valuable Royal Franchise may be had in certain cities and towns. Write for information.

RETAIL REPRESENTATIVES: There are numerous opportunities for men of ability in capacity of Royal Men. Inquire of your local Royal Dealer.

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Manufactured in Canada by
Continental Electric Company Ltd.,
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Manufacturers of Royal Vibrators, Royal Hair Dryer and Hair Cutters, and the Royal Clothes Washer

The Royal Man

The Royal Man is an expert in housecleaning and can show you many interesting labor-saving methods of cleaning. He is courteous and considerate. You need never hesitate to ask him for a demonstration in your home.

ROYAL
Electric Cleaner
Cleans By Air Alone!

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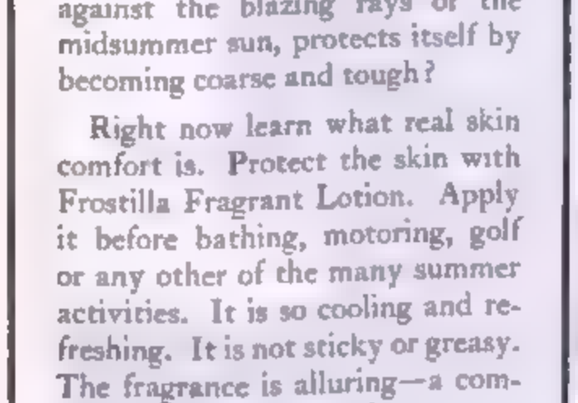
for

Sunburn

It is not necessary to tell you how painful sunburn is, but do you know that the skin, if not protected against the blazing rays of the midsummer sun, protects itself by becoming coarse and tough?

Right now learn what real skin comfort is. Protect the skin with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. Apply it before bathing, motoring, golf or any other of the many summer activities. It is so cooling and refreshing. It is not sticky or greasy. The fragrance is alluring—a combination of perfumes of many rare flowers.

There are many other uses which you will find described in the package booklet. For sale everywhere in the United States and Canada. Price 35 cents. The Frostilla Company, Elmira, N. Y. *Sole Selling Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, London.*



Frostilla
FRAGRANT LOTION

and protection of their officers. Clegg, the boson, clawed his way up, too, breaking through the others, cursing them. He went around to the lee side of the saloon deck house, and none cared where he went.

Out on the river drowning men and animals let all the world know they were drowning. A big naval steam launch, daring all if it might save one life, struck against the side of a derelict cow barn, capsized, and spilled its crew into the flood to swim or sink. The storm rose to a higher peak, then subsided suddenly in the awful lull that comes before the worst. During the wind's cessation the big fourmaster swung clear, then came again and chafed softly, almost caressingly, against the Sutlej. It was as if to apologize for the harsher treatment that must come later.

"Can't we get ashore in a boat now?" the police wanted to know.

"You can try," returned the skipper grimly. "Chips! Lower the starboard quarter boat and man it. Do you propose to take the body, gentlemen?"

"Yes, and you, and the mate, and ——"

"Not in this world!" exclaimed Skinner excitedly. "This ship will need all hands when the wind comes again. Better hurry, if you expect to use my boat. You can take Stafford. He's a sure suspect. Leave an officer aboard to watch the others."

"Step into the cabin for a moment, please, captain. You, too, Stafford. I'm not so sure about the chief suspect."

In the dim cabin, standing beside the body of the second mate, the policeman stooped to pick up a corner of the sheet enwrapping the body.

"Where's your knife, Stafford?" he snapped abruptly.

As he shot the words out he flashed a keen glance up at the old seaman's troubled face.

Bob felt at his hip. The sheath was empty. But he gave no guilty start.

"It's in the sail locker, sir," he said. His fingers still worked mechanically on his seven-plait sennit. A fathom of it was finished now. "I was using it to trim my yarns," he added.

Boson Clegg, close at hand, laughed derisively.

"Shall I go get it, mister?" he asked.

"No, stay here," the policeman snapped. "Where's the steward, captain?"

"Aw, he's scared out of his skin!" growled Clegg. "Ain't no call to scare that snipe no more. There ain't no mystery about this killing, mister. I knows ——"

The police officer stood up, dragging the sheet with him, and the body lay exposed as it was when found. A knife haft protruded from the dead man's breast, a knife haft bearing marks, letters. A startled look crossed the officer's face, and he was frankly at a loss. Something fell with a clatter from the sheet. The other policeman darted a hand out and clutched the boson's wrist, wrenching it upwards.

And in that instant the cyclone struck down again in fury. The big ship heeled over steeply; water crashed on deck; men screamed; the wind lifted the broken skylight bodily and carried it away; the cabin became a torrent of rain and gale-whipped water; and down from aloft whirled a broken royal yard, smashing through the companionway like a big gun shell.

"Up and save yourselves!" yelled the skipper.

He darted to his cabin and grabbed for his papers. Clegg took the stairs at a run with old Bob Stafford close behind him, dragging the whining steward, and policemen and the mate bringing up the rear. As for the dead man, a policeman tried to carry him alone.

He left the body under the wide-open skylight after a first attempt. After all, there are limits to what a man may do; and a live policeman was worth more than a dead sailor anyhow. The river would be full of dead sailors at daylight. They would be cheap.

On deck Clegg vanished like a phantom. It was no time for searching out particular individuals. The boat had been put overboard; it was now strewn over ten acres of rice in white painted splinters.

The river tide rose like a wall, sweeping all before its fury, and daylight came upon a picture of ghastly terror. Between the Sutlej and the river bank the water was dotted with heads of the crew and débris of the big ship's small wreckage. A second boat had been launched and shattered. Life-belted men took their chance swimming. Water poured down skylights and companionway until the cabin was flooded to the beams. Riverward the great fourmaster crashed time and time again through the stout plates of the stranded Sutlej.

"It's time to leave her!" yelled Chips cheerily.

Of them all he alone refused to have his spirit dampened. Old Bob Stafford was known as a cheerful soul; but now his troubles were too much for his cheerfulness. Besides, somewhere in the back of Bob's keen old brain there lurked a gleam of light which he felt sure must at last shine out and illumine the murk of the second mate's death. Even as he climbed over the rail, his sleeve gripped in the fingers of a policeman, his seven-strand sennit and rope yarns flying loose in the terrific wind, he could visualize all the happenings of the night. The blows from the rope end still smarted on his back, but not so sharply now that the wielder of the rope was dead. Bob never harbored hatred. Resentment lived but a short time. He had cut off the offending piece of rope, intending to spin or plait from it during the homeward voyage a much longer strand, which he would present to the second mate, on quitting the ship, for use as a sea-chest lashing. He meant to make it as perfect as his cunning fingers could devise, so that it would be used for a long time; and he hoped, with all the ardor of his clean old soul, that young Mr. Parks might in time, from handling it, gain in wisdom and grow in decent humanity.

"It's time for us to leave her!" Chips chanted again, striding the rail with his carpenter's chest on his shoulder.

"Aye, aye!" growled old Bob. "Time for something to happen, that's sure. Keerful, mister," he warned the officer whose finger gripped his arm. "You'd better let me do the leadin' ontil we gits ashore. I be a bit more of a fish than you be, likely."

"Trust to the river, men, trust to the river!" yelled Captain Skinner, as a greater tidal wave than the first rolled the big ship down. "Take to the water while you've life!"

"Better come, too, sir," urged the mate.

A suffocating reek of drowned earth surged up in advance of another overwhelming wave. It rolled athwart the ship, and on shorewards. Then the water. The big ship leaned deeper into the mud; the fourmaster settled her stern crashingly across the Sutlej's waist, and men were swept from their holds like ants from a log. Up through the companionway floated the body of the second mate, its sheet trailing like the smoke of a conjurer's stage ghost. The water had washed the crimson of the wound into a broad stain on the bosom of the shirt.

The body hurtled at the steward and sent him screaming into the river. It carried on and thrust hard between Boson Clegg and Bob Stafford.

"Take the damned thing off me!" yelled Clegg, fighting the dead thing furiously.

"Hold on to it! Hold on to it!" cried the policeman.

"Look out for yourselves. I've got it," old Bob said coolly, and swiftly cast a turn of his seven-strand sennit about the corpse's arm.

Then all were launched into the raging river, dead man and living, the mystery unsolved and likely to be unsolved unless the roaring chuckling stream held the solution and chose to reveal it.

In a room in the Port Office Building they were talking about the murder of Mr. Parks, gazing out over the desolation of the river and its wreckage. The cyclone had passed on; the sun shone again.

"Mr. Loring, I owe you an apology," Captain Skinner was saying, as gracefully as he knew how. "I listened to bad things; though God forbid I should now speak evil of a dead man."

"That's all right, sir," Loring said generously. "Mistakes will happen. I wish the nasty business could have been cleared up, for Stafford's sake. Now the boson and the steward are both missing, and the body as well."

"Not much mystery left, I think," the policeman remarked. "That knife getting back into the body ,put a light in dark places. That was Stafford's knife, wasn't it, Stafford?"

"Looked like it, sir, but I never put it there," said Bob. Bob had lost his precious seven-plait sennit, and his idle fingers twisted nervously at his belt.

(Continued on Page 116

A man who lives on paper

Henry B. Rankin, of Springfield, Illinois, has been a shut-in for thirty-nine years

READ what he says about the big things in his life:

MY DEAR SIRS:

I write this on passing my eighty-fifth birthday, and the thirty-ninth year of my shut-in life. Such a life as mine is one largely lived on paper. Take paper out of my life and there would be little left worth telling. One of the big things in my paper life has been Old Hampshire Bond.

A shut-in's correspondence is much larger than if he were in active life. He's always on the writing job and takes no vacations. I have lived for thirty-nine years on paper pages and along the wires. Life continues worth living when lived largely by wire and on Old Hampshire Bond. Those return messages that come back to me satisfy best if they come water-lined, "Old Hampshire Bond." So all is O. K. both coming and going.

It takes both script and typing beautifully. If there is a trip-up in the spelling, or a start out the wrong way with a sentence, Old Hampshire Bond kindly receives the eraser's gentle touch and leaves no blur or blotch, and the secret of the blunder is so well kept that no show of it appears on the fair face of good Old Hampshire Bond.

Fraternally yours,
[Signed]
HENRY B. RANKIN,
510 South Second Street
Springfield, Illinois

People who like fine things prefer Old Hampshire Bond "both coming and going." Its use implies, on the one hand, a discriminating taste, and on the other, a desire to please.

A generous sample of Old Hampshire Bond will be sent you if you will write us on your business letterhead

Old Hampshire Bond

Hampshire Paper Company
South Hadley Falls Mass.

Also Makers of Old Hampshire Stationery for Social Correspondence

Announcing the PAC

SINGLE-EIGHT—
the Greatest Advance in Motor Car Development

Packard Motor Car Company announces the Single-Eight to succeed the famous Twin-Six.

The Single-Eight is presented in the sincere belief that it not only satisfies but exceeds the extreme requirements of those who found only in the Twin-Six their ideal of ultra-fine motoring.

It emphatically surpasses, we believe, any car on the market, either American or Continental, in speed, acceleration, braking, steering, smoothness of operation, ease of control, riding qualities, and beauty and distinction of appearance.

Packard Single-Eight accomplishes these superiorities over all previous motor car practices—

First, by beauty and dominance of appearance which unmistakably forecast exceptional brilliance of performance.

Second, by the complete elimination in the Single-Eight motor of the lack of balance and consequent vibration inherent in previous eight-cylinder motor practice.

Third, by the embodiment in the Single-Eight motor of new engineering principles which result in a wealth of flexible power heretofore unknown in a motor car.

Fourth, by the provision of braking, steering and control mechanisms of such simplicity and ease of operation as to be revolutionary.

Packard Single-Eight gives, probably, the most perfect correlation between a motor of superlative power and all of the operating parts of the chassis, that has yet been attained.

At the same time, extreme simplicity and accessibility result in exceptional ease and economy of maintenance never before realized in a superfine car.

Thus, mechanical and operative perfection, coupled with compelling beauty of design and brilliance of finish, have produced a car nothing short of phenomenal.

It is the confident expectation of the Packard Company that the Single-Eight in its sphere will duplicate the distinction already accorded its companion car—the Single-Six—that of being the most distinguished exponent of its type.

Furnished in Nine Distinguished Body Types, Open and Enclosed, at Prices Ranging from $3650 to $4950, at Detroit

PACKARD SINGLE-EIGHT

"Fred! Here's *Another* Stabilated Car

"There certainly must be something to these things. All the fellows here are talking about them. There are probably a dozen jobs storing *here* that have them.

"And now that touring has started, cars are rolling in every day from all over the country—STABILATED.

"This fellow splashed in last night, mud from top to bottom. Said he left Weston yesterday morning and beat it all the way here through that storm. Yes, detours and all.

"How he ever got over those hill roads beats me, but he says he would go anywhere with STABILATORS."

The FRANKLIN

It is natural that the Franklin, always notable for its easy riding qualities, was one of the first to recognize the value of Stabilation.

If you want to know what real motoring comfort is, if you want to know the meaning of roadability, take a demonstration in the latest Franklin creation, the new Series Ten—every new Franklin is STABILATED

In a STABILATED car, you can motor where you please whether the roads are rough or smooth. You can drive with a totally new degree of comfort and safety, because STABILATORS control spring recoil in *proportion* to the size of each roadbump or hole

That is why fine cars are factory equipping with STABILATORS and why owners everywhere are having their present cars STABILATED.

You have heard of STABILATED cars. Would you not like to know something definite about the STABILATION of your own car?

Complete information, together with name of your local Watson Dealer or Distributor, will be sent as soon as your request is received.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

WATSON STABILATORS

CHANGE THE WHOLE NATURE OF YOUR CAR

(Continued from Page 113)

"I know you didn't. The knife that killed Parks was taken from the wound."

"I pulled it out, as soon as I saw the second mate lying there," the skipper said. "Unthinkingly, of course."

"I know. And it fell out from the sheet when I started to raise the body," the policeman said.

"It was the steward's knife. But I doubt that the steward had anything to do with it. Clegg got Stafford's knife, when he so readily volunteered to get it, unless I'm a fool, and in trying to put it where it would do Bob most harm, made the mistake of sticking it in the body. The steward was scared stiff, according to my notion, for fear his knife would hang him, which may be Irish, but I think it's true. I don't doubt but what Clegg did this murder, in drunken spleen."

"If there's a doubt, sir, let's give it him. He's dead, likely," said Bob Stafford seriously. "The truth's known where it matters most."

Down on the water front rescue parties carried in bodies from the banks and fields. As the party from the Sutlej came down from the offices, four bearers laid down a heavy stretcher and looked inquiringly at the policeman.

"Hullo! What's this?" the officer said, uncovering the stretcher's burden. "Here, captain! Is this the solution? See it, Stafford?"

Bending over, wide-eyed, skipper and mate and old Bob Stafford saw two cold bodies. The second mate's arm was stiff and blue, tightly bound about with the plaited end of the seven-strand sennit which Bob had fastened there to save the body from going adrift. The loose ends of the unplaited rope yarns, the remainder of the fathom of rope, was tangled inextricably about the throat of Boson Clegg. From the blue face protruded a black and swollen tongue. In the dead boson's eyes glared the recognition of imminent vengeful fate.

"Cover 'em up! Cover 'em up!" shuddered Skinner. "It looks like a horrible proof!"

"Truth's allus known where 'tis any matter," growled old Bob, and with rough tenderness replaced the covering over the dead faces.

YOUNGSTER YEAR

Continued from Page 23)

"Well, he's not greasy, anyway!" growled Marmaduke as they departed.

"Greasy" is a much overworked bit of Naval Academy vernacular. To "grease" is to curry favor from a superior or to seek advantage through favoritism. It also means to study excessively, especially during recreation hours, so as to stand ahead of one's classmates in academic rating. Flattery, fawning and bootlicking are all greasing. "Greaser" is one of the worst epithets a midshipman can fling.

The extreme opposite of being greasy is to be ratey—that is, inclined to be fresh or presumptuous or to assume more privileges than one naturally rates.

So a plebe learns early to be duly respectful but not too eager in his subordination. The model plebe is one who never speaks until spoken to, and then answers what he is asked and no more. He must never be at a loss for something to say, but likewise must never speak out of turn. And he must always answer.

One plebe was named Meser, a fact that caused him no little trouble, for upon being encountered by an upper classman with the question "Who are you, mister?" his natural answer was "Meser!"

"Mister," would say his interrogator in an awful voice—"mister, are you trying to run me?"

"No, sir!"

"Then what's your name?"

"Meser!" the plebe would helplessly answer.

Unless the inquisitive one suffered a stroke at this point, the plebe would snatch up a book and open it to the flyleaf to show the spelling of his name. The usual result was that he sat on infinity over against the wall for several minutes for having such a name. Sitting on infinity is assuming a sitting-down position without the support of a chair.

Skags and Tendencies

If such a thing as Ventilation Engineer existed, no greater qualification could be asked than that he should have spent several years at Annapolis as a confirmed smoker.

When Marmaduke entered the Naval Academy he had not acquired the cigarette habit. But upon finding that there were strict rules against smoking and that catching a skag on the sly was quite the height of Naval Academy deviltry, he immediately became a skag fiend and soon was an expert tendency hound. A skag is a cigarette in Naval Academy parlance, and a tendency is an outward-flowing draft that will speedily rid a room of the odor and smoke of tobacco.

Many and varied were the devices for inducing a tendency. For if it back-fired, the room was filled with smoke; it went out through the transom into the corridor, and detection by the duty officer was most likely. If the wind blew from the north, there was always a good tendency on the south side of the building. But if one did not naturally exist, Marmaduke and Venus set about trying to rig a tendency by opening the transom, raising one window and lowering another, and sometimes by starting the hot water in the shower bath, which heated up the atmosphere in the room and caused it to flow out of the top of the barely opened window.

"How does she blow?" asked Venus as he entered the room shortly after dinner one evening and found Marmaduke testing the tendency with a handkerchief hung across the open window.

"O. K. Call the crowd!" Marmaduke directed. The crowd did not need calling. They entered in a group—Fillyloo Watson, Cicero Smith, Shorty and Red.

"Where's Calipers?" Marmaduke asked.

"Here!" answered that young man, coming in the door. Calipers got his name from the fact that he was so bow-legged that his lower limbs resembled the instrument of that name.

The light was switched off, and soon seven cigarettes were glowing before the open window. The smoke poured out into the night and not a trace of it was left within the room.

The U-Boat's Advice

"Guess we're fooling The U-Boat tonight all right!" chuckled Venus. The U-Boat was the name applied by the midshipmen to the particularly active disciplinary officer on duty that evening.

"Yep, I guess so," agreed Fillyloo. "But you never can tell where he's cruising!"

Tap-tap! A knock on the door.

Seven hearts stopped beating as seven cigarettes sailed in glowing arcs to the terrace below.

"C-come in!" faltered Marmaduke.

The door was already opening.

"Turn on the light!" a stern voice commanded.

Marmaduke found the switch, and the light flashed on, to reveal the duty officer standing in the room. Behind him stood the midshipman in charge of the deck, as the corridor sentry is called.

"Take their names," ordered The U-Boat. "Give me all your tobacco and matches!" he addressed the culprits.

Silently the evidence was handed over.

"Pack up and report to my office in thirty minutes. You will all go down to the ship tonight!" He turned to leave, then paused in the door. "First offense for everybody?" he asked.

They all nodded.

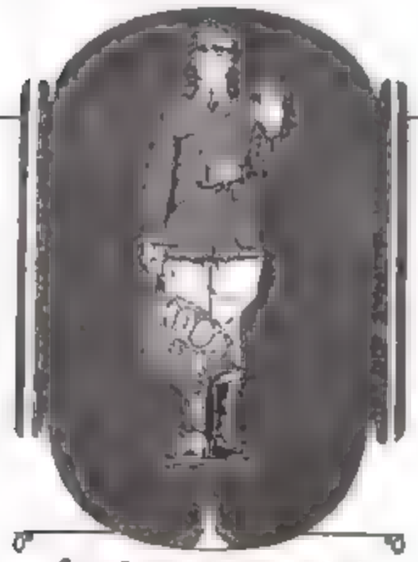
"I thought so!" he grunted. "Next time don't gang up in the window that looks out over the terrace. Seven cigarettes in a dark window aren't visible for more than two miles!"

"Now who'd 'a' thought he'd be sneaking around the terrace!" exclaimed Cicero. "Two weeks on the ship, and my girl is coming down next Saturday!"

Here a terrible groan burst from Venus' agonized breast. His girl was coming down too. His latest one. And a smoking offense meant but one thing: Ten demerits, and two weeks on the ship, the Reina Mercedes, is close confinement. This old Spanish cruiser, captured at the Battle of Santiago, is now stripped of her machinery

(Continued on Page 118)

The New HOOD "WHITE ARROW" Cord



At the sign of the
HOOD
Service Man

THOSE who drive closed cars will be very well satisfied with the massive, flat tread of the New Hood White Arrow Cord.

To the comfort of these heavier cars, the New White Arrow brings the added factor of greater safety. Holding firmly to the road, it counteracts the tendency to side sway and to skid.

Some may prefer to take this out in the greater speed now made possible. Others may prefer the additional comfort of riding on slightly softer tires, for the upstanding sidewalls of the New White Arrow will not suffer in consequence.

The open car enthusiast will also appreciate the added economy and comfort of the New White Arrow—a tire which many HOOD users say is the most beautiful tire in America.

You will find the price right. The New Hood White Arrow is "At the Sign of the Hood Service Man" in your neighborhood.

Hood Rubber Products Co., Inc.

Manufacturers of rubber products for more than a quarter of a century.
For Summer comfort — Hood Canvas Shoes — ask your shoeman

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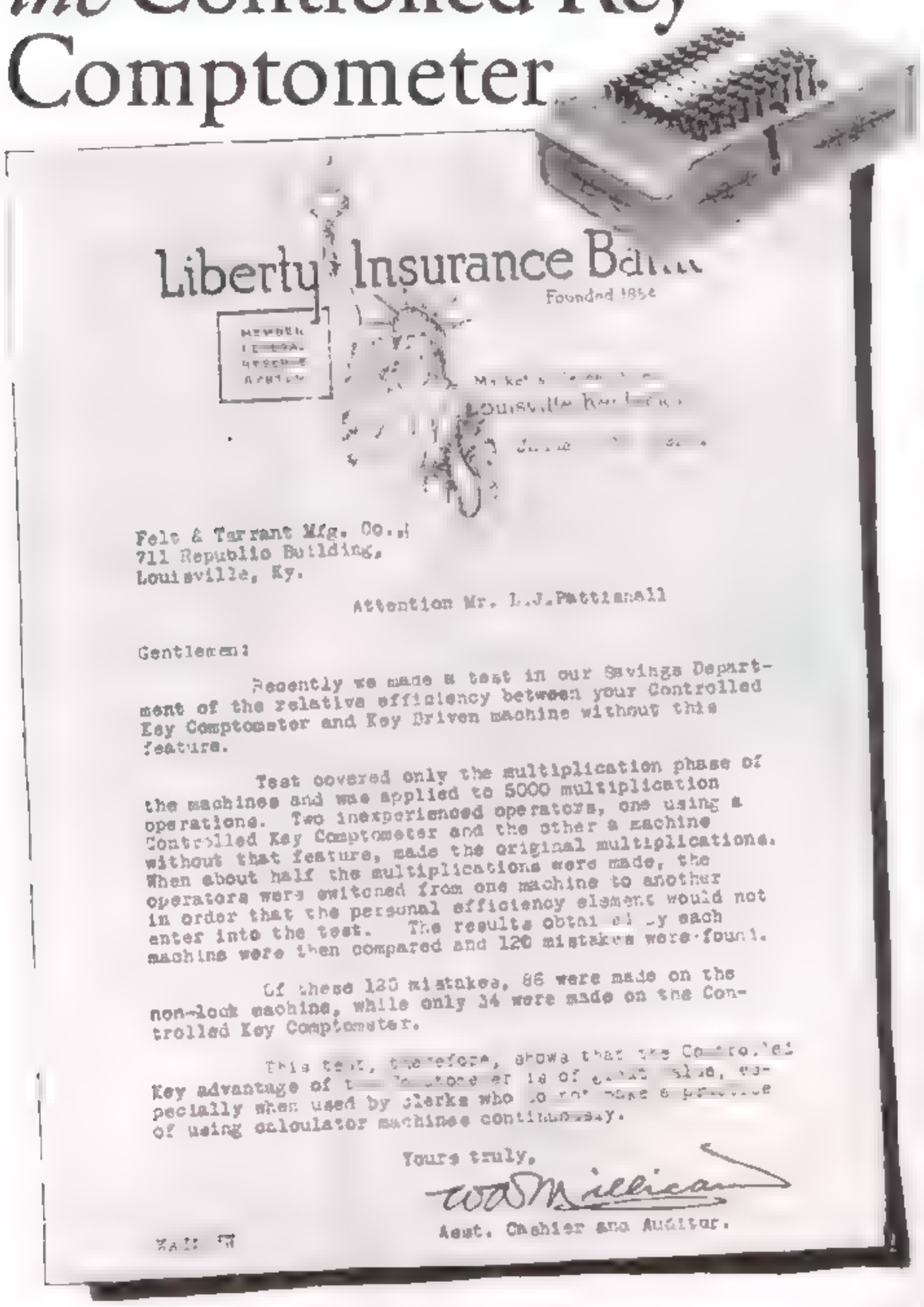
43% *greater accuracy with the* Controlled-Key Comptometer



Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co.,
711 Republic Building,
Louisville, Ky.

Attention Mr. L.J.Pattisall

Gentlemen:

Recently we made a test in our Savings Department of the relative efficiency between your Controlled Key Comptometer and Key Driven machine without this feature.

Test covered only the multiplication phase of the machines and was applied to 5000 multiplication operations. Two inexperienced operators, one using a Controlled Key Comptometer and the other a machine without that feature, made the original multiplications. When about half the multiplications were made, the operators were switched from one machine to another in order that the personal efficiency element would not enter into the test. The results obtained by each machine were then compared and 120 mistakes were found.

Of these 120 mistakes, 86 were made on the non-lock machine, while only 34 were made on the Controlled Key Comptometer.

This test, therefore, shows that the Controlled Key advantage of [illegible] is of great value, especially when used by clerks who do not make a practice of using calculator machines continuously.

Yours truly,

W.A. Millican

Asst. Cashier and Auditor.

Proved by the Liberty Insurance Bank

Perhaps it was banking instinct that led Mr. W. A. Millican, Assistant Cashier and Auditor of the Liberty Insurance Bank, Louisville, Ky., to test the value of the Controlled-key before purchasing a Comptometer. Anyhow, he was taking nothing for granted. If it was good, how good? As an investment, what was it worth?

How he found out is told in his letter, reproduced above. Note how the possible handicap of inferior operating skill was balanced by switching the operators from one machine to the other when half-way through the test.

The results show 43⅓% greater accuracy for the Controlled-key machine than the machine without this feature.

Read the letter.

If not made by Felt & Tarrant, it's not a Comptometer
Only the Comptometer has the Controlled-key safeguard

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1723 No. Paulina St., Chicago

CONTROLLED KEY
Comptometer
REG. TRADE MARK
ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

(Continued from Page 116)

and guns and moored alongside a dock to serve as a guardhouse for unruly midshipmen at the Naval Academy.

The punishment for smoking was swift and severe. For the second offense it was twenty demerits and a month on the ship; for the third offense, fifty demerits and three months; and for the fourth offense, dismissal.

So that very night the seven victims of The U-Boat's strategy marched down to the Reina Mercedes with enough of their personal effects to serve their immediate needs for a period of two weeks. And they slept in hammocks and ate ship's chow of slum and beans for the period of their confinement.

Youngster, or second, year is perhaps the most carefree period that a midshipman ever enjoys. With practically no administrative responsibility and a great deal of comparative freedom, life is a very pleasant proposition. It is usually during youngster year that midshipmen get girl-struck.

The first social classification a midshipman ever receives puts him in the ranks of either the snakes or the red Mikes. The former are those who consort frequently with the fair sex, as represented by the student bodies of Washington and Baltimore finishing schools, while the latter follow as a creed the abhorrence of all things feminine.

As the men were divided into snakes and red Mikes, so was the particular slang of the academy carried into affairs of the heart. A midshipman who escorts a girl to a hop or other function is said to be dragging her. A feminine guest therefore is a drag, a particularly attractive one is a heavy drag. According to midshipmen the riskiest game on earth is dragging blind, or having a girl down that one has never seen. Getting bricked is to have bad luck in dragging blind.

All-Stag Dancing Lessons

Mention of such matters naturally leads to the subject of dancing. Ballroom polish is applied to midshipmen through heroic measures.

The dancing instructor for years was a stout, swarthy gentleman who believed that true grace and beauty lay only in the old-fashioned waltz.

A dancing class where each pupil receives the personal attention of the instructor and has for a partner a member of the opposite sex is a totally different proposition from the system where a hundred or so awkward, half-willing boys are marched in military formation into a hall and paired off by the simple method of counting "One, two; one, two."

The classes were held in the auditorium, where were mounted in glass cases all the battle flags that have flown in the whole glorious history of our Navy. All over walls and ceilings were torn and time-stained ensigns and jacks. High overhead was spread the blue square on which were sewed the immortal words "Don't give up the ship," the very flag that Oliver Hazard Perry fought under on Lake Erie. Marmaduke often had need of its inspiring urge while struggling to attain ballroom perfection.

After obtaining partners in the above haphazard way they were given a lecture on the intricacies of the dance. "Dance with your heads, and your feet will take care of themselves," they were advised. "Now the only difference between waltz and fox-trot time is that waltz time goes 'boom, br-r-rup, br-r-rup; boom, br-r-rup, br-r-rup'—that is, 'step, cut out; step, cut out'—and fox-trot time goes 'br-r-rup, br-r-rup, boom; br-r-rup, br-r-rup, boom'; or 'cut out, step; cut out, step.' That's all there is to it!"

Every ten minutes they were halted, and the instructor called, "Those as what was leaders will now be followers, and the followers will be leaders. Remember that in correct dancing, you keep three inches away from your partner at all times."

Then the music would start and the puzzled, perspiring and exactly-three-inches-separated pairs would continue clumping over the floor and each other's feet in their heavy drill shoes.

Marmaduke's Mistake

It took a full year after Marmaduke graduated from his Terpsichorean academics to enable him to dance with a girl without booming in her ear and holding her rigidly distant the regulation three inches.

One of the first things that happened at the beginning of the academic year was a lecture to the youngsters by the president of the first class. He was a Naval Academy hero, the captain of the football team, and his words carried weight.

He stated to the third classmen that they had arrived at the dignity of a new estate with corresponding privileges and responsibilities. He then proceeded to outline these liberties and obligations. He wound up with a caution in regard to their treatment of the plebes:

"Let me recall to you that the aim of hazing here is not to furnish upper classmen with amusement by harassing or humiliating plebes. No normal person wants such amusement. The purpose of hazing is to teach, to train, to break in these new classes to the point where they are fit to live with as midshipmen and naval officers. But don't let your enthusiasm and all this new power run away with your better judgment!"

However, in spite of this warning, Marmaduke before long did allow his enthusiasm to run away with him, with serious results.

One night a plebe failed to leap to attention promptly enough to suit him when he and Venus entered the plebe's room. His movements were deliberate and his air seemed somewhat sullen as he rose to a standing position. Marmaduke felt called upon to take him to task.

"What's the matter with you—paralyzed?" he demanded.

(Continued on Page 121)

The Reina Mercedes, Used as a Place of Confinement for Unruly Midshipmen

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A shirt like this for $2.50! You've never seen such value before. Made of Wilson Bro's Shasta Cloth, it's as cool as a sea breeze. The attached collar is pre-shrunk for a perfect and lasting fit, nor will it wrinkle. Of course, a shirt like this is in right good taste for business or sports wear

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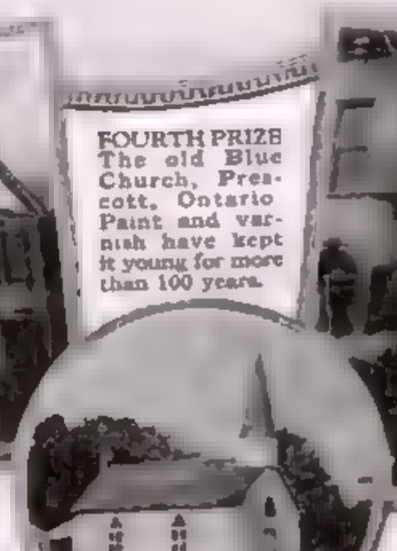

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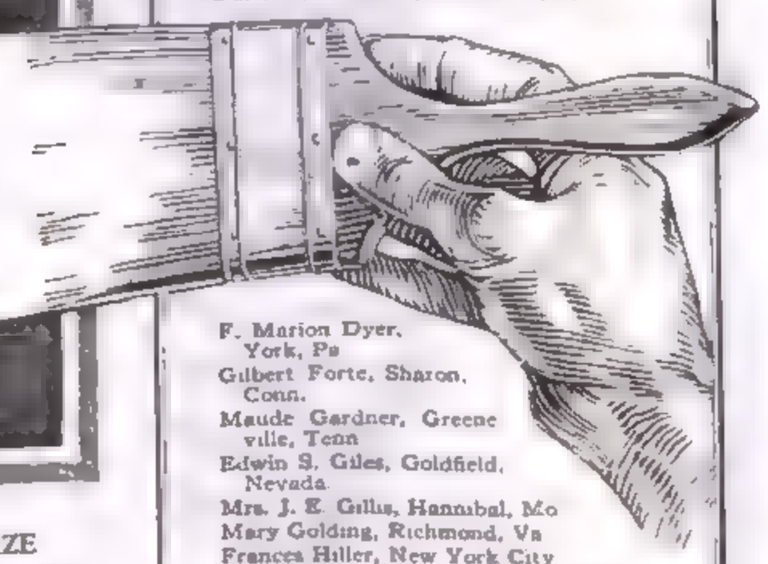

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Announcing 1924

$1000 Save the Surface Prize Contest

—for young detectives of neglected surfaces.

403 cash prizes for boys and girls under 16. Details of contest will be printed on back of 1924 Save the Surface Calendar, which you can get from your local painter or paint dealer at the close of 1923

(Continued from Page 118)

"No, sir," the plebe briefly answered.

"Then why didn't you hop to attention when I came in the room?"

"I did, sir!" was the short reply.

"Yes, at your own convenience!" Marmaduke retorted. "What you need, mister, is to get a little snap into your movements. I think that a bit of physical drill would benefit you. First we'll have a balance test to see if you're not unbalanced. Stand on your head over in that corner!"

Obediently the plebe followed directions, but hardly had he attained the position ordered when he collapsed on the floor. Marmaduke, who had not been observing him closely, thought that he was feigning weakness, or was unduly clumsy. He sharply ordered him up again. The plebe tried, but apparently could not make it.

"Yah, you plebes are no good!" Marmaduke contemptuously exclaimed. "Why, when I was a plebe ——"

Suddenly the other plebe in the room, who had been standing at attention all during the scene, sprang forward.

"Nobody but a coward would haze a man who's injured!" he blazed at the amazed youngster.

"What!" ejaculated Marmaduke. "Is he hurt? Anything wrong with you, mister?"

"It's nothing, sir!" the plebe answered from the corner.

But his roommate had thrown all caution and reserve to the winds. "No, he's only on the sick list with a sprained back from football! Anybody could see that something was wrong with him!"

"You shut up!" Marmaduke said evenly. Then he turned to the other plebe and helped him rise. "I'm sorry as the devil, mister, that I tried to put you through. You should have told me that you were hurt. Did trying to stand on your head there make it any worse?"

"No, sir; I'm all right," the plebe answered, as indeed he was.

Then Marmaduke turned to the impetuous roommate.

"You called me a coward, mister. I suppose you know what that means?"

"Yes, sir!" the plebe answered promptly. "I am ready at any time!"

"Under the circumstances, I'll give you a chance to retract!"

"I don't care to, sir!"

"My room at 9:30!" was the terse direction.

There was, according to the code, only one way to settle the matter. That was by personal combat.

They were about evenly matched as they stood and faced each other across the room at 9:30 that evening, stripped to the waist and ready for action. A first classman acted as referee. Each had a classmate for a second. There were to be no rounds. This was a bare-fisted grudge fight.

Each was a trifle pale as he eyed the other grimly, waiting for the word to start.

The Day of the Game

"You can't hit a man unless he's on his feet!" was the only rule laid down.

"Go!"

Warily the couple circled for advantage and the fight was on. Only the shuffling of their tennis shoes, their heavy breathing and the smacks of hard fists making contact could be heard.

Eleven minutes it lasted, and until the last it was almost a draw. Then through his fast-closing eyes Marmaduke aimed an uppercut that put the plebe out for the count. But he won at the expense of a terribly battered face and a torn ear.

The plebe's second and the referee revived the loser while Venus bathed Marmaduke's bruised face with witch hazel. When his opponent had gained his feet Marmaduke staggered over to him.

"Shake!" he offered.

The plebe took his hand. "Thanks!" he murmured through his swollen lips.

This was the Old Navy method of settling a misunderstanding. In case the parties to the quarrel had been unevenly matched, the lesser of the two had the right to select a classmate of his opponent's weight to fight his battle.

The great single day of every year, for every class, is the day of the Army-Navy football game. On that day Marmaduke roused to reveille at four o'clock. The bugle released a bedlam of wild shouts as the midshipmen bounded from their beds and beneath their cold showers.

A hasty breakfast, then assembly blew and the regiment was formed. Out through the faintly breaking dawn they marched to the railway station in the town. Here they boarded four special trains, a battalion to a train, and rolled away for New York.

Everyone was excitedly happy. Plebes were allowed to carry on. The officer in charge of the train passed word that he was in the last car and expected to stay there. So in every other car cigarettes were lighted indiscriminately.

Not only is it the unbroken rule that every man who can walk attends every football game but the regiment, to a man, turns out every afternoon after drill to cheer and encourage the squad during practice. Thus they get daily drill in their songs and yells which are a notable feature of that annual classic, the Army-Navy game.

With their weeks of preparation and anticipation, it is natural that they are in a fever heat of enthusiasm and excitement as the day of the game approaches. Snake dances, mass meetings, demonstrations of all kinds are in order. Every evening after dinner practically the whole of the regiment falls into a snake dance. As each midshipman joins the swaying column he reverses his cap on his head, grasps the man ahead of him on the shoulders and takes up the refrain:

"Away, away with sword and drum,
Here we come, here we come,
Looking for something to put on the bum;
We're out to lick the Ar-my!"

Then comes the chant, "Fight! Fight! Fight like Hell!" which resounds throughout the corridors of Bancroft Hall to the thumping tread of the militant host.

Bursts of Song

The dance always ends with the whole force marching into the huge rotunda of the building and milling around until they are packed as closely together as possible. A Four-N yell for the team, and the crowd disperses to the singing of Anchors Aweigh, the Naval Academy march.

Venus, when excited, was apt to burst forth into song. So now, accompanied by Marmaduke, he led off with:

"Oh, the goat is old and gnarly and he's never been to school,
But he can take the bacon from that worn-out Army mule.
He's had no education, but he's brimming full of fight!
And Bill will feed on Army mule tonight!
Army, Army, call a doctor,
Army, Army, call a doctor,
Army, Army, call a doctor—
You're all in, down and out!"

At the close of the song all hands gave a wild cheer.

"Don't yell going through Baltimore!" they were cautioned by their three-striper. "It always brings bad luck! Better save your voices anyhow; you'll need 'em enough this afternoon!"

Whereupon all on the car loudly shouted a prolonged "Yea-a-a, bo!" and took up again the strain of the song they were singing.

Zest was lent to the trip up by the fact that half of the regiment traveled via one railroad and half via a rival line. Since the tracks of these systems run parallel for some distance below Havre de Grace, Maryland, and cross the Susquehanna River there on adjacent bridges, there was always a race between trains.

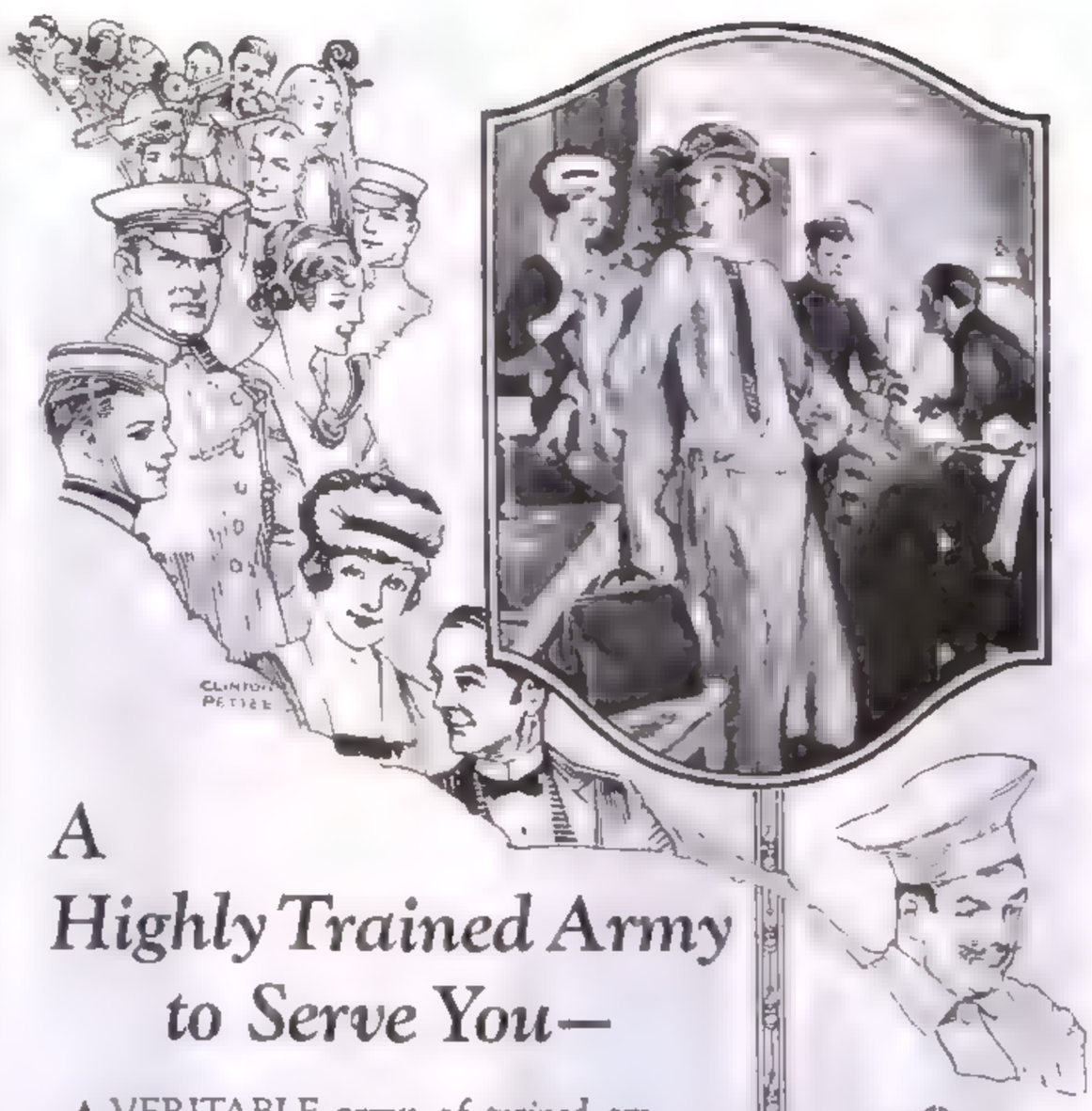
All during this stretch, wildly cheering midshipmen filled windows and platforms, thumbing their noses and otherwise hurling defiance at their fellows on the competing trains. And after it was over, each side stoutly maintained that it had won.

Several hours later they were parading on the Polo Grounds before some thousands of spectators and their hated rivals in gray.

These worthies set up a terrific noise upon their appearance—whether of approval or derision they knew not nor cared.

The game was like any other football game where two good teams plow up an acre of mud in the attempt to annihilate each other. To every cadet and midshipman, and every graduate of either school who witnessed it, it was more gripping than a life-and-death struggle could be.

According to the papers before the game, the Army had the edge. But the Navy had a marvelous kicker, and it was the midshipmen who rushed the field when the final whistle blew and threw their caps over the



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crossbar of the winning goal posts. The Pointers stood up with their hats off and took their defeat in the customary fashion—like men. This splendid practice is perhaps the most impressive feature of the whole spectacular contest.

And so the day ended.

But what a night! Nearly two thousand midshipmen and over half that many cadets turned loose on Broadway with a complete release from the rigid discipline of academy life. In every theater, cabaret, café, Anchors Aweigh and Benny Havens O echoed across the house at each other. Four-N's and Long Corps yells made the dishes clatter in the cabarets along the Great White Way, until by morning every man in uniform was completely devoid of any semblance of a voice, and conversation was carried on in husky whispers or the sign language.

Hanging from a Japanese arbor in the grounds of Annapolis is an old queerly shaped copper bell covered with verdigris through which the Japanese legend on it can hardly be discerned. It was presented to Commodore Perry by the Shogun when he opened up the Japanese Empire by storming the straits at the Bay of Yedo in 1853. Its services now are strictly ornamental except upon those occasions when the midshipmen achieve a victory over their brothers-in-arms at the Point. Then every man in the regiment strikes it one or several blows, and for hours its mellow tones ring forth in a pagan pæan of triumphant joy.

Then the vanquished Army's funeral is held with great solemnity and its effigy is consumed upon a huge funeral pyre composed of all the wastebaskets from all the rooms in Bancroft Hall while each midshipman lights his broom from the blaze and joins the mile-long torchlight procession that winds up the celebration.

Sweet are the fruits of victory!

The plebes were allowed to carry on for two weeks after the game, and then the lid was clamped on again.

It was during Marmaduke's youngster year that the first vigorous steps were taken towards stamping out hazing. Of course hazing in any form had been strictly against the regulations from time immemorial, but a strict interpretation of that rule had been observed principally in the breach. There were isolated incidents where some extreme case had brought drastic action, and one or two upper classmen were dismissed once in several years for the practice.

One evening word was passed through the corridors, "Meeting of the youngster class in Memorial Hall at 9:30!"

When Somebody Squealed

On their gathering there they were addressed by the president of the first class. His speech was concise and to the point.

"You youngsters have got to go slow on the hazing for a while. Several of the plebes have written home to their parents that they were getting abused, and their folks have been putting up a holler to their congressmen. You know and I know that these plebes aren't being treated any worse, or even as badly as you or I were treated. But Congress has come down on the supe, and the only thing he can do is to come down on us. I have investigated the cases of these plebes who wrote home, and I find that in practically every instance they are men who couldn't stand the gaff anywhere—just plain weaklings—who wanted to get out and go home. But their parents wouldn't let them resign just because they didn't like the hard work and strict discipline here, so now they have written home that they are abused and starved and generally mistreated and that their health is being endangered. Naturally, a frantic parent gets on the rampage at once.

"If it gets any worse we shall have an investigation by Congress, which will be unpleasant for everybody. If you youngsters see fit to coöperate, it will react to your own credit. If you don't see fit to coöperate, there is a definite way of forcing compliance to the regulations.

"Just lay off the plebes for a while. This agitation pops up every few years and blows over. Everybody who knows anything about the service knows that hazing is as necessary as the keel of a ship. But the outsider can't savvy this viewpoint, and since it's the outsider who is actually paying our way through here, we have to show some deference to his wishes. You can count on it that whatever happens in here, the newspapers will get hold of and garble and distort until a bit of innocent running will take on the semblance of a session of the Spanish Inquisition. Be careful not to do anything from now on that can be fastened on you. If it is, I can assure you that you will go."

The youngsters gave sober thought to this counsel. They contemptuously and unjustly referred to the plebes as milksops and mollycoddles. But the plebes continued to be the willing, discreetly subdued subordinates that plebes always had been, and gradually the youngsters' resentment wore off.

All the upper classes let the plebes strictly alone for several weeks, until a committee of fourth classmen, composed of the leading spirits of the class, came around to the president of the first class and told him that the sentiment of the class was strongly for hazing, that the plebes were embarrassed and uncomfortable without the old system, and that they respectfully requested that it be restored. They also condemned, as a class, the action of those members who had written home complaining, and requested their names, that they might deal with them as classmates.

Trouble, Trouble

This was refused them, but the sentiment created by their action was a very favorable one, and shortly the old régime of friendly, brotherly tyranny began to return.

Marmaduke's fight with Wilkins had resulted in a very warm friendship between himself and that hot-headed young man. And apparently that particular hazing episode had had no ill effect.

The second term was well along and all was smooth sailing when, without a warning, the heavens fell.

"Satterlee, Third Class, report to the commandant's office immediately!" shouted the midshipman on duty in the corridor one morning.

Hastily brushing his uniform, Marmaduke double-timed to the office of the commandant of midshipmen, the officer at the head of the executive department which regulates the conduct of the student body.

In some trepidation he followed the marine orderly into the office. The commandant seldom sent for a man to commend him. He wondered what it was all about.

His heart sank within him and seemed to chill suddenly as he saw the two plebes, Wilkins and Meser, his roommate, white and rigid, standing at the corner of the commandant's desk.

The commandant looked grimly serious.

"Mr. Satterlee?" he asked.

"Midshipman Satterlee, Third Class, sir!" mechanically he announced himself.

"Do you know these fourth classmen?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Have you ever hazed either of them?"

"Why—er—sir," Marmaduke gulped desperately and moistened his dry lips. "Sir, I request that I not be made to answer incriminating questions!"

"Mr. Wilkins," said the commandant, turning to the plebes, "did Midshipman

(Continued on Page 124)

"Dollar Topkis saves half on my underwear bills"

"THE first time I saw Topkis, it looked so good I bought a box without asking the price. When the salesman said, 'One Dollar a suit,' it was just like finding money.

"Why, Topkis couldn't fit better, wear better, or have better fabrics if it cost double."

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Topkis fits comfortably—every place and all the time. You can run for a train, or even play baseball, without feeling the slightest pinch or pull.

Correctly designed. Generously proportioned. Roomy armholes. Extra wide, extra long legs. Full size guaranteed. Pre-shrunk to stay true to size after washing.

Is it any wonder a million men wear Topkis—when they get so much value for One Dollar? No good dealer will ask more—but you can't blame them for saying it's *worth* more.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c a garment. 75c for Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits, and Children's Waist Union Suits.

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Buy Topkis by the Box—Six union suits for $6. Some men pay as much for three suits—but they don't know Topkis

Ask your dealer for TOPKIS Look for the Topkis Label.

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The Wendells live in that Colonial home at the end of Elm Street. They are one of those happy, companionable families we so admire.

—and they've just bought a car.

Naturally, their car must completely satisfy the individual preferences of each member of the family, for Ruth and Robert are just home from college.

To Ruth Wendell, in the bloom of life, the car must be distinctively different. One in which she is proud to be seen. One in which every consideration is given to all that she herself would have placed there.

To Mrs. Wendell comfort is a first requisite. She wants deep, downy upholstery—inviting roominess—easy riding qualities—and every refinement essential to a really fine motor car.

To Bob, a strapping he-man with a hunger for power and speed, the car for him must have dash and be a living, breathing thing with a quick pickup—rakish—individual in coloring—strikingly distinctive.

To Mr. Wendell, shrewd business man that he is, the choice must first of all be a good investment—dependable—durable—with high mileage on gasoline and tires—and low upkeep.

In the car of the famous *proven units* he not only found the fulfillment of his own requirements, but those of every member of the family.

—the Wendells bought a MOON.

The New Six 58 Sport Phaeton
7 passenger
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FOB ST. LOUIS
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Upholstery in harmony

MOON

Six-40 Touring	5-passenger	Six-40 Coupe	4-passenger	Six-58 Sport Touring	4-passenger
Six-40 Roadster	3-passenger	Six-40 Sedan	5-passenger	Six-58 Sport Phaeton	7-passenger
Six-40 Touring	5-passenger	Six-40 Sport Sedan	5-passenger	Six-58 Sedan	7-passenger
Six-40 Sport Touring	5-passenger	Six-58 Touring	7-passenger	Six-58 Petite Touring Sedan	4-passenger

Built by MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A. Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

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There's Comfort and Economy in these Pajamas!

Because they are designed to fit—with fullness and freedom at every point—there is luxurious comfort for you in these pajamas made by Glover. But you get more than just comfort. You get good style. And long wear comes, too—because the full size reduces all strain and pulling on both seams and fabric.

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To enjoy real, honest-to-goodness comfort in sleeping garments, along with fine appearance—and all at moderate cost—ask at your favorite store for Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad!

Children's Sleepers

Several splendid styles, made to stand a child's hard wear. Cambric, crepe, pajama check, nainsook. Ages 1 to 10

$1 to $3

Middy Pajamas

This over-the-head style has no buttons to fuss with. Pongee and nainsook

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Brighton-Carlsbad Nightshirts, too

Just as fine in every detail. Nainsook, muslin, pongee, sizes 15 to 20. $1.50 to $3. (For boys, also)

If you fail to find the style you prefer, write us. We'll see that you're supplied. Pajamas, $2.25 to $18

Glover 60

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
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Write for The "Nightie Book" It's FREE!

Glover's
BRIGHTON CARLSBAD
SLEEPINGWEAR

(Continued from Page 122)

Satterlee here ever haze anyone in your presence?"

Wilkins blanched a shade whiter.

"Sir," he stammered, "I don't—I can't"

"Remember, Mr. Wilkins, that the penalty for falsehood is dismissal!" the officer sternly adjured him.

"I'm not sure, sir!" the plebe blurted in distress

"There is no halfway course. You answer yes or no! Evasion is the equivalent of falsehood. What is your answer—yes or no?"

Marmaduke saw from the plebe's pale determined face that his loyalty to their friendship was probably leading him into the misguided policy of protecting him at all costs. So with the full consciousness of the complete disaster that it would bring to him, he quietly spoke up.

"Sir, if I may interrupt, I hazed Midshipman Meser in his room one evening last fall!"

The commandant was silent as he toyed with his paper cutter. Then he spoke.

"That will do. You fourth classmen may go. Mr. Satterlee, you will return to your room under arrest. You will be reported for unwarranted assumption of authority—hazing! Submit a written statement in regard to the report by nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Sir," Marmaduke ventured, "may I inquire how this report came in? I am on excellent terms with these two fourth classmen."

"You may go to your room! It suffices that we have the information!"

Marmaduke about-faced and marched from the office. His whole world was tumbling about his ears. Utter ruination! The end of his strenuous labors, his happy dreams.

The two plebes visited him that afternoon. Their concern was touching as they disclaimed any complicity in promulgating the report. Wilkins explained. The plebe who lived across the corridor from them had learned of the affair. He had written home a highly colored account of it to his parents, with the idea only of telling them an interesting incident of Naval Academy life. But this plebe's mother had told the story to the sister of a congressman's wife, and the several ladies had become so agitated that they had insisted on the congressman's taking action. He had done so, with the results noted.

Justice Tempered With Mercy

Marmaduke's written statement, along with one from each of the plebes, was submitted to the commandant and forwarded to the superintendent. All the midshipmen in the regiment, plebes included, were deeply concerned over the case, and all were in sympathy with Marmaduke. His own classmates bitterly condemned the plebe who had written home—perhaps incautiously, but certainly most innocently—and caused all the trouble.

Several days later the three main actors in the drama were ordered before the superintendent. He heard each of their stories.

When they had finished he said, not unkindly, "You must understand, Mr. Satterlee, that, as a Naval Academy graduate myself, I realize the good as well as the bad points of hazing. But no matter what you and I think about it, the law says that it shall not be. As instruments our very selves of law and order, it little behooves us to demonstrate a disregard for it. You have offended. For your offense there is but one punishment that I can assign: dismissal!

"Needless to say, it grieves me to have to do this. But I shall forward the papers to the Secretary today for his approval. His action will make it final, with the approval of the President."

Marmaduke spent the dreary days that followed in his room, under close arrest, lonely, bitter and entirely hopeless. He was marched under guard to the mess hall and ate with the duty officer. He had no visitors, no contacts. He could not bear even to think of his family at home.

Then one day his suspense came to an end. At noon-meal formation the regiment was paraded on the front terrace and the adjutant read the following order:

"'Tention to orders: Naval Academy Order Number 48.

"1. For being guilty of unwarranted assumption of authority—to wit, hazing a fourth classman in his room on the evening of November twelfth, Midshipman M. P. Satterlee, Third Class, is hereby assigned one hundred demerits, is placed on probation until the end of the present academic year, will be confined on the Reina Mercedes for a period of two months, and will be deprived of his annual leave in September.

"2. Such conduct on the part of Midshipman Satterlee is directly contrary to the Naval Academy Regulations and an act of Congress, and merits severest punishment. The above punishment is awarded in lieu of the usual punishment, dismissal, owing to the frank and manly attitude of the midshipman concerned. It is hoped that this case will serve as an example to the regiment and call to mind the seriousness of the offense of hazing.

"(Signed)

"Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy,
Superintendent."

Marmaduke never heard the second paragraph. He was standing at attention before the adjutant, with his hat in his hand, trying not to faint. Fate, as personified by a farseeing and benevolent gentleman in an office in Washington, had decided to give him another chance. It little mattered that he had received a staggering load of demerits, that he faced two months of dreary confinement on the uncomfortable and odoriferous old Reina, and that, worst of all, he would lose his September leave. He was still a midshipman!

That afternoon the commandant sent for him and released him from arrest, with the instructions to proceed to the Reina Mercedes and report for confinement.

Life on the Reina

He was allowed to leave the ship only for classes and drills. Then he checked out and in and the time was carefully logged. There were from ten to twenty midshipmen undergoing confinement with him during his stay aboard. They were forced to follow the ship's routine—hammicks at 9:30 and reveille at five; beans three times a week for breakfast and supper; slum every meal, it seemed; no milk; countless dishes of prunes—a wholesome diet, but not at all a fancy one. They lived in a gun-deck compartment—ate, studied and slept there. Tables, which hung from overhead, were let down for meals—smooth oak boards, innocent of linen. These tables also served as desks after the mess boys had scoured them to an ashy whiteness. Then at taps the tables were hoisted into place between the deck beams, hammocks were slung from the same beams, and hauled to a boardlike tautness six feet from the deck below. At the first note of taps Skeets, the crusty old chief master at arms, hustled the crowd to bed, and each convict swung into his dream bag, which folded around him like a cocoon.

From sheer boredom Marmaduke studied excessively, and so faced the final examinations, or Anns, without fear. His confinement came to an end but a short while before June.

In the days that followed, he was feverishly busy preparing for the summer cruise. Venus thoughtfully refrained from commenting on the coming joys of Sep. leave, for Marmaduke, of course, would have none.

They were looking forward eagerly to the summer, for the cruise itinerary led to Europe and the Mediterranean—"Malta, Gibber-ralta, and the sinner-ritters of sunny Spain," Venus was wont poetically to remark

Graduation came with its pomp and ceremony, and the Navy was richer by some two hundred freshly starched ensigns. And Marmaduke became a second classman.

While they were embarking for their departure, Marmaduke was called to the commandant's office.

He came back walking on air. "—— for exemplary conduct, your September leave has been returned!"

And so, as the ship's launch, loaded to the gunwales with midshipmen and baggage, pulled away from the dock, it was Marmaduke who, louder and lustier than all the others, gave three rousing cheers for "Mothers, Sweethearts, Wives!" and swung into the chorus of the Navy's fighting football song Anchors Aweigh:

"Stand, Navy, down the field,
Sails set to the sky;
We'll never change our course,
So, Army, you steer shy-y-y-y.
Roll up the score, Nay-vee,
Anchors aweigh;
Sail, Navy, down the field
And sink the Army, sink the Army gray!"

Where the Facts Came From

In its essentials this dramatized story is just like the case of a large company in the Middle West where the Consulting Engineers, The George S. Rider Company, with the interests of their clients at heart asked to have the heating taken out of their contract if the clients put in a steam system instead of the Grinnell Forced Circulation Hot Water System they recommended

The booklet "Five Factors in Heating Costs," will be sent to anyone interested in heating industrial buildings. Send for your copy today. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 302 W. Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

It went across with a bang and—bounced back

"IT'S all set, Charlie," cried the President's son as he ran down the office steps towards the young man who was waiting for him in the flashy runabout. "The old gentleman says it's up to me entirely on equipping the new plant."

Charles Wilson: "Fine—we'll show them some economies that will surprise them."

* * * * *

President's son: "Here's your office. So long. Bring your estimate up to the office by 2.30. I've got a date with that Consulting Engineer—Chadwick. He's been going over your plans which I gave him yesterday. Your price will just bowl him over. Told him his preliminary heating estimate was way out of line. Mighty glad I got you in on this, Charlie. Gives both of us a chance to put something across with a bang."

* * * * *

Consulting Engineer: "I have been over your friend Wilson's plans, and I must hold to my first recommendation. If you will sign—"

President's son: "Sign nothing. Wilson's system is $4,000 cheaper. I want that saving."

Consulting Engineer: "$4,000, is that all? I should have expected at least $6,000 difference. I can't approve."

President's son: "Well, I propose to put it across with a bang. I'll sign your contract, Charlie."

Consulting Engineer: "Then you will please take the heating out of my contract entirely. My reputation, young man, has been built on operating economy and not low first cost. And operating economy depends not only on the type of system but the ability of the contractor to interpret my plans."

President (stepping into conference from his private office): "Now that you've 'put it across,' as you say, I will have to bounce it back. I arranged it so I could hear through the transom. I gave you this chance so you might learn today what it took me 20 years to get into my head about building and operating plants. Now boy, get this. An able consulting engineer knows contractors from experience just as he knows materials and design from technical training. You must follow his advice just as you would that of a famous physician. His plans and specifications are his prescription. Have it filled by the contractor he recommends just as you go to the high class pharmacist your physician designates to fill his carefully worked out formula.

"I've preached this same sermon before the National Manufacturers Association and many's the letter I've received from members who took my advice thanking me for the trouble and money I've saved them."

Consulting Engineer: "A few words will make my position clear to Mr. Wilson and your son. Mr. Wilson's cheaper steam system required a steam boiler plant in a factory that buys electric power. Such a system didn't take into account operating expense which every year would be some $1,500 higher than with the hot water system Grinnell Company laid out for me. If you will read their book, 'Five Factors in Heating Costs,' you will see other reasons for my recommendations."

President's son: "But why didn't you let my friend Wilson figure on a hot water system?"

Charles Wilson: "To be frank, Tom, industrial hot water systems are a specialized engineering study. Nobody can touch Grinnell on that sort of thing."

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All leather

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From Atlantic to Pacific thirty thousand shoe dealers sell Selz Shoes.

The merchant in your district known for greatest value giving—he is one of them.

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The profit per pair, regardless of price —$6 or up to $10—is small.

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He is in business to serve you well.
He knows good values and gives them to you.
He voluntarily takes less profit in the interest of greater sales.

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Look for this stamp on the sole

SELZ SHOES—SIX TO TEN DOLLARS—FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC

FAIR AND SOFTLY

(Continued from Page 5

the manner of it; Howdin with two boards from his canoe constructed a table and spread oilcloth on it. Ten minutes after the landing bacon was frying. Joe Tyng was busy opening a can of beans, while Milton and the others waited hungrily.

Chan heard a low exclamation from Joe, and turned and asked, "What's the matter, Joe?"

"Cut my hand on this can," Joe replied impatiently.

From a deep gash on the ball of his thumb blood dripped in a tiny stream. Chan stepped toward him, past Milton, and heard a gasp from the big man, but at the moment gave no heed. Edith Rucker came to his side, looked over his shoulder. Chan, holding Joe's hand, was looking at the gash attentively.

Edith said curtly, "Get some hot water. I've iodine and things in my pack sack. One of you bring it up here. I'll fix him up."

Chan, turning to obey, saw Milton lying on his back on the ground, white as death. He was alarmed, exclaimed: "What's the matter with him?"

Edith gave her brother one glance. "Afraid of blood. Always was. If he cuts his finger he faints away. As big as a horse, and a worse coward than a woman. Don't mind him. Bring my pack up here."

Chan's eye met Makino's, twinkling; but he made no comment. As he came up the bank with Mrs. Rucker's pack, Milton groaned aloud. His sister said harshly: "For heaven's sake be still, you big baby." She proceeded to do a competent piece of first aid on the wounded finger; then found a flask and offered it to her brother. "Come on, take a drink of this and eat some dinner, Steve," she bade him. "You're making a fool of yourself."

Milton was still pale when he sat down at table; but the food revived him. While they ate, mosquitoes harassed them. Edith announced that she despised mosquitoes, and Milton had the strength to laugh derisively.

"You're always grouching about little things," he said.

"I don't faint at the sight of a drop of blood," she retorted.

"Well, you make as much fuss over a mosquito. There are always mosquitoes in the woods."

"And I always despise them," she replied. "They bite me."

"What do you expect them to do—kiss you?"

Will Rucker said mildly, "They do bite, you know, Steve. One just tore off a sliver of my neck and flew away with it."

"Sure it wasn't a splinter off your head?" Milton asked, and roared at his own joke.

When they were finished they walked down to the water's edge and sat on the rocks while the guides ate and cleaned the dishes. Joe Tyng winked across the table at Chan, said under his breath, "Nice folks, ain't they?"

"I'd know them two was brother and sister anywhere," Chan agreed with a smile.

III

TWO days of travel brought them to Madawaskeag Lake. Two days of peaceful adventure, threading narrow streams or placid ones, crossing lakes or traversing them, tramping over carries, following a narrow path through the forest while the guides dragged the canoes down a too shallow stream. Jane Otis enjoyed these two days. Chan, in the stern seat behind her, drove the canoe easily, whether with paddle or pole; the motion soothed her. Sometimes they talked together, idly, in snatches; sometimes she was content to relax on the low seat in the bow and with half-shut eyes watch the passing panorama, watch new reaches of stream open before them as they turned each bend. They saw deer, startled ducks into flight; she was conscious always that about them pressed the deep woods, full of life. The weather was fine. Down the length of Madawaskeag through the late afternoon she watched the shadows change along the shore illuminated by the descending sun. Southeastward, Katahdin rose; a white cloud wreathed the mountain's tip.

They made camp among birches and hemlocks and balsams at the base of a sandy point of land on the eastern shore of the lake. So soon as the tent which he and Will Rucker occupied had been pitched, Steve Milton got into a bathing suit and went swimming off the point. He called to Will to join him.

"Cold, isn't it?" Rucker asked, and Milton laughed scornfully.

"Like milk," he replied.

Rucker, yielding, found the water unfriendly; he took a quick plunge and went shivering ashore. But as he neared his tent his wife appeared in her bathing suit and asked him why he was so soon satisfied; he said he found the water cold.

"It's what you need," she said relentlessly. "It will help you put on some weight. You're thin as a starved crow now."

"I guess I don't want weight that badly," he suggested.

But she overbore him by sheer insistence, and he returned to his martyrdom. When they emerged from the water he was blue.

Jane Otis saw this, and said softly: "Rub yourself well, Mr. Rucker. You look frozen."

His eyes thanked her.

Then Steve, large and rosy with the reaction from the cold plunge, discovered her and exclaimed, "Where have you been? Why didn't you come in?"

"I didn't feel like it, Steve," she said apologetically.

"Afraid of getting wet?" he laughed.

"It looked cold," she told him.

He rubbed the water off his arms. "Feels great," he assured her. "You want to get used to things like this." He looked around, dropped a wet arm across her shoulders. "Nobody looking, honey!"

She pushed him away. "You're all wet!"

The opportunity for a jest at her expense appealed to him; he drew her into his arms, wet body and wet bathing suit pressing against her; kissed her while water dripped from his hair into her face. When he released her they both saw Chan Corwin approaching, bent beneath a load of balsam boughs laid crosswise on his ax helve.

Jane fled. Milton laughed and slapped his chest. There was something about him curiously suggestive of a gorilla.

"That water puts some life into a man," he told Chan loudly.

"I never tried it," Chan replied. "But seems to me if I was going to have a swim, I wouldn't want it secondhand."

Milton stared at him, but Chan's tone was mild, and the big man took the remark as a jest. Upon the open beach he put himself through a series of vigorous calisthenics, while Chan arranged the boughs to serve as bed in the tent. Will Rucker shivered there with chattering teeth, and Chan watched him sympathetically.

Then Milton came to the tent door and asked, "Any fish in this lake?"

"I guess so," Chan assented.

"Think I'll try them before supper."

"You won't get any," Chan assured him. "Got to troll, deep. Need a copper line and some live bait."

"Pshaw!" Milton insisted. "If they're there they'll rise to a fly. I'll get Howdin to take me out."

Chan made no further protest; but when he returned to where Howdin and Joe Tyng were getting supper he told Howdin what Milton planned.

The guide made no comment, but Joe Tyng said amiably, "Go to it, old-timer. Have a good time."

Milton and the guide came ashore at dusk, Milton loud with disgust. "No fish in the lake," he asserted.

"I didn't figure you'd get any."

"Far as I can see, there aren't any trout in this country anywhere."

Chan smiled. "They've been caught here."

"I'll believe it when I see one." He put his rod against a tree. "How big do they run?"

"Oh, up to a foot long sometimes. In the river and the brooks."

"Is that all? Can't you get any real fish in this country?"

"Well, you've got to go after them."

Milton was interested. "Where do you go?"

"Lost Pond's a good place," Chan suggested after a moment's thought.

"Where's that?"

"Well, we'll camp on Winstead Lake day after tomorrow night. You can go in from there."

"Much of a trip?"

"You go up Dray Brook about four miles," Chan told him. "Then it's a four or five mile walk. Little pond in behind the mountains there. It ain't more than a quarter mile across, but it's full of trout."

"How big?"

"They mostly run about two pounds."

Milton turned to his guide. "You know where it is?"

"I've never been in there," Howdin answered.

"You've been in?" Milton asked Chan.

"Yes, five or six years ago. It's quite a walk—all uphill. And you'd have to stay overnight."

"We'll go in," Milton decided. "Just you and me. Will wouldn't have the guts for that walk; and the girls couldn't stand it. Leave them in camp. But if you don't produce the trout when we get there I'll skin you alive."

"Well, the fish are there," Chan told him equably.

"I'll bet I can carry all the fish in the pond."

"You don't want to make that bet too heavy," Chan told him. "The last time I was in there four of us caught over forty pounds of trout in two hours."

Dark was falling; supper was ready. Rucker and the two girls came toward the fire from their tents, and Makino bade them sit down. He was baking biscuits in the reflector. Milton jeered at Rucker because the cold water had distressed him. Edith joined in; they enjoyed the jest for a time, tired of it at last. Edith criticized the biscuits.

"We used to have really good ones two years ago. I don't think these men cook well," she said.

"I think these are very good," Jane replied. "I know they're much better than I could make in an oven like that."

"They taste all right to me," Will Rucker agreed

"Sure, they're all right," Steve echoed. "Edith's a chronic kicker, that's all."

Makino and Joe Tyng hovered about the table attending their wants. Chan Corwin sat on an upturned box near the fire, his eyes thoughtful. He was thinking of a girl helpless in the embrace of a big man in a wet bathing suit; and there was a moment when the habitual smile vanished from his lips and they became more steady and stern. Jane had been much in his thoughts during these days; he liked her more and more. She was so friendly and so fine. To marry this gross man ——

Then Makino called him to supper. He roused himself from his reverie and came to the table. Milton and Rucker and the two girls had gone down to the shore. Milton's loud voice came back to them.

IV

THEY were threading a chain of four great lakes running roughly north and south. Madawaskeag they left behind next morning, turning into the head of the thoroughfare which connects it with Long Pond, and toward noon stopped for dinner at a camp ground on the east shore of the pond.

To the northwest they could see the low dome of Bennett Mountain with a fire warden's tower atop it; a deep cove made in toward the mountain's base. Before the afternoon start Chan spoke to Milton. He pointed toward this cove.

"The fire warden over there is a friend of mine; I promised to bring him some flour when I came through. I'm going past his place this afternoon."

Steve asked, "Don't we all go that way?"

"It don't matter," Chan replied. "Only thing is, it's about three miles farther. We'll camp tonight at the foot of the pond. It'll take till near dark to go the way I'm going; and that would mean late camp."

"Well, see here," Steve said unpleasantly. "You're working for me, aren't you? What right have you got carrying supplies in to your friends? Trying to make a little something on the side?"

Chan answered gently, "I don't charge him anything. But if you feel that way I'll go along with you. Then after we're fixed for the night I'll cross over and leave the flour. It won't take me but a couple of hours."

The big man was faintly ashamed of himself. "Oh, no; go ahead. No sense in doing that."

(Continued on Page 129)

"Baby-bye, here's a fly, ~~watch~~ kill Let us him, you and I"

NOWADAYS the fly no longer masquerades as a clever, harmless little fellow with amusing antics. Doctors have shown us his truly sinister character—branded him as a carrier of deadly diseases.

With Flyosan, a wonderful non-poisonous liquid, you can now kill flies and mosquitoes by the roomful. Merely spray it into the air. In five minutes every fly and mosquito will be dead. Open the windows. In fifteen minutes all traces of the use of Flyosan will have disappeared—no odor, no stain, no danger, no muss to clean up.

Flyosan kills flies, mosquitoes, roaches, waterbugs, ants, bedbugs, moths, lice on hens or cattle, and fleas on dogs.

As Flyosan is absolutely non-poisonous it may be used with perfect safety even if there are children or pets in the room.

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If your Flyosan does not do all we claim for it we will refund your money without question.

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SAFE INSECTICIDE

Kills Flies by the Roomful
—Mosquitoes, too

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Enclosed find $1.00 ($1.25 west of Rockies, and Canada) for which please send me a complete Flyosan outfit (pint can and sprayer).

My dealer's name and address is _____

My name _____

Address _____ June 16

American Beauties

Rickenbacker Six

A · CAR · WORTHY · OF · ITS · NAME

(Continued from Page 127)

"You know," Chan explained, "the folks that live in here get a little lonesome sometimes. We try to help 'em out when we can."

"Sure," Steve assented. "Sure" He reverted to their conversation of the evening before. "When do we hit Lost Pond?"

"We'll go in there from Winstead, day after tomorrow."

The big man nodded. "All right. That's what I'm waiting for."

When the canoes were packed again, and before the journey was resumed, Chan drew Makino aside. "I'm going over to Dave's," he explained. "You make camp down at the beach."

Makino nodded. "Going to blow some," he commented, glancing upward. "She's coming on to blow."

"You'll be in the lee all the way," Chan reminded him.

"We will," the Indian agreed, "but you won't."

Chan smiled. "I guess I can manage," he remarked. Makino assented, and they got under way. Chan said to Jane, "You don't mind if we leave the others for a while? I want to drop some flour at the fire warden's camp, over across."

"No, indeed," she assured him.

Their course was already diverging from that of the other canoes. Jane waved her hand in farewell to them; watched them grow smaller and smaller. Makino's canoe was in the lead, setting the leisurely pace. Now and then one of the others crept up alongside him, went for a little while ahead. They followed the eastern shore; sunlight was upon them; nevertheless, but for the white shirt Joe Tyng wore, Jane would have been unable to keep them in view. If her eyes left them for a moment it was hard to locate the canoes again; by and by she lost them altogether. Two or three miles of water now separated them; the wind was already stiffening; there were whitecaps about, and the motion of the canoe was become more vigorous. Chan paddled only enough to keep the craft running, almost before the wind; when a wave overtook him he dug his blade and shot ahead while it lifted the stern of the canoe, underran their length, and left them behind again. Jane, in the bow, enjoyed this; she swam well at need, had no fear of the water; it did not occur to her to be afraid now. When Chan spoke to her, now and then, his voice was steady and calm. Once she asked if she should paddle.

He said pleasantly, "No need. The wind's taking us."

"I'm glad we're not going against it," she remarked.

"It will die down toward evening," he assured her, himself not quite so sure.

By and by they reached the other shore and worked along it, taking advantage of every small lee it offered. The fire warden's cabin, when they reached it, stood on a low point of land which had been lumbered so recently the new growth was not yet well started. The cabin of logs faced the lake. When they touched the shore Jane stepped out.

"To rest a little, from sitting still so long," she explained.

Chan hailed the cabin, but got no answer; he swung the flour out of the canoe and carried it up the path. The cabin door was not locked; he opened it and went inside.

Jane followed him, faintly curious; she stood in the doorway and surveyed the interior; marked the neatly kept stove, the supplies ranged on shelves along the wall, the two bunks at one side.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"He'd be up on the mountain," Chan told her. "He stays up there a good deal of the time. Comes down here mostly when it's raining. That's his job, you know. To look out for fires from up there."

"Who lives with him?"

"Oh, he's alone."

"Alone?" She shivered a little. "I shouldn't like that."

"You get used to it," Chan assured her.

He took the water pail and brought water from the spring behind the cabin; Jane followed him, and discovered blueberry bushes there, loaded with fruit. She gathered the berries by the handful, eating them with delight. He showed her a torn stump where a bear had dug for grubs. Jane was in no hurry to be gone; but Chan, watching the sky, marking the increasing waves, said they had better start. So they returned to the canoe and got under way.

For a mile or two thereafter they were still able to follow the shore, gaining some shelter by hugging it closely; then the shore itself swung more into the wind and they were forced to take the waves on their bow. The water hissed about them, breaking into foam; and Jane laughed with delight. They seemed to be moving so swiftly. It was only when she marked a bowlder on the shore beside them that she discovered their progress, even here in partial shelter, was painfully slow. Once she turned cautiously to look at Chan, and she saw that he was putting all his strength into the paddle; that his face was wet. Thus they reached a jutting point, with open lake ahead and the wind quartering into them. Chan worked past the point and headed into the open lake.

"Shall I paddle?" Jane asked.

"Why, it wouldn't hurt any," Chan agreed.

She took the light spruce paddle in the bow and dipped it gingerly. She had tried to paddle before this, in still water; but the lake was not still. The bow of the canoe rose and fell erratically; her paddle at one moment dipped deep, at the next scarce touched the water at all. Almost at once her sleeve was wetted to the elbow, and she stopped to wring it out and roll it up, leaving her arm bare. When they were a hundred yards offshore a wave lipped the canoe and spilled its crest inside. A cupful of water; no more.

Chan said, behind her, "There's a sponge in the bow. You can mop that up and wring it out, if you want."

Jane obeyed him, laughing softly. "I think this is fun," she said.

"Not afraid?"

"Not a bit."

He drove on; but when they were a hundred yards offshore the breeze stiffened. Chan said slowly, "I guess we'd better go back and wait till she slows down a little."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes'm." He took a deep stroke, swinging the canoe. "Outside a ways we'd run into some stiff ones. No sense in getting wet. The wind will drop, toward night."

Their shoreward course now brought the sun ahead of them. Jane said, "It will be sundown in an hour."

"A little more than that," he promised.

They shot between two bowlders over which the waves were breaking, rubbed a third, and came to safety on a bit of shingly beach. Jane stepped out, and Chan lifted the canoe on shore, high enough to prevent its banging on the rocks.

The spot where they had landed was a beautiful one. Six or eight feet above water level there was good turf; a clump of birches stood at one side. The black growth crowded close; a single pine, which had escaped the ax and saw of the lumberman, towered high above them. Chan, ax in hand, strode off into the woods while Jane sat down above the water to watch the play of the sun across the whitecaps. An eagle, white head gleaming, perched on a dead tree across the cove. After a moment Jane became conscious of the coolness of the air, and got her sweater from the canoe. Back in the woods Chan's ax sounded once or twice. He returned, dragging the trunk of a dead swamp cedar behind him. Set about the building of a fire.

"We might as well boil some tea," he explained. "They'll probably be through supper before we get across"

"I'm hungry," she agreed. "It's lucky you have something in the canoe."

"Yes, ma'am," he commented gravely.

She perceived that there was a certain sobriety in his bearing, and after a moment asked, "Are you worried, Chan?"

"Well, no," he answered, smiling now. "But I didn't count on that wind."

"It can't do any harm to us here," she reminded him. "All we have to do is wait till it dies down."

"That's right," he agreed. "Yes, ma'am. And it's pretty near sure to die down toward night. Of course," he added, "we could probably make it across now."

"I don't think so," she told him. "It's blowing much harder."

Chan made no comment. The wind had indeed stiffened; he began to expect rain. This northeaster that blew so steadily. There was a tent in the canoe; there were blankets, and food. He could make her comfortable; there was a keen pleasure in the thought of doing so. But—he would rather have been with the rest of the party. He worked more swiftly. They would have something to eat, at least, before the rain came. The warm light of the western sun, which had filled the tree tops above their heads, began to be blotted out; clouds were thickening there. Overhead, the blue of the sky was no longer quite so blue. He fried eggs and bacon and put cold biscuits and butter and jelly before her. Jane ate hungrily, faint concern appearing in her eyes. When he had finished serving her he went to the shore and studied wind and lake and clouds; and this inspection done, he unloaded the canoe, carried the tent ashore, cut poles and pitched the canvas in the shelter of two close-growing hemlocks. Proceeded to build a bed of boughs.

Jane had wandered away along the shore, returned to find him thus occupied. She asked, "Will we have to stay here tonight?"

Chan laughed to reassure her. "It looks like it might rain," he replied. "I thought I'd fix a dry place in case we did have to stay. Course, if the wind drops, we can move on just the same."

"You mustn't worry about me," she said steadily.

His eyes met hers for an instant. "I'll risk your taking it all right," he replied; and she felt a warm pleasure at the compliment. Remembered, suddenly and for no reason, how firm his arm had been.

The tent erected and secured, the boughs safely bestowed within, Chan cleared away the supper dishes and washed them and piled all the luggage except her pack sack under the overturned canoe. The pack sack he put within the tent. It was by this time past sundown; the sky was overcast and night was coming on. As yet there was no rain, but the wind was undeniably stiffer; it whipped the trees about them; the birches swayed and rebounded, the boughs of hemlock and cedar and pine rubbed against one another with a musical rustling sound. The waves broke against the rocks alongshore with a continuous tumult.

Jane said, "It's getting cold."

There was small comfort to be had, in such a wind, from the fire; nevertheless, he fashioned a windbreak of boughs around it, and built up a small steady flame. Jane huddled near it, hugging herself to keep out the chill. Chan spread her blankets in the tent. "I guess we stay here," he said. "Maybe it will stop after a while."

"Do you think the others will worry?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Makino would be watching; he'd have seen us come ashore here."

"Will they come after us?"

"There wouldn't be any sense in that. We'll cross over in the morning anyway"

She laughed faintly. "It's really an adventure, isn't it?"

"It's a kind of a nuisance," he replied.

Then their eyes met, and he laughed with her.

He had built the fire in such a position that her back was now against a great log; she bade him sit down beside her, and he did so. Outside the firelight, darkness had fully come within the woods, but overhead the sky was still gray.

She asked, "Do things like this often happen?"

"We don't usually figure to let them happen," Chan confessed ruefully. "I'm right sorry about it."

She smiled, teasingly. "I expect you aren't a very good guide, are you?"

"I expect not, ma'am," he confessed.

"Have you been a guide all your life?" she asked.

"Why, no, not always."

She turned a little toward him, suddenly interested. "Tell me all about yourself," she bade. "You ought to, you know. Getting me into such a pickle as this. You must tell me stories and everything. Keep me amused; keep me from worrying. Steve will be furious, you know."

"I'll chance Mr. Milton," he replied mildly.

Something in his tone held her attention for a moment; then she returned to her question.

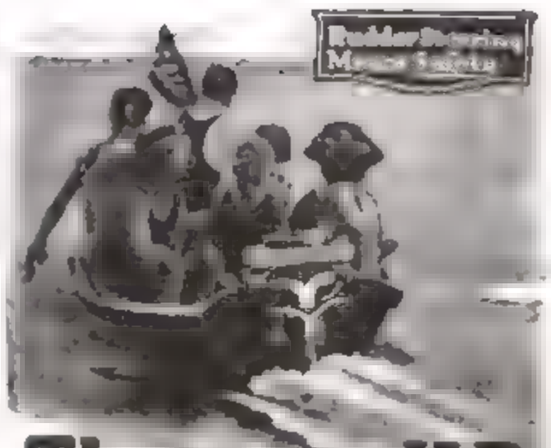
"What else have you been besides a guide?" she asked.

He smiled. "Why, a little of everything. I used to work on the drive when I was a kid. Started sorting logs, down at Argyle. And then with the drive afterwards. And then I got into this. Makino started me in it. The Indian. I met him in the woods one winter when I was lumbering, and we took to each other. He's a good old scout."

"I like him," she agreed.

"They don't make them any better. He used to trap in the winter and guide in the

(Continued on Page 132)



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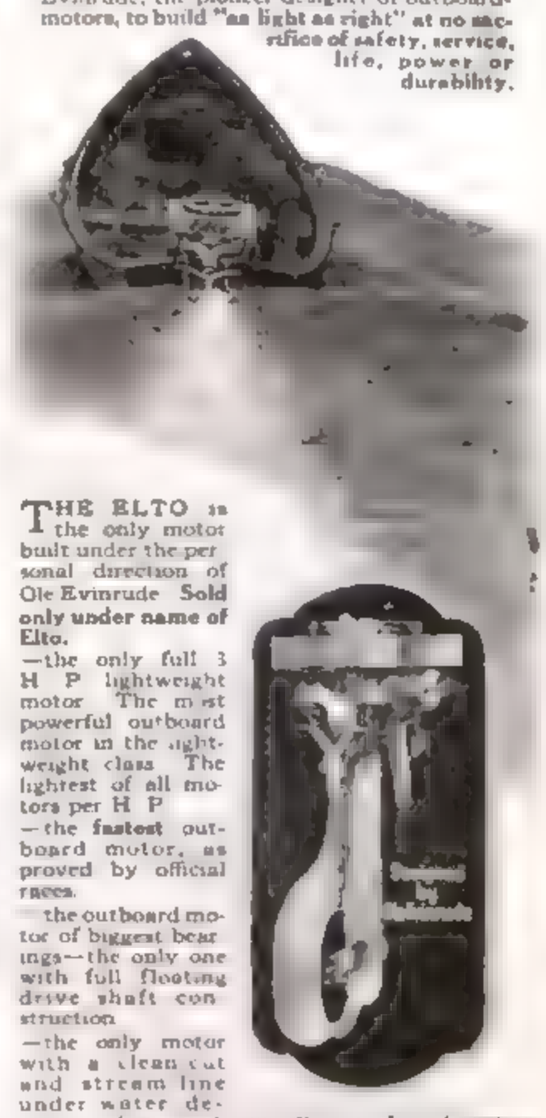

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(Continued from Page 129)

summer," Chan explained. "He showed me something about trapping. I spent last winter in the country north of here, that way."

"With him?"

"No'm. Alone."

She shivered. "It must be terribly cold."

"Why, I built me a cabin," he explained. "You don't mind the cold."

"What do you trap?"

"Well, about anything that has fur. The law went off beaver in that township last winter, and I did pretty well."

"And then you guide in the summer?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She giggled. "You must see some funny people—some funny things."

"Why, yes; right peculiar," he assented, so gravely that they both laughed.

Then she looked at him with a still curiosity in her eyes and asked, "Are you always going to guide here?"

"Always is quite a while, ma'am."

"What are you going to do?"

He stabbed at the ground between his feet with a bit of stick. "Well, my brother and I bought some farms down in Frankfort, and we're putting in an orchard there."

"An orchard?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why, my father had an orchard up in New York when I was a little girl. I used to love it. Tell me all about your orchard."

"Well," said Chan, "it's not much yet. We've only got a hundred trees ready to bear; but there are more of them every year. We've planted about twenty-two hundred so far. Will—that's my brother—lives on the farm and takes care of it, and all; and I just put in what money I can save. It keeps me humping, I tell you. He's the darnedest man to buy trees and machinery and everything."

"But when you get started, you'll make ever so much more money," she assured him.

"That's what Will says," he agreed.

"Can he take care of all those trees himself?"

Chan shook his head. "No, ma'am. He has to hire help. We've just about decided I can do as much down there as I can here. I expect I'll go down there after the hunting season this fall. Stay there, from then on."

"Tell me about the orchard," she begged. "Where is it?"

"Why, the trees are all planted on a hill above the river, ma'am. The Penobscot. You know, if you ever came on the boat to Bangor. You can see a long reach of it from the farm. On the south slope, we are; and high, so the frosts don't hit us much. I was there last spring; the hills all pink and white with blossoms."

At nine o'clock a drop of rain touched them, and Chan looked at his watch, and got to his feet.

"Well, ma'am, I didn't know how late it was," he said slowly. "I get to talking so."

They had, as a matter of fact, both talked so. Till he had told her all his dreams, and she had told him what her life had been and what it might come to be. A wistfulness, an uncertainty in her tone when she spoke of this prospective future of hers. And Chan, the firelight dancing in his eyes, had found himself dreaming dreams and seeing visions. On his feet, now, he brushed these visions away with the back of his hand.

"We'll have to wait here till morning," he said in matter-of-fact tones. "It's coming on to rain."

"I am getting sleepy," she confessed. Came to her feet beside him. Held out her hand. "Good night, Chan."

"Good night, Miss Otis," Chan replied, and touched her fingers lamely.

Their eyes held, would not at once let go. Then Chan turned away. Jane watched him go out of the firelight, her eyes deep and unfathomable. When he was gone she went toward the tent he had pitched for her. She heard him take his blankets from beneath the canoe and move off along the shore. It was raining lightly. The wind tore the stillness of night to ragged shreds, whipped them away among the branches of the trees. This tumult all about her was more reassuring to the girl than silence would have been. Between her blankets she lay wide-eyed for a little, thinking; and once her eyes filled with tears. Something was astir within her heart.

Chan, a hundred yards along the shore, lighted a cigarette and sat down with his back against a rock and thought. The charm of the firelight was no longer upon him; he was able to see more clearly. To remember her eyes, her lips, the low tremor of her tones.

Said to himself accusingly, "Chan, you ought to be kicked. She's just a kid. You, talking to her so." Tried to feel humble and repentant; yet there was a rebellious exultation in him. The wind lashed his cheeks; sparks from his cigarette, whipped away, burned his face. He did not feel them.

When at length he rolled in his blankets he had himself under stern control. Not one to make a fool of himself, Chan Corwin. A clear path ahead of him. He had wandered a little; would in the morning set his feet upon the way. This he vowed.

■

THE reunion with the rest of the party next day was ugly. Chan had expected something of the kind; had not been prepared for the flat and brutal words which Steve Milton in the first moments permitted himself to speak.

There was an instant when Chan's fists clenched and his eyes were hard; but the old Indian touched his arm, and he held himself in check; said only, "It was my fault, Mr. Milton. A bad break. That's all there is to say."

"I'll see that others hear about it, Corwin," Steve promised him. "An outrageous thing! What sort of guide are you, anyway?"

"The best I can manage, sir."

"Well, you're not good enough for me. If there were any way to get anybody else —— You paddle my canoe hereafter; I see a girl is not to be trusted to you."

Chan was glad Jane did not hear this. Edith Rucker had led her away, and Edith's backward glance toward Chan was a bitter one.

"All right, sir," he assented.

"Any man that is a man would have more care for a girl's reputation—if nothing else."

"Her reputation isn't hurt any with us; it won't be hurt any outside except by your talking." His voice was hard.

Milton demanded, in exasperation, "You think I'd blazon the thing ——"

"You was promising me, a minute ago, you'd tell the world."

"Hiding behind her skirts now?" Milton stormed. "You'll not get off so easily." He turned away, head high. "No more talk about it. Do your work, and keep still. Makino, you take charge of the party from here on."

Chan caught the Indian's eye and smiled; Makino did not smile. Steve strode away without waiting for an answer. After a little, from the direction of the camp they heard him berating the girl he was to marry.

Travel that day—the rain had come—was not pleasant. They huddled in the canoes, slickers draping them, while the water sluiced down between their knees. Milton had insisted on going forward.

"I want to get some fishing, if there is any in this damned country," he had said.

At midday they ate cheerlessly, rain pelting on the fly over their heads. Made camp that night near the mouth of Dray Brook. Rain was pouring harder. Milton asked the Indian whether such a rain ever stopped. Makino glanced southward and nodded.

"Sometimes last two or three days," he replied. "But I guess we'll see the sun in the morning."

"You think Corwin can get me in to Lost Pond tomorrow?"

"I guess Chan can take you anywhere you want to go," Makino assured him.

After the evening meal Rucker and Milton played piquet under the dining fly. Edith and Jane had gone to their tent. Makino and Chan drew away along the shore where their own tent was pitched, leaving Joe Tyng and Howdin to finish what chores remained to be done. There was between the Indian and Chan a relation almost like that between father and son; they had no secrets one from another.

Chan, all this day, had been full of anger at Milton; and this was clear to Makino's eyes.

When they were alone he said, "You did well today, Chan. Not talk any at all. That's best when a man is mad."

Chan grinned ruefully. "I've been mad, all right. The big ape!"

Makino's dry old lips parted in a smile. "He is a talking man, that; he lets all that is inside him come boiling out."

"Well, I might come to a boil myself," Chan confessed. He looked quickly at his friend. "Would you have crossed last night, with a girl?"

Makino shook his head. "Easy enough for two men to cross, if they don't mind getting wet. But no sense in doing it unless there had been some hurry. With a girl, no."

"It looked to me the sensible thing to stay there."

"It was sensible," Makino agreed.

Chan was changing his wet shoes and socks for dry ones; he seemed absorbed in the process. Said at length, as though casually, "I hate to think of her marrying him."

Makino smiled. "Yes; I saw you hated that, Chan."

Chan looked around, hesitated, then grinned redly. "Lord, old-timer, anyone would like her." He was silent for a space; then shook his head. "No, I'm going to put it up to you. We had a long talk last night, Miss Otis and I. She's a mighty nice kid. I got to talking about the orchard, and she kept asking me questions. I was mighty near liking her better than I had any right to."

Makino touched his arm, nodding. "More," he told Chan. "She liked you. That is the thing to remember."

"Do you think that?" Chan asked.

"Yes."

Chan laughed a little, uncomfortably. "I'm not a fathead. But I was afraid of that. I ought to be shot, Makino."

"Why? She likes you; you like her."

"Lord, old-timer, she's not our kind. She's been to college, and everything. Besides, she's going to marry him."

Makino nodded. "I know. I know. You and I, we see these things in two ways."

"No, I like her," Chan confessed. "But I wouldn't wish her any hard luck like me. But I hate to see her marry a fellow like Milton, too."

The two men were silent for a while. Then Makino said slowly, "That Milton is not a man that I like. He quarrels with his womenfolk. But maybe there is some good in him. He does not swear at mosquitoes that can't hear him. I think if he was alone in the woods sometime, and had to do some work, and learn some things for himself, it would be good for him."

Chan listened idly. "You think so?"

"I've seen it happen that way, many times," Makino replied. "A man in the woods sheds off a lot of fat from his body, and from his heart, too, sometimes."

"I know," Chan nodded. "I can see what you mean."

"If he was a good man she could marry him and not hurt your feelings any, couldn't she?"

"Why, sure," Chan replied. "Yes, sir; I'd be tickled to have her do that. But he isn't."

"Well, that's right," Makino agreed. "But he might change; might be changed, maybe."

He watched the other, small black eyes keen. Chan sat silent, thoughtful, his eyes upon his dry sock, within which his toes wriggled comfortably. By and by he leaned forward and cuffed his foot, right and left, with his open hand. Makino smiled.

"You know," Chan said slowly, "it would be a nice thing to do, to straighten him out a little. Put him over the jumps. Turn him over to her in some sort of shape."

"Oh," the Indian innocently commented. "You think that?" His eyes were almost demure.

"I was just thinking," Chan replied, his voice a little lowered—"I was just thinking that he and I go in to Lost Pond tomorrow. And it's quite a jaunt in there."

"Yes," said Makino. "I was thinking that thing, too."

The eyes of the two friends met; and by and by they smiled.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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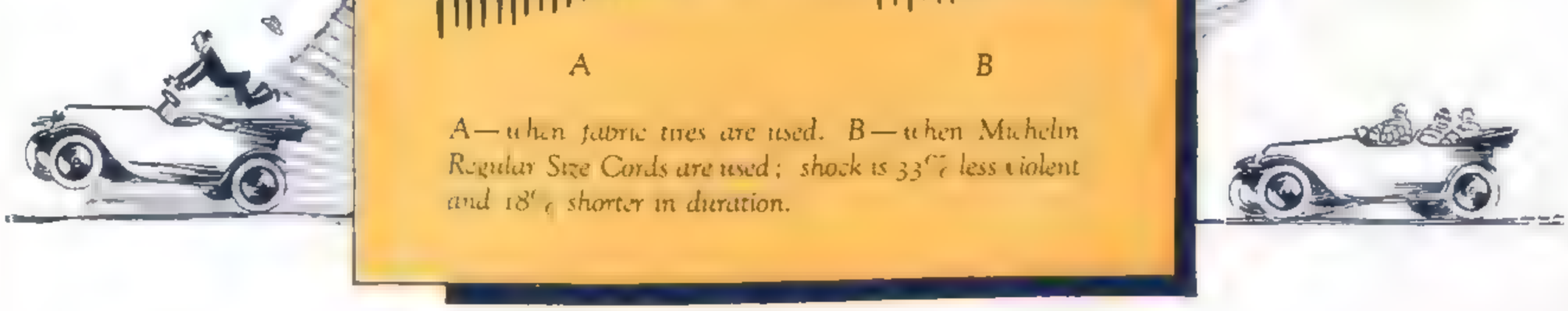

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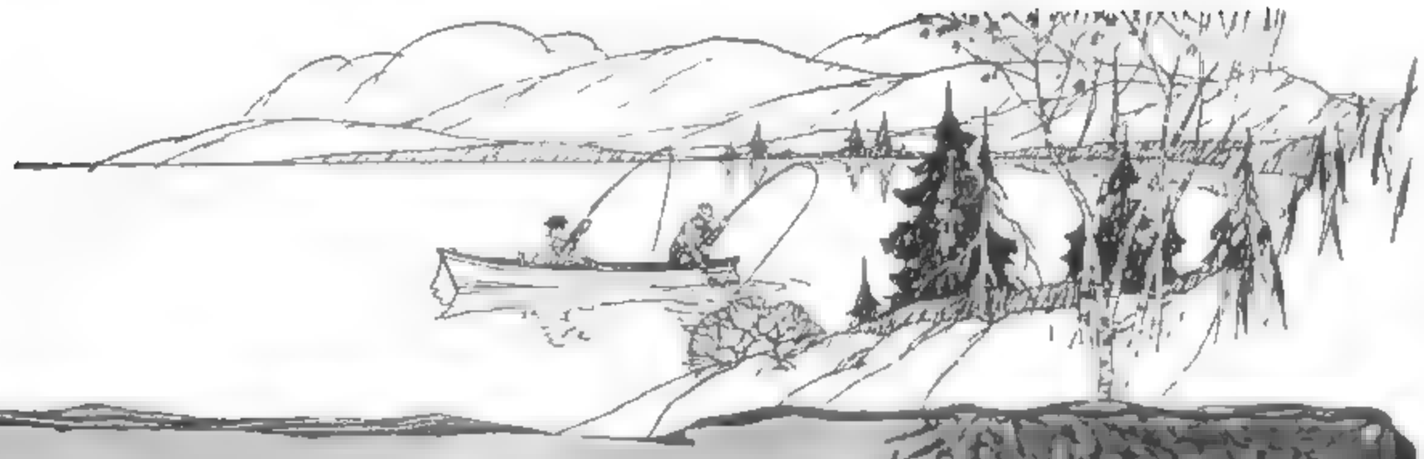

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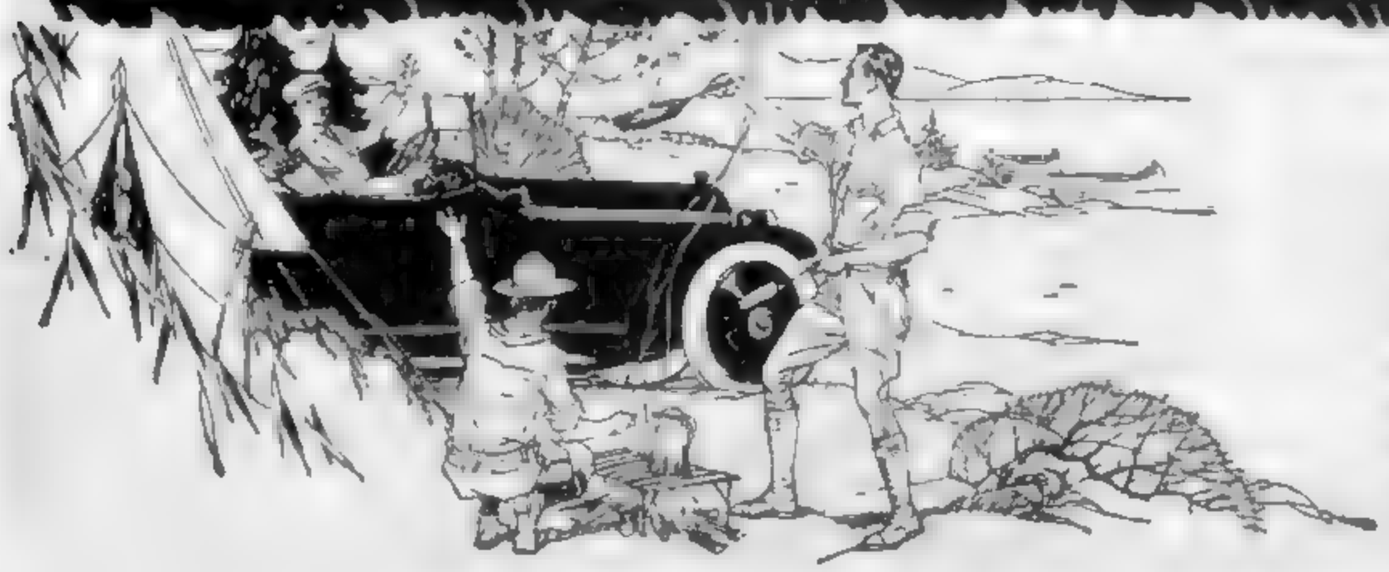

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Continued from Page 7

made the ready-to-wear suits and underwear of Mister World and his wife; straw hats and pants and corset covers too. From those lofty, drab-walled lofts comes the ceaseless whir of hundreds of high-powered machines over which Italian girls bend. For, next to the Jews, the Italians are the greatest textile people in the city. The Jews own and organize the trade, the Italians do a large part of the work. Here, also, all around us, are the artificial flower and feather shops. This work Italian women take home. You find them clustered around a table stacked high with red and yellow petals, mamma and big sister, and little sister after school; and even old, purblind, palsied granny takes a hand. Sometimes they work until after midnight, weaving willow plumes, branching flowers or making gay lace garters for milady's knees; sorting rags in thick, choking air in yonder basement, or basting steadily in this dismal sweatshop we pass. Cheap labor? You've said it. Is this really America, or is it Europe? How can they stand it?

And now, bearing ever eastward toward the Bowery, we strike the block where pulses the very inmost heart of the Italian colony—East Houston, Mott, Prince and Elizabeth streets. They form the boundaries of a block, long but narrow, which is one of the most congested areas on the whole of this great green footstool. More than ever the streets are cluttered with pushcarts, venders of vegetables, clothes, kitchen utensils, and the ubiquitous old granny with her chestnut brazier. Underfoot it is foul with the contents of overturned garbage cans, and alive with children under school age. Ah, here we have the white hope of America—the second generation! Well, let's see; we may find not a hope but a two-edged sword. Mark well these tiny tots; look with a physician's eye. Beneath their dirt they are malnourished, undersized. One out of every nine dies before the age of five. Old and young fall a ready prey to tuberculosis. How could it be otherwise? In striking contrast is the Jewish quarter over across the Bowery, with the highest birth rate and the lowest death rate of any of these foreign groups. In Little Italy malnutrition is prevalent. That's one price of underfeeding, congestion and lack of air.

Underfed Children

I was waiting for a companion, a visiting dietitian and nurse, to pilot me about on her rounds; and while I waited my eyes took toll of the teeming street scene. Here passes a thin hunchback child, with a pale, lovely Botticelli face. Before me a chunky Italian sorts decayed apples into a separate pile; a bareheaded woman approaches, haggles and buys the lot. Across the snowy street in an alley stands a queue of women buying coal—by the lump. Yonder an Italian in dirty dungarees passes inside a door, fingering a roll of filthy bills. I glance at the sign—another private banker, barber and real-estate office. Passes a whitewing with his shovel, cleaning up the street. An American, down on his luck. Sisyphus, whose job in hell was to roll a stone uphill which constantly rolled back, had nothing on this man.

"Why don't you keep these streets clean?" I demanded.

"My good gosh!" He threw down his shovel, fighting mad. "Say, this is a turrible mean job. We got more street cleaners to the block down here ——"

He broke off abruptly, looking up. A tin can, followed hard by a mass of garbage, hurtled through the air, barely grazing the old chap's nose. His expression moved me to ribald mirth. Life down here was a sporting adventure.

"They saw you coming!" I said.

He leaned bitterly on his spade. "My Gawd, they don't wait for that, lady!"

My dietitian friend came up, her kit, resembling a doctor's bag, in her hand. I hefted it; a heavy proposition to carry up and down stairs all day.

"I hope you haven't hand-picked your cases," I said. "I want to see them all, good and bad."

"You'll see them," she promised grimly. "As much as you can stand. Good morning, Rosina." This to a pale little imp with tangled curls who ranged shyly up alongside and caught her hand. "Did mother fix the breakfast I showed her for you?"

"No, ma'am."

"No cereal?"

"No, ma'am."

"No hot milk with nice sugar?"

"No, ma'am."

"What did you have?"

"Coffee"

"Black?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That all?"

"No, ma'am."

"What else?"

"Bologny."

The nurse groaned.

"Isn't that the helluva breakfast for an undernourished, rickety child? I hammer, hammer, hammer at the mothers, and that's all the response I get. It makes me boiling mad."

"It's funny," I remarked. "Because in Italy all the peasants drink milk. In fact, they don't drink anything else. Coffee is the aristocrat's drink."

"And that's just why they all drink it over here," she replied. "In America, everybody is equal to everybody else; they can drink the aristocrat's drink if they want to—and feed it to their kids. It's a symbol, you see."

Where Do They Sleep?

The blare of a street band drowned her voice.

"What is it—a parade?" I asked, noting the long line of carriages and plumed horses' heads. "Ah, no; a funeral. Some rich man. What a shame to make such a show in a poor quarter like this!" She laughed in my face. "Who is it, Simonetta?" she inquired of a wisp of a child carrying a swaddled infant in her arms. The child explained. "It's a dock worker over in Mott Street," the dietitian informed me. "I visit his family. That funeral didn't cost a penny less than three hundred dollars. But go around tomorrow and you'll find the family absolutely destitute, without a loaf of bread in the house."

"But ——"

"Benefit money, and they blow it all in at one fell swoop. They're children, with a broad streak of vanity running through them. They love a brave show. And peasants. Therefore they stick tight to old customs and live their lives absolutely independent of us. They speak their own language, trade in their own shops, put their savings in Italian banks, read Italian newspapers, go to Italian theaters, marry their girls off through a marriage broker, and live and die unto themselves. Mind your step. These stairs are foul. Over a hundred pairs of feet go up and down them every day, and they've not been washed since I've been on this beat."

"Wait," I said. "I want one final look outside."

My ranging eye met row on row of superannuated brick tenements, their façades cascaded by rusty fire escapes whose balconies were bursting with all manner of household gear, from tubs and baby carriages to a homebrew still, as if pushed forth by some tremendous dynamic pressure from inside. That pressure was life—fecund Italian life.

"How many people in this house?" I demanded as we felt our way up dark, rickety stairs unlighted by a single gas jet.

"Figure it out for yourself," laughed my guide. "Five stories, four flats to a floor, a family—sometimes two—to each flat."

"That makes a minimum of twenty families. Now how many to each family?"

"That depends. Ordinarily there are from four to ten children. If we take the minimum, that makes six in the immediate family; and there's likely to be some infirm old granny tottering about. Then you must count in the boarders. They vary. Sometimes only two or three or four. Sometimes more."

"My hat! How many rooms? Where do they sleep?"

"Oh, they bivouac almost any place. You'll see. Sofas and chests of drawers open up. Mamma and the babies, at a pinch, sleep on the bathtubs. The dining-room chairs are utilized. Two rows make a bed. The youngsters stretch out on the kitchen floor. Sometimes the congestion is pretty bad. Four or five to a room, windows sealed and the air so strong it could haul a ton of hay. You see, they cluster together from the same village because the dialects, the customs and standards of different Italian hamlets vary so, and the

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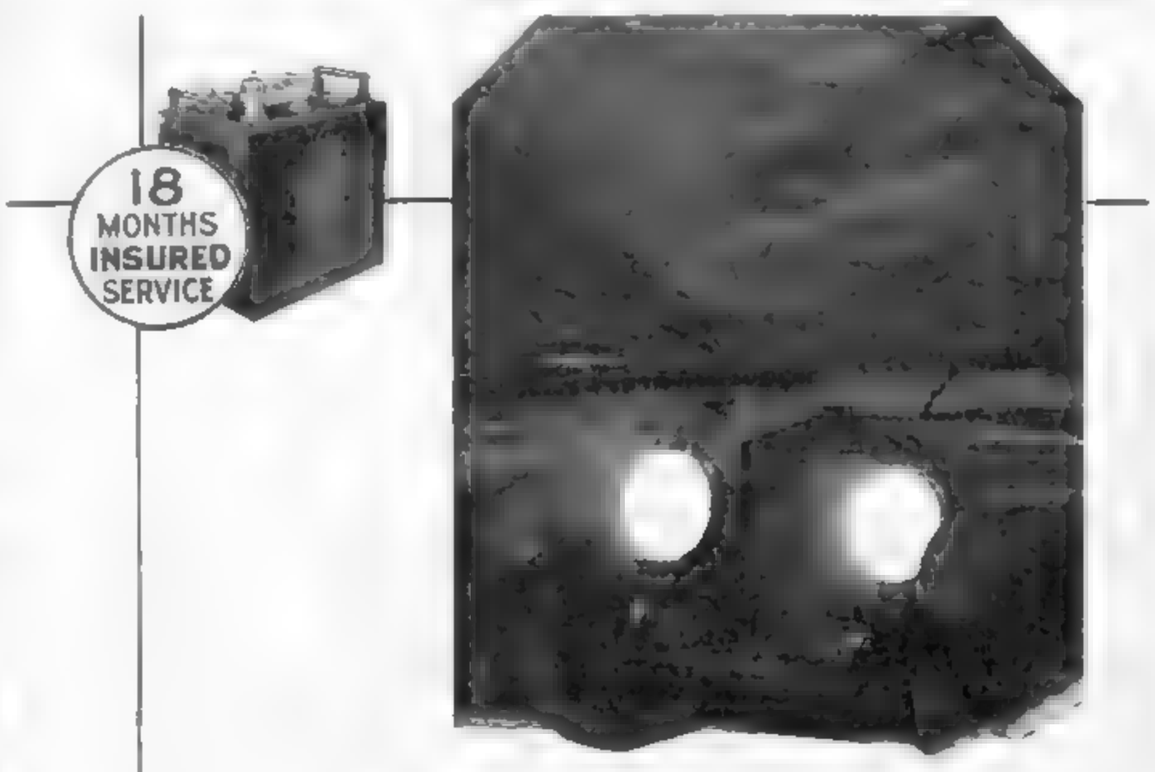

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newcomer seeks out a street or a house where others of his same village live. Sometimes a five-story tenement will be entirely filled with friends and relatives from the same hamlet or farming district. Now in this family"—we paused before a battered door—"there are six children, the parents and an old grandmother. Then the husband has two sisters who board with them, and there are two—or is it three?—men boarders, newcomers from Italy. The father is a longshoreman. In the winter they slack off and stick around the fire; they loathe this perishing cold; sometimes it affects their lungs. So we may find papa on the ground."

She knocked, and at a call we entered.

"Good morning, mother," she nodded with a brisk professional cheer to a youngish Italian woman with dragging masses of dusky hair who, with one child on her arm and another peeping from behind her skirt, was engaged in a vociferous dispute with a squat, beetle-browed man.

"Mister Papa!" my brain flashed. Then, "No, not papa. Boarder, perhaps." Then, "No, not boarder. They're wrangling over those panta."

The Italian mother glanced around.

"Good morning, nurse," she said, half absently, in clear but broken English. "Excuse. One meenute. Bisnisse!"

The woman smiled winsomely and became straightway a child.

"Second generation," the dietitian murmured to me. "But she married an Italian just over and they're saving to go back."

I glanced about that cramped little three-room flat, my mind still intent on the problem of bedding this family down for the night. Fourteen souls in three rooms, and only a single bed in sight! There was higher mathematics for you! Well, we'll start off with the bed, big, high and marvelously white, jammed into that dark little hole with the window boarded up. That settles papa, mamma and the babes. And the window is nailed up lest the infants inadvertently fall out in the night upon the stone court three stories below. And now for this ancient sofa in the kitchen with the caved-in springs. There Granny and the remaining four children repose. No, that won't do. That leaves the front room for the two sisters and the strange boarder men. The men must sleep by themselves in the kitchen, while granny and the sisters-in-law and the four children make a dormitory of this room, with the aid of that fake chest of drawers. I appealed to the dietitian for a solution.

"Oh, that's simple," she replied. "There are three rooms and three sets of people. But the other day I visited a family of eleven huddled in two rooms. Of course, the worst phase of this whole boarder business is the indiscriminate mingling of sexes, men and women and children sleeping in the same room, washing at the same sink. Such crowding constitutes a grave moral danger. One little Italian girl said to me complaining of the boarders, 'I no like mans; they too sassy.'"

A Lean Week

"And how much do these boarders pay?"

"From three to five dollars a month. They sleep anywhere, and instruct the housewife, the *padrona*, to buy their food. She cooks it and enters their individual expenses in a weekly account."

"And do they have to scratch along, starve along, like this?"

"They do if they want to save, and that's what they're here to do. They maintain their extremely low standards in order to save and send money home." She turned at the sound of a closing door. The sweatshop gentleman had departed with his bundle of finished panta. I was introduced to Mrs. Cellini.

"I so ashame'!" she began apologetically in her soft voice. "But seet down!"

She brushed a pile of unfinished pants from a chair.

"What are you so ashamed about?"

She laughed

"I so ashame' thees week. No good. Some weeks I do so good with them pants; I earn six-seven dollar. Thees week only four!" She held up four fingers. "I ashame' to tell my husban'."

And again she smiled, but with a pucker of anxiety in her child's brow. So that was what she was ashamed about!

"What's the matter, mother?" asked the dietitian.

"Well, I don't feel good. Not strong for work no more. And thees baby cry. My God, he yell like hell. He yell, yell, yell." And she looked down with humorous brooding tenderness at the infant in her arms.

"You shouldn't nurse him, mother. It's not good for you or for him. How old is he now?"

"Eighteen month. I'm going to keep on with heem until two years. No wanta buy another baby—see? So I keepa thees baby on until two year. Not strong for babies now. He seek. Mamma's piccolo!" She kissed the piccolo's brow.

"And how about Aida here?"

"Well, she not so good. No eat."

"And you still give her coffee for breakfast, mother. That's bad. Why don't you try cocoa?"

"She no like"

"Did you try?"

"No, she no like. She like-a da coffee, she holler like hell. All right, I say. I geev."

Tolerantly she regarded her perverse young offspring, who, startlingly thin, with violet shadows beneath her eyes, leaned easily against her ignorant little mother's knee and watched us with a wide grave stare. She was wasted to a breath.

"This is a crime!" I murmured. "How about the country?"

"Mrs. Cellini just can't bear to let her go"

The mother patted her little girl.

"Aida like her papa—skinny. My husban'," she explained, "one skinny man."

She laughed comfortably. After all, these mysterious matters of health were the good God's affairs.

The dietitian unfastened her kit and drew therefrom a small canvas swing with scales attached, which she fastened to a stout hook in the doorway.

A Transaction in Rings

"We'll see if Aida's lost weight," she said soberly. "And how's your brother's diamond ring coming on? Her youngest brother's engaged," she threw an aside to me, "and the whole family's chipping in to buy an engagement ring. Weekly payments. A diamond set in platinum, isn't it, mother?"

"Oh, no! My God, we change that ring last month. He no good! My broth' say not good enough for his girl." And she laughed. "That ring cost one hundred and eighty dollars. We all go togeth' on the Bowery and change; choose new ring for two hundred and fifty dollars—lovely, nice! Thees my broth' picture, thees his girl." And she tendered me some snapshots.

"Come on, Aida," called the dietitian. "I'll bet you've lost weight!"

She lifted the little mite, pale as a windflower, into the swing. The child let out a piercing yell.

"She no-a like," breathed mamma anxiously. "Nurse no-a keel!" she cried out, and at the cheerful suggestion the child lifted up her voice and vented a blood-curdling howl.

Old grandma, visiting another daughter upstairs, hearing the tumult, came hobbling briskly in. Toothless, withered, bent, a mop of dirty white hair surmounting a pair of piercing black eyes enmeshed in a spider's web of wrinkles, she blew into the room like a veritable Shaksperean hag and added her shrill clamor to the rest.

"If we don't still that child," I whispered to the dietitian, "we'll be raided in a second." I had a sudden inspiration. "Mrs. Cellini," I said, "I wish your mother would tell us about Italy—her village life—just how it all went when she was a girl over there. I don't suppose she worked on pants—like you."

Mrs. Cellini gave a musical little screech of laughter, grabbed grandma by the wrist, poured a flood of rapid Italian into her ear, planted her in a chair, planted the baby atop, seated herself with a sweatshop garment, and threading her needle nodded across to me, "She tell!"

"Then you tell me in English? Good!"

Fixing my eye like the ancient mariner, grandma began. And now Aida, lured by the tale, suddenly ceased her howls, submitted to be weighed like an angel and sped to her grandma's side.

"She's lost weight," announced the dietitian, consulting her little fate book which held the weights of the district. "For three months she's steadily lost weight"

Mamma nodded. A soft sadness flitted like an impalpable shadow across her face, some subtle intimation of that which was to be. She bent forward and kissed her child. Grandma resumed her story, mamma translating and basting busily the while.

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And now, as the scenarios say, fade out this scene and fade in another. Fade out mamma, with her child's brow, seated on her pile of pants. Fade out tear-stained little Aïda, wan as a windflower, who is soon to die. Fade out grandma, with her gesticulating hands, her mop of dirty white hair and the moles upon her furrowed chin whence tufts of whiskers sprout like tussocks of stiff grass. Fade out all this, very softly, while the orchestra plays, and fade in—Italy!

Italy! Purple twilight. A low silhouette upon the sky line of gently modulated hills. Behind, an apple-green sky punctured by a single diamond star. On the hilltop, set like a crown, a village blackly etched against the clear light. Near at hand, a clump of cypresses, like hooded monks standing stiffly at prayer. Do you get it? Grandma's home!

But not the Italy the American tourist knows, when, with a fat wallet wadded with good old bourgeois U. S. A. gold backs, he lunches al fresco and tosses a coin to some ragged pot-bellied old ruffian who totes a harp and sends around a whining boy to beg; or to that mendicant gang lining the Appian Way; or to the rogues in Napoli, who in return for his tip sting him with a fistful of counterfeit coins; or to that scabrous old scamp in the ruins of Pompeii who whispers behind his hand of certain obscene frescoes—if signor would like a look. These, on a holiday, are simply amusing episodes to relate comfortably at dinner—the bead on the glass of romance. Oh, golden land of content! Oh, sweet pastoral existence of quaint idyllic charm! Far from our rude commercial life! Needless to continue—you know how the average sentimental tourist emotes.

But that is not Italy. It's a fake pipe dream. Wrench aside this rosy gossamer mist of enchantment, of sweet idyllic charm, and see it, the bitter, harsh actuality, from the inside through grandma's realistic eye.

And now for a close-up of grandma's ancestral home in Calabria. A dark, foul little hole; one room to the house. No outlet save the door. Here lived the entire family—nine children and papa and mamma. Also a Noah's ark collection of dogs, cats, an ass, a goat with its kid and sundry poultry. They were not so lucky as to possess a horse or a cow. But the house was merely for sleeping. Outside was the great open-air parlor where the real business of life, the work and the play and the wooing went on. Oh, yes, wooing aplenty! The moles on grandma's chin move up and down with mirth. Italians a good lovers, strict husbands. Thus Mrs. Cellini laughingly explains. Not like Americans—no. Very strict. The husband was absolute master in his house—or if he died, the oldest son. The girls didn't go to school. What use schools for girls? Make know more than husbands? Man no like! No marry! Girls work in field, marry early, at fifteen, sixteen—go on work. Mus'! Lots-a baby. Husband strict. Sometimes whip-a da kid.

Peasant Life in Italy

"Then why don't the Italian girls over here marry Americans?" I broke in. "Look at yourself! You're second generation; you went to public school; and yet you married an Italian. Why?"

"No meet American," she replied simply. "We like; we no see. See only Italian mans. . American mans more ——" She hesitated for the right word.

"Gentle? Mild? Easy to get along with, you mean?"

She nodded eagerly.

"All this absolute male-sovereignty business," I murmured to the dietitian, "isn't peculiarly Italian. You find it in all peasantry who lead a pastoral existence. It's the patriarchal tradition. Women and children are property, potential wealth, stock in trade. Of course, with that slavish subservience, the women lay themselves open to exploitation."

At this point grandma slapped her daughter's wrist for attention and again took up the tale. They lived up in the village, she said, and went down into the fields to work, returning each night to the hills. Men, women, boys, girls—even little girls. She herself at the age of eight. Days of exhausting toil. Tired at night. A long way up that winding hill for weary little feet!

"But why on earth didn't you have the village near the fields?"

"Malaria." Stagnant water and floods. Italy very bad for malaria. And arid. Not much rainfall. Dry soil, hard to work. No machinery. Low productivity. Some years no get nothing at all. No harvest. Ah, those were terrible times! Nothing to eat. Not even bread soaked in olive and salt. For, you see, so many people; such beeg family; so that one-half the cultivators were hired day laborers, miserable, hard-working, with only their clothes to their back. Not mak-a much. And during unemployment starvation not far away. Privation their bitter daily bread. And so thieving, especially field theft, very common; sometimes necessary to sustain existence. To prevent it, during harvest, the laborers slept in the fields. And got malaria? Sure! What can do?

"And what did they eat?"

"Oh, milk, green stuff." Meat? No—except when some sick animal died. Rarely wine. Perhaps sometime at festivals, for the men. And why didn't more people own their little farms? Little farm; no rain; much taxes; alla time tax, tax. So the little farmers hired out to the big farmers; and some day no can pay tax; pretty quick lose farm. And schools? Grandma laughed. Schools were not for the poor! She herself could not read or write. And according to the report of a Florentine society based upon direct investigation, conditions, especially in the southern departments of Calabria and Basilicata, are still very backward. During the first years of the twentieth century three out of four of the inhabitants over six years could neither read nor write. And even yet the expenditure for education is very low—and lowest of all in the south. Attendance is slight and the decrease in illiteracy over former years is slow.

"And what about politics, grandma?"

Another Vote Lost

But grandma was misty on politics. Mrs. Cellini as well

"My broth'," she confided to me, "he got naturalize."

"Oh, did he?"

"Sure!"

"Well, that's fine. And your husband?"

"No; my husban' going back Italy. He no like here. But my broth', he got naturalize. He got naturalize into the Democratic Party. You heard about thees Democratic Party?"

"Seems to me I've heard something about it in New York. Why?"

"Well, that party no pay-a my broth' one cent yet! No get-a job. What you think?"

What I thought was that I couldn't build a bridge across the centuries with a sentence, and so I held my peace.

"My husban' he say naturalize no help get-a job, no pay-a da mon'—no good."

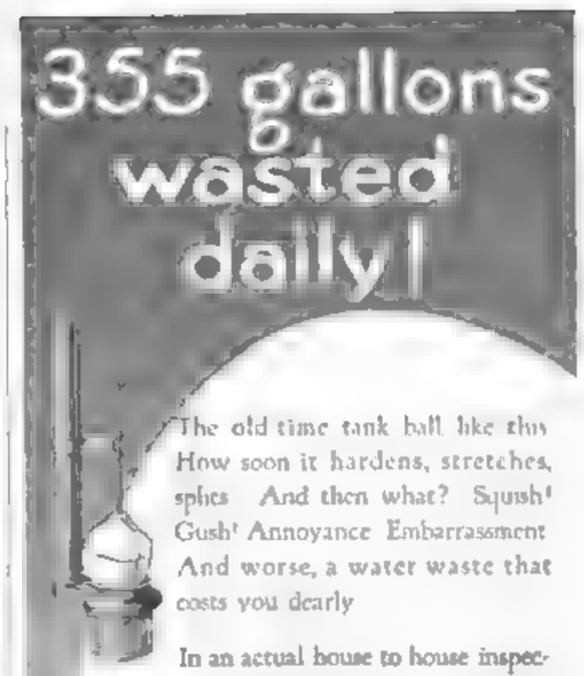
Yes, politics, self-government is a fantastic, Western chimera, clean over their heads. But of Italian politics there is this to be said: Italy was unified only fifty years ago. Before which, for centuries, she was the prey of her ruthless noble princes, a bunch of grafters who exploited mercilessly the people and the land. Deforestation, absentee landlordism, grievous taxation, heavy military service—these held the peasantry in an iron servitude of centuries and stamped out of them whatever pioneer spirit they had. Then came unification; but men's hearts and ways cannot be changed in a day, and rapacious exploitation has left its scar upon the Italian soul.

Grandma's story is confirmed from other sources. Here is the reply of Italian peasants to a ministerial decree urging them not to emigrate. Let's flash it on the screen:

"What do you mean by a nation, Mister Minister? Is it the throng of the unhappy? Aye, then we are truly the nation. We plant and we reap wheat, but never do we taste white bread. We cultivate the grape, but we drink no wine. We raise animals for food, but we eat no meat. We are clothed in rags. And in spite of all this, you counsel us, Mister Minister, not to abandon our country. But is that land, by which we cannot live by toil, one's country?"

What do you say to that, Mister Minister? Nothing, I guess. That peasant and grandma here—they've got the goods on you!

And now is that rosy gossamer veil of fake enchantment, that sentimental notion of Italy as a land of sweet idyllic content, sufficiently torn aside? Can you glimpse, as through a glass darkly, the harsh, soul-scarring reality which lies behind? The reality, the age-old hereditary instincts, which still shape their destinies over here in Mott Street and Mulberry Bend?



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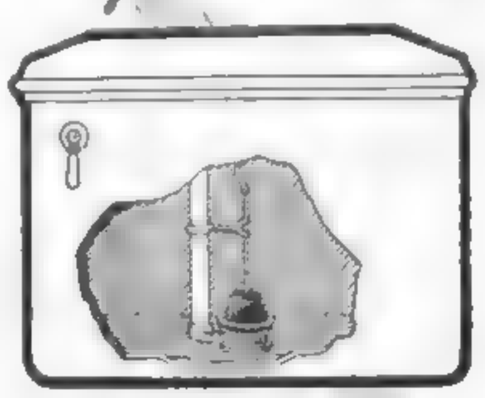

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is entirely different from anything you have seen. It is easily brushed on like paint. But it forms a THICK coating—ten times as thick as paint. And it's elastic and so doesn't crack.

Special ingredients, scientifically combined, give Stormtight the body and elasticity to resist the worst attacks of heat and cold, rain and snow.

Comes ready for use—anyone can pour it on and brush it flat.

Colors: Black, Maroon, Light Red and Green—it protects and beautifies.

If your dealer has not stocked it, fill out this coupon below and you will be supplied. In gallon cans and up to 60 gallon drums.

L. SONNEBORN SONS, Inc.

116 Fifth Ave., New York City

Pacific Coast Office, San Francisco

This COUPON Will Stop Every Leak In Your Roof—Just Sign and Mail

L. SONNEBORN SONS, Inc., 116 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Please send me your booklet "Leakproof Roofs" including testimonials covering years.

Name Dealer's Name

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(SONNEBORN)

No Other The world has outgrown the bathing suit. People now swim—and their water garment must be a *swimming suit*—a suit free from frills and furbelows which catch and carry the water and weight one down—a suit with a skirt that will keep its place without constant assistance, in the water and out—a suit the fit of which is a pleasure—in short, a Wil Wite. Those who have tried one will have NO other.

Wil Wite

The 20-point SWIMMING suit

WHERE MERCHANTS NEGLECT TO STOCK THEIR SUITS, ADDRESS US DIRECT. ● OLYMPIA KNITTING MILLS, INC., OLYMPIA, WN.

Oh, little friends, stepchildren of fortune, poor dumb driven cattle, exploited to the limit of human endurance and beyond, pushed by savage necessity into crime and theft, living on the verge of starvation, your stoic heads bowed down to till the earth of which you may not even taste the fruits, unskilled in industry, untaught children, your emotions and passions stronger than your brains and wills—how shall you fare in this land of America, the land of the keen, hardy, alert, resourceful pioneer? Can America provide you with brains? Can she give you skill, mental quickness, the power to see and seize opportunity as it flies on the air? Where is your equipment for success? The fact that you sally forth is no proof that all will go well with you. The gulf is too wide to span.

Fade out the Italian scene. There's tragedy here. Fade back to old grandma, her twitching moles, her gesticulating hands. Fade back to Mrs. Cellini, stitching on her sweatshop pants; to wan Aida, another little century straddler who cannot bridge the gulf.

"You won't let her go, Mrs. Cellini, just for a little while, into the country? It would do her a world of good!" Thus the dietitian in a final appeal.

"Maybe. I see," promises mamma vaguely; but we know she won't. Good-by, grandma! Good-by, pale little Aida, bound for the Elysian fields. We pass upon our way.

I continued my house-to-house pilgrimage, and always the tale was the same—dirt, congestion and ill adaptation of an untutored, agricultural peasantry to the demands of city life. Rickets and tuberculosis following hard upon a blind, obstinate, instinctive adherence to traditional modes of life. Rough, common, unskilled labor for the men; and for the women, exhausting, incessant toil.

Men, women and children toiled; and boarders, sleeping on chairs, sofas, floors, bathtubs, swelled the meager funds. On the subject of boarders in our foreign colonies the statistics stand thus—the figures are based on direct investigation of five hundred families in each group: Of the Croatians, 59.5 per cent keep boarders; Lithuanians, 57.6 per cent; Polish, 48.4 per cent; South Italian, 33.5 per cent; while the Hebrews have only 8.4 per cent. Thus it will be seen that the situation, with one exception, is prevalent among all these Eastern and South European peoples dwelling in our midst.

Newcomers Exploited

These medieval standards of living and work no American or Northern European can stand up against; and so they clear out of the quarter in disgust, and the foreign colony closes in even more tightly upon itself. The lack of a common language double bars the door. Of mental communion, understanding of American laws and ideals, of a government of and for and by themselves, they have not the slightest comprehension. I am not here dealing with the second generation youngsters; those belong in another article, and in a separate frame.

It goes without saying that these foreign colonies are exploited at every step and on every hand—chiefly, but not altogether, by their own brethren. The private bankers, who often prove to be scalawags, I have already mentioned. In addition, there is the employment agent who charges an exorbitant commission for finding a job. Illegal? Certainly—but who knows? And the shyster lawyer, who, for some picayune service or disservice in the courts, robs his victim.

And the dentist, with his gold teeth —— "Sure! You can have gold teeth! Ain't you as good as your boss? All Amurrikens that can afford it has gold teeth! You betcha you're as good as them!" And so it goes. The fake doctors, with their flaring advertisements in the foreign newspapers, also take their toll. In a sudden sickness the peasant often rounds up two or three and takes the dope of all. Exploiters of this description overrun these colonies, which are wasted from within by their own superstition and credulity.

And what are the Americanizing forces playing upon them from the outside? Let us name them in the order of their power and magnitude. First of all, the public school. But that reaches only the children—with a few exceptions; for the foreign-born adult is usually otherwise strenuously engaged; and it is with the adult foreign-born that I am dealing here. In addition to the school, there are the city health agencies, thrice blessed clinics, hospitals, milk stations, visiting nurses and dietitians, those practical evangelizing angels of impatient tongue and tender hand. And there are the various philanthropic institutions and settlement centers, each holding aloft its own little lamp to dispel the surrounding gloom. Lastly, there is the job in the big outside world, less potent than it might be because both men and women still stick together and work in gangs and cliques. But of all these forces—save only that of the public school—it must be reluctantly said that they do not reach very deeply; their influence is shallow, scattered; the task is too stupendous; tradition, racial taboos, superstition, a low-grade, limited intelligence, the lack of schooling and of a common tongue are arrayed on the other side, a solid Chinese wall And to cap all, the fresh inflow is constant; the home trail is always hot. It was Thor who, on a wager to drink a flagon of wine, found its other end attached to the ocean, so that in order to win his wager he would have to drink the whole sea dry. Raising the living and working levels of these people, augmented constantly by fresh comers of a like grade, is a similar proposition. It is, in the words of the whitewing, a turrible mean job.

The Passion for Saving

Looking at the daily routine of the average Italian peasant's family down on Mott or Elizabeth Street—and it will be remembered that the vast bulk of them come from the lowest rung of the social ladder, without education, knowledge of our language or industrial skill—one is struck by what at first glance seems to be their cardinal characteristic—an incessant, beaverlike industry. What toilers! What uncomplaining, stoic patience! Men, women, children, and even palsied old grandmothers, chip in to turn an honest penny. But to let it go at that, to refuse to probe deeper, is not to arrive at the truth. To work, to earn, to save! Now we've got it. Thus the trinity runs. Accumulation—that is their goal. Omar was right. Heaven is the vision of fulfilled desire. And their desire is to lay aside enough to return to their native village and the sound of the campanile bells.

No matter how scant his earnings, the Italian will lower his standard of living so that he may set some aside. This passion colors every detail of his life. It explains boarders. It explains exploitation of his women and children, child labor and the constant evasion of truancy laws. Girls, working at some unskilled trade and making six or seven dollars a week, still manage to support themselves and send home to Italy forty and fifty dollars a year. Mamma toils at home finishing at five cents an hour, and markets and cooks for a horde of boarders in between. Father digs the sewers or unloads ships or works on the tracks with a gang, and he sticks a bit aside. Thus the nest egg grows. And does Maria or Mimi dare to knock down on her weekly envelope, sneaking out a dollar for some girl's finery, papa, the patriarch, sternly quells the mutiny, and the next morning Mimi appears at work with a sulky lip and a tomato-colored eye. Discipline must be maintained—and is. Leave it to papa!

Recently a social worker ran into a mystery. The children of a family in the colony were begging on the streets. Investigation found absolutely nothing in the house to eat. The children were famished, the mother haggard with want. Questioning elicited the fact that three able-bodied wage earners were hauling down a pretty fair wage, totaling about fifty a week. Why, then, this absolute destitution? The answer to the puzzle was this: The family had decided to buy a house, paying for it on the installment plan. When they came to figure up the payments, they discovered that their entire wages just covered the sum, with not a dollar to spare. They therefore depressed their living standards to zero in order to save their gross earnings intact, and sent their children out on the streets to beg. These are endurance tests. And it must be added, endurance tests for the public also.

This supreme consuming passion to save, no matter at what cost to health or how low the standards of decency and self-respect and morality are depressed, is an outstanding characteristic of these groups; and it is most significant because it throws an extra weight upon the entire community. Everybody pays the bill. First of all, the extra

(Continued on Page 141)

The garage or dealer you trade with carries the BOYCE MOTO-METER in stock or can quickly obtain one for you.
There are eight models—$3.50 to $15.00

By the time you hear the knock or feel the drag of a laboring motor it is often too late to avoid serious damage.

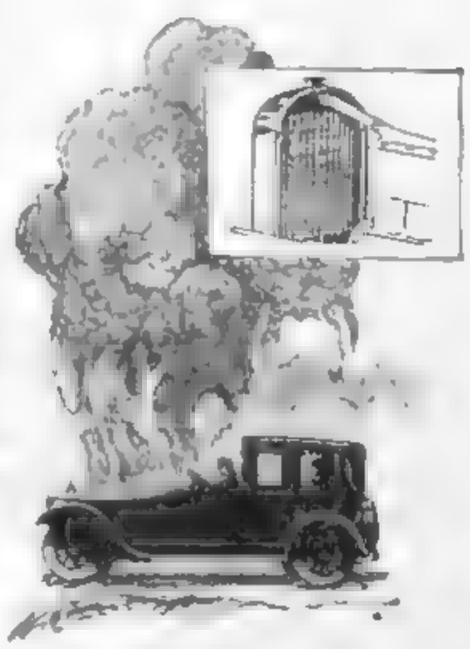
Trouble brews quickly and silently beneath the hood where you cannot see it.

Without a Boyce Moto-Meter even the most experienced driver can't tell when his engine is overheating—not even the engineer who designed your car.

* * *

The car with a Boyce Moto-Meter is forewarned 15 to 20 minutes before overheating can damage the motor.

It eliminates disagreeable surprises. The ever-visible bright red indicator tells you instantly and accurately when your motor is running too hot or too cold.



The Boyce Moto-Meter gives constant, reliable service. It has no parts to wear out and requires no adjustments after being installed. The jars and shocks of the roughest road cannot affect it.

A leaking radiator is only one of countless motor troubles that may develop silently, unknown to you until too late to avoid serious damage. A Boyce Moto-Meter will signal you that no water is passing up the radiator tube fifteen minutes before the radiator starts steaming.

The Boyce Moto-Meter is standard equipment on 180 different makes of cars, trucks and tractors—over four million Boyce Moto-Meters are in use today.

By avoiding one repair job you will save the cost of a Boyce Moto-Meter many times over.

"The Best Sign of a Progressive Dealer."

BOYCE MOTO METER

"Your car deserves one"

The clipper your barber uses

No good barber will use clippers that pull or pinch. He can't afford to—he'd lose his best customers. Ask your man—the head barber especially—what kind of clippers *he* uses and he will undoubtedly answer, "Brown & Sharpe."

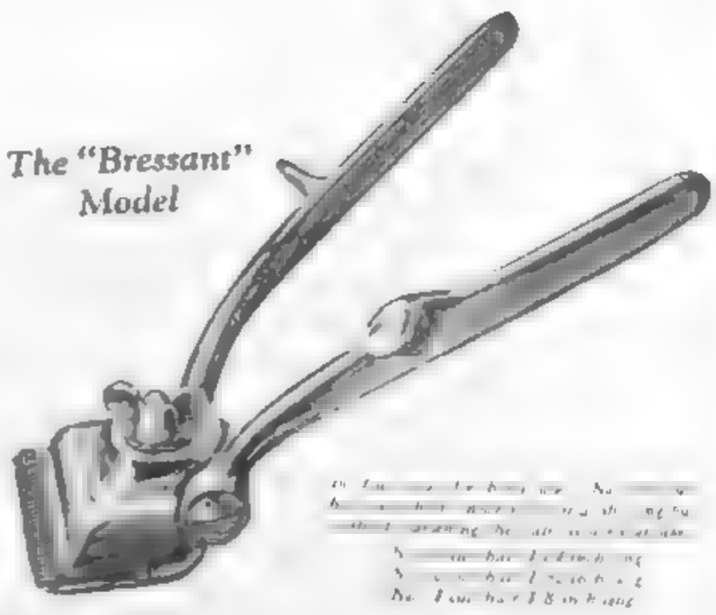
For he has found that day-by-day, year in and year out, these clippers cut smoothly and accurately. They stay sharp. Some barbers are using today the Brown & Sharpe clippers they bought over twenty years ago.

Mothers and fathers too are buying Brown & Sharpe clippers as the best kind for use at home. The simplicity and ease of operation make it possible for anyone to use them; for bobbed hair, Dutch cuts, for men who like to keep their hair closely trimmed between trips to the barber—and wherever a good barber or hairdresser isn't quickly accessible.

At hardware, cutlery, barber supply and other stores you will find the four most popular sizes of Brown & Sharpe clippers.

You'll find the name Brown & Sharpe on every pair

The clipper your barber uses is the clipper to use at home.



The "Bressant" Model

BROWN & SHARPE Mfg. Co.

Providence, R.I., U.S.A.

The World's Standard B·S *Quality Tool Makers*

(Continued from Page 138)

weight falls on the other workers. They cannot compete with such low wages, and they rightly refuse to submerge their living standards below the point of decency and health. Thus the low-grade worker drives the high-grade worker out—out of the neighborhood and out of the trade. Ensue race riots and recriminations, and the epithets of contempt such as "wop," "rag-head," "hunky," and the like. In addition, the overtaxed citizen pays. He pays for extra hospitals, clinics, police, schools, health departments, and the thousand and one civic devices by means of which our cities and public-spirited citizens seek to bridge the gulf. And the persistent query arises, and will not be downed, whether this burden of bridging the gulf of centuries of different traditions, habits, modes of life and work should be borne in its entirety by the American taxpayer and the American workingman. Cannot part of the bridging be done on the other side—by sending recruits a little higher on the social ladder, with some equipment of education, initiative and skill to meet the strains over here? Or must we drink Thor's flagon dry?

We come to the question of lawlessness and crime in these foreign colonies at our back door. And here again I shall confine myself to the adult foreign-born and leave their children for another article. With respect to the foreign-born themselves, the statistics may astonish some. For, generally speaking, the adult foreigner in our colonies has a cleaner crime record than has the native-born—including his own children.

The above statement requires explanation and a bit of shaving down. In petty misdemeanors and minor offenses arising from ignorance of our law or a clash with his own traditions and patriarchal rights, such as beating up his wife and children and refusing to support them, violating truancy and child-labor laws, the foreign-born peasant is, indeed, an inveterate and often willful offender. But in the bigger, more daring and audacious types of crime his record is singularly clean.

"Why don't you mend this road?" demanded an irate traveler abroad of a European peasant concerning a washed-out bit which caused the latter to make a wide detour with his flocks each day. "I broke down in the very same hole last year. Why, man, it wouldn't take you half a day!"

To which the peasant replied with simplicity, "Sir, nobody ever told me to!"

Ignorance of Law

Nobody had told him to, and he didn't propose to get into trouble doing what he wasn't expressly told. Better take no chances! This in a nutshell epitomizes the mental attitude of the slow-witted, oppressed foreign-born. Such an attitude is not going to lead a man far into audacious or original crime. He hasn't the stomach for that sort of thing. It turns him chill and sick, and raises along his spine the ancestral bristles of danger and fear. Something speaks inside him: "Hst! Go slow! Death is ambushed here!" So in graver crime he does not jump the track.

But he does not know our law; and he is incessantly running into this big invisible wall of thou shalt nots, which for the very life of him he cannot perceive, through lack of our language and because his own instincts and traditions completely blind his eyes. Thus one bemazed old fellow found himself haled into court for keeping a horse in his apartment. But where in the name of the Redeemer was he to keep his horse, he demanded, if not in his own house? Or they run afoul the law by beating up their wives and children, starving them, evading the child-labor laws. But in Europe the public does not meddle in such strictly private affairs. A peasant's wife and children are his own property, convertible into solid coin of the realm, why the devil shouldn't he, the master, beat them if they don't deliver the goods? A Croatian peasant, in constant collision with the law forbidding factory work for minors, finally packed up bag and baggage and moved across the border into another state, where no such limitations existed to hamper his divine right to exploit his kids. A Pole, with a wife and six children, repeatedly haled into court on charges of cruelty and nonsupport, was asked by the judge why, earning a good wage, he did not provide for his family like an honest, self-respecting man. The Pole listened in open astonishment to the translation of the lecture.

"But I gave her twenty-five cents last month!" he protested through his interpreter.

The judge explained that a quarter was an insufficient sum on which to support a family of eight for a month.

Maria and Her Legacy

"But," burst out the peasant in his own tongue, "I didn't marry that blank-dash female of dubious origin in order to support her! Do you take me for a fool? I married her to support me! What kind of a country is this?"

His gift of a quarter was sheer generosity, an act of supererogation, the overflow of a noble soul. Here again it was the patriarchal tradition in conflict with the twentieth century; and when the two conflict in the peasant's soul, tradition inevitably wins out. He not only does not know our laws, which surround him like a circumambient atmosphere, but he very definitely does not care to know them. A creature of instinct and habit, he clings like a leech to his Old World habits of thought. A man of higher social grade, with wider mental horizons, would yield himself, assimilate, absorb the new; but not the peasant. The more fiercely he is assailed the more obstinately he withdraws into his shell. Which is his ruin—his ruin so far as success, even judged by his own humble standards, is concerned.

But the whole question of crime and heredity cuts deeper than this. In these peasant groups dwelling in the foreign sections of the city, the love of saving, and thus the love of money itself, is a cardinal passion. In the Italian peasant it is a particularly outstanding attribute, his line of least resistance, his vulnerable point. And to crimes with a mercenary motive he is peculiarly prone. Thus murders for money, coolly and deliberately planned, are frequent. An Italian girl, protégée of an American family, through the death of a relative, came into a small legacy amounting to about five hundred dollars. Almost immediately she began to act strangely; she refused to go out of the house and appeared reluctant even to approach the open windows.

"What ails you, Maria?" she was finally asked. "What makes you act so queer?"

Thus adjured, the girl explained. She had refused to turn over the legacy to her brother Pietro, the titular head of the family, and so brother Pietro was lying in wait for her outside with a gun.

"He'll pop me sure if I show my head!"

"Good heavens! Pietro?" cried the amazed American woman. "Why, that boy wouldn't hurt a fly!"

"He'll pop me," reiterated the girl.

"I'll see about that!" promised the optimistic American.

She did, and she found Pietro absolutely fixed in his determination to pop Maria if she showed her head. Oh, yes, certainly the American lady might send him to jail, in which case he'd pop Maria as soon as he got out again. Didn't he love his sister,

J. D. SMITH
Men's and Boys' Clothing
Mount Airy, N. C.
April 7, 1923

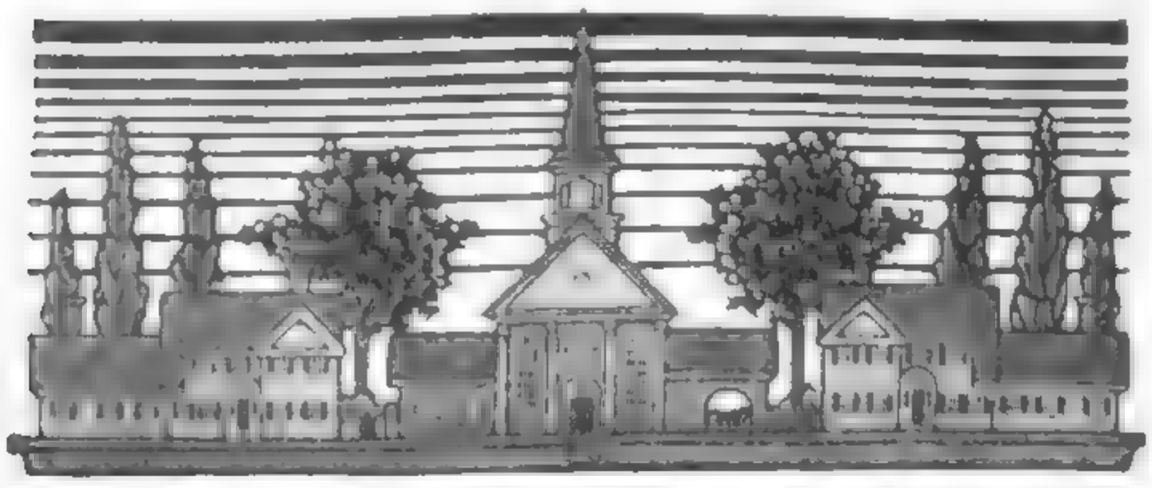
I just want to say that I have installed your hat and cap combination and that you could not buy it back from me for double the amount I have paid for it, should I be unable to duplicate it.

My sales have increased double since the installation.

Yours,
J. D. SMITH

WHEN a salesman spends most of his time pulling down hat boxes, his sales record and his service to the customer can't be very good. His production is low and his sales cost high. That's why merchants are getting the hats into New Way Cabinets, attractively displayed and well protected behind dust-proof glass doors. They are doing from 20 to 30 percent more business with no additional expense—a fact based upon the reports of thousands of enthusiastic merchants everywhere. Full information and catalogue covering any line upon request.

GRAND RAPIDS SHOW CASE CO.
World's Largest Designers and Manufacturers of Complete Store Equipment
New Way Unit System — Grand Rapids, Mich. — New Way Revolving Wardrobes
Branch Factory, Portland, Oregon. — Offices in Most Principal Cities



Have you tried
GINGER ALE
made from
Hires
HOUSEHOLD EXTRACT?

This discovery enables you to make a delicious Ginger Ale at home just as easily and economically as you make Rootbeer from Hires Household Extract.

One package makes 80 glasses. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c and we will send postpaid package direct, or send $2 80 for carton of one dozen. Canada and foreign price, 35c and $4.00, respectively.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO.
208 S. 24th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
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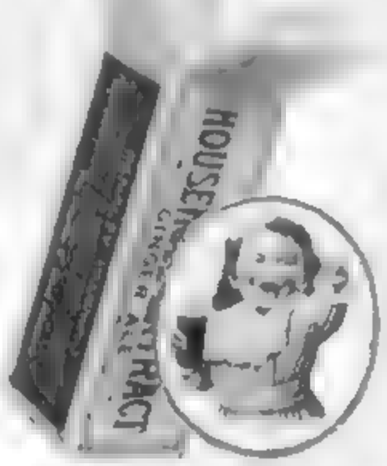

A Pure, Delicious Beverage, at Small Cost

Hires
HOUSEHOLD EXTRACTS
For making ROOTBEER OR GINGER ALE *at home*

A Real Fish Dinner on a Wooden Plate

NONE know the real taste of fish save those who broil them fresh-caught over an open fire and serve them on Adirondack plates. Take some of these dishes that are "Always clean but never washed" on that fishing trip, cruise, or to the camp in the woods. Cut in one piece from clean hard wood, big as a dinner plate, serviceable as china, used once and thrown away.

6 for a Dime
In sanitary glassine envelopes
At all dealers'

For chop suey — sea foods, steaks, sandwiches, salads, all foods, hot and cold, moist and dry.

OVAL WOOD DISH CORPORATION
NEW YORK *Tupper Lake, N.Y.* CHICAGO

ADIRONDACK WOODEN PLATES

little Maria? What a question! Of course he loved little sister Maria, but if she didn't turn over that money he'd pop her just the same.

In the end Maria turned it over and received the fraternal kiss.

Counterfeiting, abduction, kidnaping, blackmail—Italians show a startling record in crimes of this particular nature. With regard to the latter three, it should be said that they were about the only means the peasants once possessed whereby they could even up the score with their ruthlessly exploiting overlords—a mutually understood game of tit for tat. And in America some of them have simply stretched the original principle to take in any rich guy whom, by threats, they can compel to part with his coin.

These are deeds, not of passion, but performed by people in their sober senses and such faculties as they possess. They reveal more clearly than anything else the depths of the gulf which separates our modern Western world from these agricultural peoples, their souls twisted by oppression, who step out of another epoch into our midst. They reveal also something else equally important—a profound indifference to law. In Europe, and particularly in those countries from which much recent immigration is recruited, laws were imposed by the aristocrats to exploit the poor, they believe. Thus the state, the government, the laws, were associated in their minds with a hated tyrannous rule. Law, tyranny—these are synonyms in the peasant's dictionary, deep-twined in the roots of his soul's belief. Law—he feels toward it the same instinctive distrust that a wild animal feels toward a trap. Intensely practical, money-loving, a fierce individualist, distrustful of all altruism lest it be but the small toothsome bait on the hidden hook of exploitation, not thinkers, but puppets of tradition—the peasantry within our gates distrust not merely our laws but the fundamental conception of our law as a necessary safeguard of society. Their distrust acts like a boomerang, fatally transfixing themselves.

And what do they get out of it all? How many of the hundreds of thousands who make the Western hegira succeed in winning their stake? On this aspect of the question, unfortunately, there exist no exact collected data. But what does stand forth clear is the interesting fact that the signal successes, few as they are, in an overwhelming majority of cases have been won, not by those down below the very bottommost rung of the social ladder, but by those who in their own country had a certain background of education, mental resources, skill. In other words, these successes show that part of the bridging has already been done on the other side, and the gulf, therefore, is not so fatally wide. It is estimated by an Italian that among his illiterate foreign-born brethren—illiterate, he means, in the broader sense—who take the long trail to our shores, scarce two in ten succeed in clearing for themselves a path to even moderate gain. It is not that they are without money margins and do not speak our tongue; but that, looked at from practically every point of view, they are ill prepared to make the intelligent, energetic and well directed action which this New World rigorously exacts of those who would win the prizes from her hand. And what happens to those who, too heavily handicapped by their own limitations, fail even partly to make the grade? They are the extra burden which the whole community bears. The statistics here are clear. And that is the tragedy of it—the terrible human waste! Our hospitals and asylums are full of those who have crashed, and, crashing, have hurled whole families on the rocks. And still the century straddlers come. And still our foreign colonies swell, augmented steadily from the other side—a Thor's flagon we cannot drink dry.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Miss Frazer. The next will appear in an early issue.

YO-HO, AND A BOTTLE OF SARSAPARILLA

(Continued from Page 18)

The remaining three of us finish coiling up, then retreat to the shelter of the high main-hatch coaming. I light my new pipe, Ted his inevitable cigarette. Pete the morose indulges in a few well-chosen remarks on the asininity of windjammer hands and the unfortunate heredity of the species.

"Aw, stow yer yap," Ted growled. "Yer crabbin' makes me sick. Yer oughter've froze onto the business end of yer shovel instead of comin' to sea." He nudged me with his elbow. "What say, Doc?"

He had dubbed me Doc from the first, because he said I looked like I needed one.

"Them's my sentiments," I replied with hearty ungrammatical approval, thus earning the undying hatred of Pete the morose.

"I hear ye're a story-writer," Ted remarked, transferring one-fourth of his cigarette to his husky young lungs by suction in one deep breath. "The mate spilled the beans to cookie," he explained at my startled grunt. "I allus wanted to write stories. How d'ye go about it?"

I explained gently that I had come to sea to forget about writing stories—for a while.

"S'matter?" he asked. "Stummick on de blink?"

"No—er—nerves."

Ted blew a cloud of smoke into the lee scuppers.

"Ever try coffin nails?" he asked, reaching for his pocket. "Good for de noives."

I declined the offer.

"The trouble is I've been humoring my nerves too much," I said. "I'm looking for something that's bad for them."

Ted allowed this to sink in. Then he said with a laugh, "Ye're a wise gazabo. There goes two bells. Yer trick at de wheel."

"North by east, half east," I repeat as Bill the helmsman gives me the course and turns the wheel over to me.

I grasp the spokes and feel a mortal thrill of supremacy as every one of the Forest King's twenty-five hundred tons finds room in the hollow of my hand. The night is very dark. There is no moon. At the break of the poop the huge oilskin-coated figure of the mate is silhouetted in jet against the network of the spanker backstays and ratlines. He is smoking his pipe, immovable as the Rhodian Colossus. Now and then a spark leaps from his pipe, scurries briefly on the wind and is swallowed up in the darkness to leeward.

Do I love the sea? Ask no foolish questions and you will receive no impertinent answers. I think the value of the sea to the human mind lies chiefly in the philosophic resignation it induces. Afloat upon a ship, man has reduced himself to a state of abject helplessness. In time of storm and stress the things he can do to maintain life are limited, and therein lies the fascination of a sailor's life. Man is ever the adventurous animal. To be happy he must forget himself. Danger and conflict are the best elements to this end. So man does not love the sea—the protestations of the summer bathing girl notwithstanding—but uses it as a tonic to arouse himself from lethargy. If he loves the sea at all it is only because of the job he derives from outwitting it.

So, in the main, sailors are brave men. The female of the species know this. They may not want to marry sailors, but since Ulysses they have ever been fond, bless 'em, of philandering with the boys who go down to the sea in ships.

I remember an amusing little incident of my youth, when I walked aft the gangplank of the full-rigger Endymion at Copenhagen, Denmark, the town of my birth, with a companion, after an absence of three years. On the wharf we made the acquaintance of two girls in the easy, informal manner that only sailors can get away with and escape lynching.

The four of us went the rounds of the city, arm in arm. We visited Tivoli Gardens and several dance halls of questionable reputation, consuming a good deal more Danish ale than was good for seventeen-year-olds. We had the time of our young lives, and the girls left us about midnight with promises to meet us again the following evening, which we knew they wouldn't keep, because they were not that kind of girls.

When we wended our way deckward, with the parting kisses of the girls still warm upon our brine-cracked lips, my shipmate exclaimed, "Lord, I forgot to ask her her name!"

(Continued on Page 144)

There is no better way to build a car ~no surer measure of its value,

Few truths are universally accepted.

One of these few is the fact that the man or the organization that concentrates time and ability on doing one thing well will inevitably gain a knowledge and an expertness beyond that of any who do not so specialize.

The recognition of this fact and its consistent application for eight years have made the *specialized* Columbia Six the remarkable automobile it is today. Behind this fine car are massed the combined resources of America's leading builders of specialized units —men, machines and millions such as no single manufacturer has ever brought to bear on the production of an automobile.

The 50 horsepower Columbia Six motor is built by men who for twenty years have built nothing but fine motors and who have attained world leadership in their line.

Axles, transmission, clutch, universal joints, electrical system—all vital Columbia units, are similarly chosen. Each represents a standard, each is the result of *specialized* knowledge. Columbia men are themselves specialists in the delicate process of fabricating these units into a finished automobile, notable for its beauty as well as for mechanical excellence.

If there is a better way to assure complete dependability, economy and long life in a motor car, experience and common sense alike have so far failed to find it.

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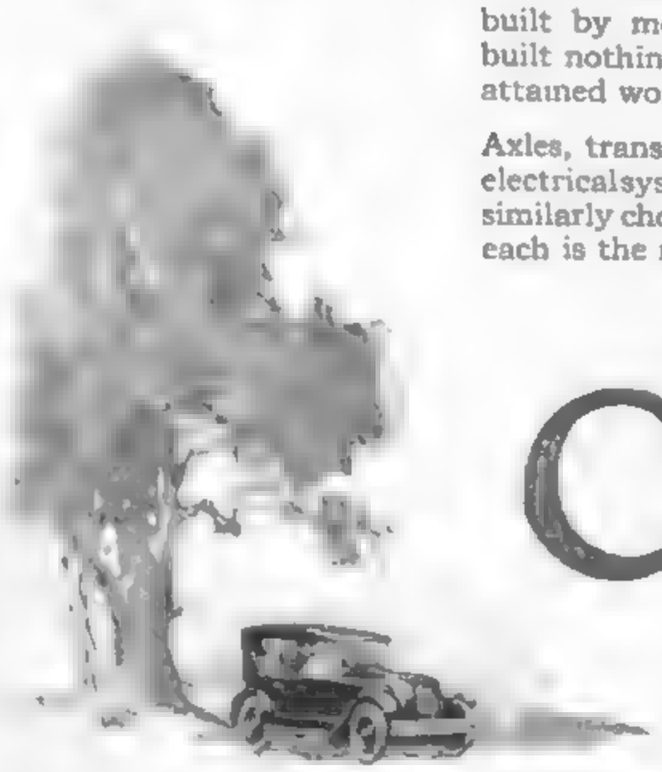
These are the reasons why the Columbia dealer in your city is a dealer in lasting satisfaction as well as in beautiful automobiles. Let him prove this to you.



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DEALERS: *Ask your jobber's salesman about this profitable line, or write us direct for prices*

The Wedler-Shuford Company
Saint Louis, U. S. A.

Wedford
Evr-Klean
SEAT PADS
(Fully protected by patents)

(Continued from Page 142)

"So did I," I mused. "Well, it doesn't matter. We'll never see them again."

The following evening I went to call upon my sainted Aunt Clara, whom I had not seen since I was twelve years old, and there I met Cousin Agnes, my companion in crime of the night before, whom I had last seen five years before as a child of eleven in pigtails. It was hard to say which one of us was the more flabbergasted. Mutual promises of utter silence were exchanged, and after dinner Cousin Agnes and myself went to the theater, properly chaperoned by Aunt Clara.

I have, of course, changed the names of the principal actors of this little drama. I have in the neighborhood of fifty-seven female first cousins in Copenhagen, so there is no danger of the other fifty-six recognizing the culprit.

No, I do not love the sea—from the foc'sle of a windjammer. I never did. My gregarious instinct is too well developed for that. Still, mentally I am a recluse. I have never yet completely overcome my youthful sensitiveness. The sea did a great deal to retard my development in spite of the opportunities it afforded me for philosophic contemplation. Today, at the age of thirty-nine, I am as poor a mixer as I was at twenty-one. I feel lost in a crowd, yet I like small gatherings of people whom I know well.

I find myself utterly unable to use my friends in a business way. Listening to praise of a story of mine by a stranger is positive torture to me, and for the same reason gracious utterances become facetious flattery upon my own lips. So I am not popular. The lonely life as a sailor is directly responsible for this.

Again, I am a natural-born iconoclast. The shams of society enrage me. I cannot take orders from a man who I feel is my mental inferior, nor be even superficially friendly with one who is tricky. This is a serious temperamental handicap in business. It was my good fortune to discover this failing early enough in life to avoid becoming a failure. Upon finding that I could not do good work under the restraint of authority, it was up to me to choose some line of work where my imagination—the only asset I possessed—could have free rein. So I became a writer, with what success time alone will tell.

There is one score upon which I am not sensitive—my work. This has always been a matter of curiosity to me, for I love my writing better than anything else. A frank opinion of the weak spots of a story of mine, by a friend who has my interest at heart, never offends me. Quite the opposite. I find myself agreeing with him, too often for my own good.

Conquerors of the Sea

Self-confidence is one more thing the sea's restraining authority robbed me of. It took me many years to regain the spiritual self-confidence I lost by going to sea. Of physical self-confidence a sailor has enough and to spare. But he never quite loses a sense of his own social inferiority, the inevitable result of years of subordination.

No, decidedly, I do not love the sea from a deck hand's standpoint. I flatter myself that I conquered it. At least it did not conquer me. I appreciate its moods without getting sentimental about them. I can draw upon it at will, turning its wastes into words, the printing of which will buy me the things I want. Today I am returning to it—an adventure in search of health this time—after an absence of nearly twenty years. Its dreary monotony is a good antidote for what ails me—if anything does ail me. My attitude towards it is therefore one of benevolent patronage. I shall take from it what I need without any sense of obligation. It will even up our old score.

As we are in ballast, the Forest King lies high in the water, and her deck is dry. The ballast—six hundred tons of soft coal for the company's steam tramp, the Martha B. Bowers, in Seattle—hardly covers her bilges. A voyage in ballast is a rare experience for a windjammer sailor. In all my seven previous years as a deck hand I never made but one such—from Port Adelaide, Australia, to Lyttelton, New Zealand. I always remember that trip with pleasure. We never shipped a thimbleful of water on deck the entire twelve hundred miles. It was like yachting on a pleasant day. The present trip promises to be like that one.

With four hours off and four hours on, time seems to have grown wings. Day and night pass into each other almost imperceptibly. I sleep at least ten hours out of the twenty-four, even with the dog watch counted out; and on nights when the weather is fine I get in an extra forty-odd winks between wheel trick and lookout, in the lee of a hatch coaming or under one of the midship pinrails. I, who have had difficulties with box springs, am learning to sleep with a section of three-inch Baltic pine deck for a mattress and a steel hawse bitt for a pillow—and liking it.

Today being Sunday I resolved to get acquainted with my shipmates. Ted the hard-boiled is charmingly naïve. When he saw me brushing my teeth he asked me if he could borrow my toothbrush, remarking casually that he had lost his own in the Indian Ocean some months earlier. Mendaciously I pleaded pyorrhea. This sounded sufficiently terrifying to discourage him. I seem to have found a champion in the big good-natured ex-man-o'-war's man. During the afternoon, when I had a brief passage of words with one of the members of the starboard watch, a Nova Scotian, over the disposal of my sea chest, I heard Ted tell the fellow to lay off a man who was half dead with pyorrhea!

The wind being light and steady, there was nothing for us to do except think over our sins. This is not a pleasant Sabbath occupation, so Ted got out a deck of cards and a cribbage board, adding one more transgression to the collection. It is a long time since I've pegged fifteen-two, fifteen-four and one for his nob. Playing cards always seemed to me rather futile. Still, I am aware that my present physical condition is the result of not being able to interest myself in the simple pleasures of simple folk.

The Man at the Wheel

Ted was a cribbage shark of the first water. I found myself suddenly obsessed with one aim in life—to beat him. I didn't do it, but I gave him a good run for his money; and when we had to tear ourselves away to give the weather braces a tug or two I could hardly wait to get back to the pegging tournament.

"You'll make a whale of a crib player, Doc," he remarked, as he pegged out on me for the fourth time; only he expressed himself more—shall we say?—poignantly. He possessed the largest collection of unprintable adjectives in captivity. He was nothing if not original. His vocabulary when aroused to anger or enthusiasm was a series of explosions of the most expressive and passionate profanity, all of his own invention. Yet he never stooped to blasphemy.

The daily duties, the discipline and habits of merchantmen sailors of windjammers are altogether different from those of man-o'-war's men. A landsman thinks of sailors in the terms of bluejackets. Yet a bluejacket is not a sailor in any sense of the word. He is merely a uniformed employe of a battleship. Place one of them aboard a windjammer and he would be utterly lost. He wouldn't understand a single command, and the chances are that he couldn't even take his trick at the helm. Battleships, steamers of the larger kind and some very large sailing vessels carry quartermasters—men who do nothing else but steer. A quartermaster, by the way, usually considers himself about two grades above a common sailor—why, heaven only knows, for the steering of a ship, except in heavy weather, requires no particular skill. Indeed, a sailing ship running close to the wind—by the wind, as it is called—steers itself. I have stood many a two-hour trick without turning a wheel spoke under such conditions. Again, when hove to in a storm the rudder is simply put hard over, and might as well be tied there, as it often is in fishing smacks and smaller vessels riding out a gale. The only time a sailing ship is difficult to steer is when running before a gale, heavily laden.

To steer a man-o'-war or a large steamer is even easier than steering a sailing ship. The helm is worked either by steam or electricity. The slightest pressure of a finger moves it, and a steam-driven vessel running under full speed in moderate weather and in a fairly smooth sea will often stay on her course for five minutes at a time without the helm being touched.

On land the windjammer sailor is an unobtrusive fellow. He bears no particular distinguishing marks except his tarry and brine-cracked hands and his slightly rolling gait. He wears no uniform, and contrary to fiction he does not as a rule hang around water-front dives. He is rather shy of

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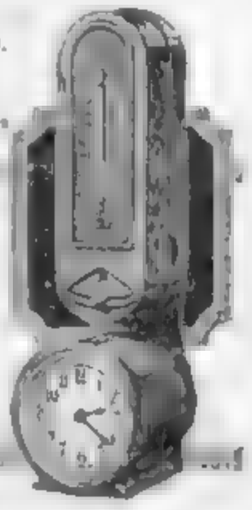

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crowds. You won't find him parading the main thoroughfares boisterously, as bluejackets do. But if the port has a zoo he'll be there feeding the monkeys peanuts. On Sundays he'll board a street car for the suburbs and wander off into the rural country beyond. His idea of a good time is to lie by a shady brookside and listen to the birds, and to buy his dinner from a farmhouse wherever he happens to be.

On board ship his duties are legion and diversified. A first-class able seaman is a jack of all trades. He is something of a painter, carpenter, blacksmith and sailmaker. That is why so many ex-sailors follow the building trades, particularly structural iron.

On the fourth day out of port we sprung the royal yard, and the sail had to be furled. Under ordinary circumstances the job of replacing the yard with a new one would have been put off until we got into Seattle, but as we had a date with the Martha B. Bowers, and as the skipper was anxious to keep this date, he decided to do it at once. At the exchange of watches all hands were called aft.

"Do any of you boys know how to send down a royal yard?" the Old Man asked. No one answered. This was my chance. I had done it several times years before and thought that I remembered how it ought to be done.

"I know how, sir," I replied, trembling at my own audacity.

The skipper looked at me in silence for a moment.

"The only sailor in the gang," he growled, "and he's got one foot in the grave!"

"Only up to the ankle, sir," I said.

The merest shadow of a smile flitted across the skipper's face.

"Pick yourself a helper and go to it," he said shortly. "Mind, if you ram 'er through the deck or drop 'er overboard I'll dock your wages."

"Very well, sir."

"Are youse gonna pick me, Doc?" Ted asked *sotto voce* as the skipper dismissed me.

"You bet!" said I. "Know anything about the job?" I asked in a whisper.

"Hell, no!" Ted replied. "But I wanter learn."

I found out when we got up there that I had forgotten the exact procedure, but the salient points were fairly clear in my mind.

I am not going to weary the reader with the technical details of sending down that yard. A skillful man with a helper can do it in less than an hour. But I wasn't skillful, and besides the mate and skipper watching me from the poop deck made me nervous. I bungled the job rather badly, I think. Still in four hours from the time Ted and I started, the new yard was in place and the sail set.

When the job was completed the two of us were called aft and treated to a tumbler of Swedish cognac that would have made Mr. Volstead gnash his teeth.

A Midnight Blow

From a remark of the mate's I learn that we should have arrived at Puget Sound four days ago. We are still some two hundred miles south of it and all of a hundred west. Reason: Howling northeaster and shifting ballast.

The blow came on suddenly, at midnight, with black clouds banking up to the north'ard, all horizons foreshortened, and a gray scud sweeping over the subdued face of the heavens.

Before we of the port watch turned in at eight bells—eight P.M.—we helped the starboard watch take in the royal and upper topgallant sail. The wind had hauled a bit to the east. When we tumbled into our bunks the Forest King was running close to the wind, but still on her course. For a few minutes I lay listening to the vicious slap of the waves against the side of the ship a scant foot from my ear, then hauled my blankets over my head, ostrich fashion, and went into the Land of Nod at a brisk trot.

I had my journey broken rudely by being catapulted out of my bunk and hurled against the opposite wall. The low-burning cuddy lamp took a dive to port and gave up its ghost.

The next moment the voice of the big Nova Scotian of the starboard watch bellowed "All hands on deck!" through the foc'sle door.

"Where the blank-blankety-blank is my rubber boots?" It was Ted's voice, hoarse with indignation. "Get off me hands! Aw, it's you, Doc! Scuse me, I thought it was Pete! Light the cuddy lamp, yer big slab-sided Bluenose!" This to the Nova Scotian. But the man had disappeared in a deluge of spindrift. There was no time to dress. I got my feet into a pair of rubber boots, one of them my own, and somehow managed to worm my nightshirt into oilskins. Grabbing my sou'wester, I scrambled on deck and found the crew at the weather clew and buntlines of the foresail. The mate was on the foc'sle head, tending the chain sheet, which was passed through a ringbolt in the cathead and made fast to the forward hawse bitts.

"Wait until she luffs, boys!" he shouted during a lull in the wind that streamed through the rigging in icy blasts. "All right! She luffs! Haul away!"

The clew was halfway up when the leech line carried away and the partly clewed-up sail filled with wind and began to pound in great lunging strokes that reverberated through the girdered stillness below decks.

"Belay the clew!" the mate bellowed. "Buntlines, boys! Lively now, before she pounds herself to pieces!"

The wind poured down upon us furious blasts as we pulled the buntlines in, inch by inch, the last man taking a double turn over the belaying pin to keep the thrashing sail from tearing the rope out of our hands.

"Belay! Try the clewline again!" shouted the mate.

Aloft in the Storm

His words were carried away and lost upon the gale as the full force of the squall struck the barkentine. Over she went, almost on her beam ends, with the wind shrieking through her tortured rigging and her lower yards dipping into the boiling seas to leeward. The half-clewed sail flailed itself to ribbons in the twinkling of an eye—luckily for us, or we should have shown our keel to the stars then and there. I disentangled myself from a wilderness of ropes under the midships pinrail, where I had been flung when she took the plunge to starboard, and glanced up at the few ragged streamers of canvas fluttering from the empty boltropes—all that was left of the foresail.

The mate let go the upper topsail halyards. We fumbled for—and somehow found—the downpulls and buntlines, then started aloft to take the sail in. As I lay along the weather yardarm, passing the gasket around the threshing sail, the wind blew my oilskin coat and nightshirt up over my head, and the icy hurricane-driven rain flailed my bare back unmercifully.

As I lay along that yardarm I thought of my warm, comfortable studio in Los Angeles, and of my well-filled bookcase, with the small bust of Thais looking down at me from on high, the old walnut writing table with the goatskin rug under it, and of my friends who used to drop in for a chat and fill their pipes from my tobacco jar. I wondered what sort of devil had possessed me to attempt this mad adventure.

The threshing sail made the passing of the gasket around it next to impossible. The rain beat down upon me in furious cascades. It filled my eyes, my mouth, my nostrils. I breathed with difficulty when I breathed at all. I worked with a sort of dogged defiance, hanging on with one hand as the ship took plunge after plunge to leeward, buried her yardarms in the boiling seas, then rose again to meet the savage blasts of wind. The night was black as pitch. There was neither moon nor stars. By the straining of the footropes I knew that another man was working less than a dozen feet from me, but I couldn't see him. Astern the Forest King's phosphorescent wake leaped the crested seas like some infuriated serpent chasing its quarry.

It was all of twenty minutes before I finally got the sail made fast and began my descent. When I stepped down on the platform of the top the ship took another of her wild plunges to starboard. I flung both arms around the ratline stays and hung on. The icy wind cut through my soaked garments. My fingers were frozen almost stiff. I wondered if the ship was foundering, and found myself not caring whether she was or not, so numb and cold was I. A month earlier to a day I stood on a lecture platform addressing a woman's club on the subject of short-story technic! I remember how oppressed I felt by the waves of heat and perfumery that swept down upon me from across the footlights. Truly, life is just one thing after another.

There was no turning in for our watch that night. We were down to fore lower

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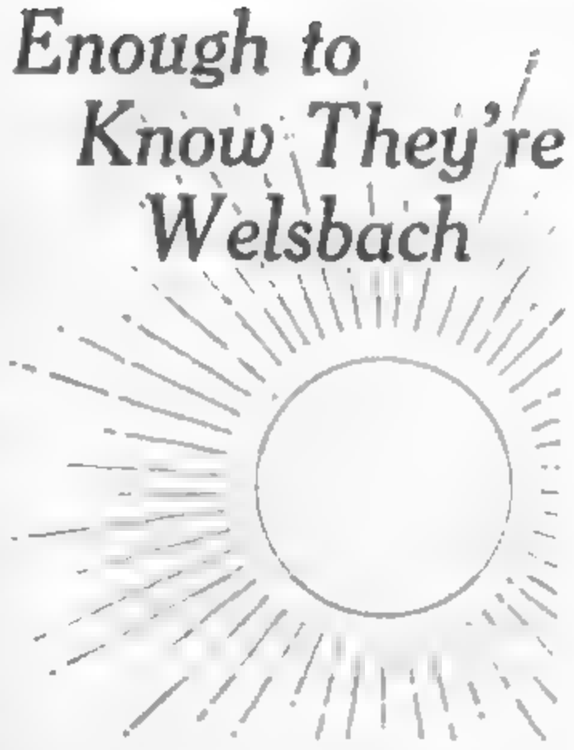

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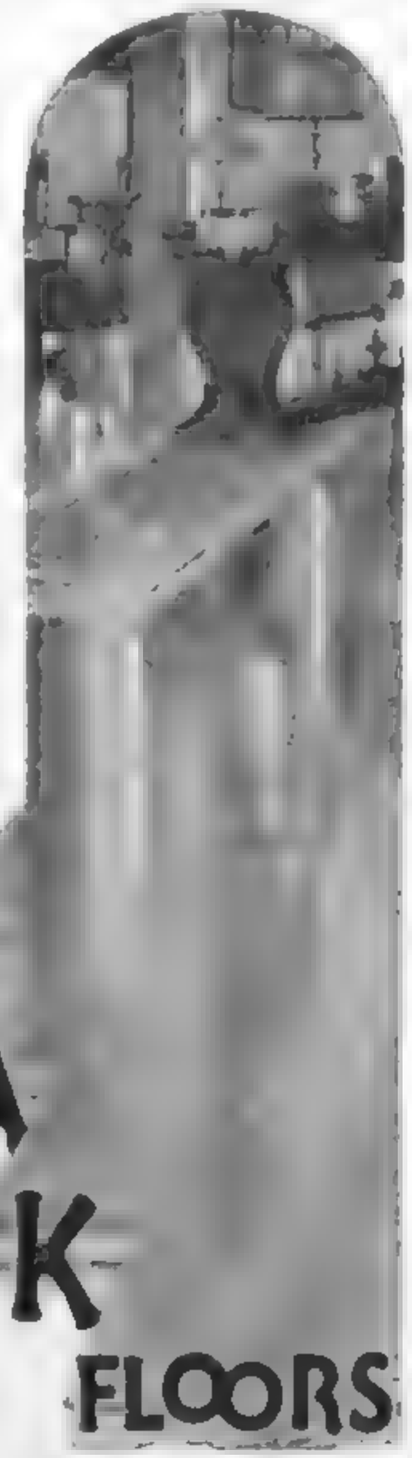

FOR EVERLASTING ECONOMY

topsail, forestaysail and double-reefed spanker; but the vessel was still listing badly to starboard. When I got on deck I found that the cook had been dragged from his bunk and was serving hot coffee in the galley, where all hands were huddled about the big range. After swallowing three brimming cups I started for the forecastle to put on some dry clothes, when a great sea broke over the bows and came racing down the foc'sle head. The next instant I was swept off my legs and carried aft, until the stern raised, sending the water forward again, and me with it. I caught a drifting rope's end, hung on and waited for the water to subside, then staggered into the forecastle.

The smoking cuddy lamp lighted the small space with a sort of sinister radiance. Everything was in the wildest disorder and soaking wet. Water slushed about underfoot and dripped from the ceiling, the deck above having been improperly calked. I found every one of my blankets in my bunk soaked through, and the mattress soggy and damp. Water had entered my sea chest and every last garment was wet. Wringing out a heavy suit of woolen underwear, I held it up before the stove, which some misguided person had lighted in futile efforts to dry out the foc'sle, and warmed the garments before putting them on. It was no longer a question of putting on dry clothes, but simply of changing from wet garments to other less wet garments or to get enough layers on to keep out the cold.

By daylight the wind had abated somewhat; but the ship was still listing badly, the loose coal ballast having shifted. After a hurried breakfast we squared the yards and ran the vessel off before the wind. Then the hatches were taken off and all hands were sent below with shovels to move the shifted coal back where it belonged and get the Forest King on an even keel again.

A Backbreaking Job

I should like to draw a veil over the subsequent painful ten hours. When I get back to Los Angeles I'm going on a hunting trip with a sawed-off shotgun, and the medical profession will be one member short.

Coal, coal everywhere. In our boots, our mouths, our noses. Rivulets of black perspiration streaming into our eyes. Coal dust rising in clouds to choke the breath out of us, and, failing in this, caking inch deep all over our aching and perspiring bodies and water-soaked garments.

As coal dust is highly inflammable, no lights were permitted us. We were like a lot of grotesque black-face comedians, with the comedy cut out, staggering about the half gloom of some special Dante-concocted inferno, falling over one another, cursing, groaning—but shoveling coal! With each sudden lunge of the ship a miniature avalanche of coal came sliding back to us and buried us to the waist. It was like trying to stem the Gulf Stream with a teaspoon. In the midst of it my shovel dug into Ted's shins by accident. Ah, the stream of exquisite lurid profanity that poured from Ted's blackened lips! My aching fingers itched for a pencil and notebook. He sat down on a chunk of coal and mopped his grimy face with the back of his grimy hand and cursed me with a synonymic exhaustiveness that would have made a thesaurus scuttle for his lair and hang his head in shame.

Everything has an end and a piece of string has two, an old Danish proverb says. Two days later we were tied up alongside the steam tramp, Martha B. Bowers. Her cranes were eating up our six hundred tons of coal at the rate of a hundred tons an hour. Our tardiness in reaching Seattle had held her up nearly a week. Her skipper, pacing the bridge, with his gold-braided cap pulled down over his eyes, was fuming at the delay. He was not interested in the cause of it.

As I lay in my bunk listening drowsily to the roar of the Martha B.'s windlasses I comforted myself with the sweet knowledge that the next day was Sunday. I could sleep all day. There would be no braces to pull, no lookout or wheel trick.

The routine of a ship in port is rather dull. During the two-week period that followed I found myself descended in the social scale from sailor to something very nearly resembling a janitor's assistant. While the Forest King ate up great slings of rough pine lumber through her yawning hatchways—lumber which in a few months would be translated into little Colonial and Dutch cottages upon the slopes of the foothills of Pasadena and Hollywood—we doughty rovers of the bounding main were given each a prosaic scrubbing brush and a bucket of strong caustic-soda solution and put to work cleaning the coal-grimed paintwork. A quarter section of the starboard bulwarks was my allotment, and I pride myself upon having done a perfect job. There was not a finger mark to be seen when I got through with that quarter section—nor much else, the paint coming off with the grime, as did most of the skin of my hands, caustic soda being no more a respecter of cuticle than of white lead. My finger nails took on a maroon shade that a manicurist would have given ten years of her life for a chance to monkey with.

Homeward Bound

After the scrubbing and the repainting, the starboard anchor chain was dragged from its lair under the foc'sle head and stretched in bights along the deck and we were set to work coal-tarring it. This was a nice job for hands made tender and raw by the caustic soda. For two nights I slept with both my dukes dangling over the edge of my bunk. So tender were they that even the touch of my blankets would send shooting pains darting from the finger tips to the wrists.

All this time various things were going on in my mind. The most insistent and poignant of these thoughts was what a dad-banged, twenty-two-carat idiot I had been for listening to my doctor. And what a worse idiot I had been for having got myself into a fix where listening to him had been necessary. I was so mad at myself that I could have committed suicide if it hadn't been that death usually followed such a course, and I positively drew the line at dying, even to please my family doctor.

There is an old saying that he whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. I want to go on record here to give this the lie. If you've got enough spunk left to get mad, you're a long way from dying. The doctor had mentioned something about hardening of the arteries. He was dead wrong. A hardening process was going on inside of me, all right, but it wasn't arteries. The sea was not giving me back my health. It was simply awakening all my old fighting powers, which had been disused for nearly twenty years. To survive I had to fight back, and I was so busy fighting back that I forgot all about being sick. Incidentally, upon going ashore and stepping upon one of those penny-in-the-slot scales that adorn the port side of every drug-store entrance, I discovered that I had gained exactly nine pounds in weight.

The trip back to San Pedro with a deckload of lumber stacked four feet above the bulwarks was quite uneventful. The month was late March and it rained and blew alternately or simultaneously. We lived in our oilskins for a solid week. When we picked up Point Dume and entered the San Pedro channel we saw the sun for the first time in many weeks.

Twelve hours later I opened the door of my studio and stepped inside. There was an inch of dust upon my writing table. Crossing to the window I ran up the shade and glanced out at the little old skyscrapers that have survived a hundred earthquakes. They looked stronger for it. Turning, I examined myself in the mirror opposite. I was sporting a seven-day dark brown stubble. My suit had a very pressing engagement. My shoes had assumed that sickly gray-ashen shade peculiar to leather which has been exposed to salt water. I looked, as I felt, hard as nails—the original thirty-minute egg.

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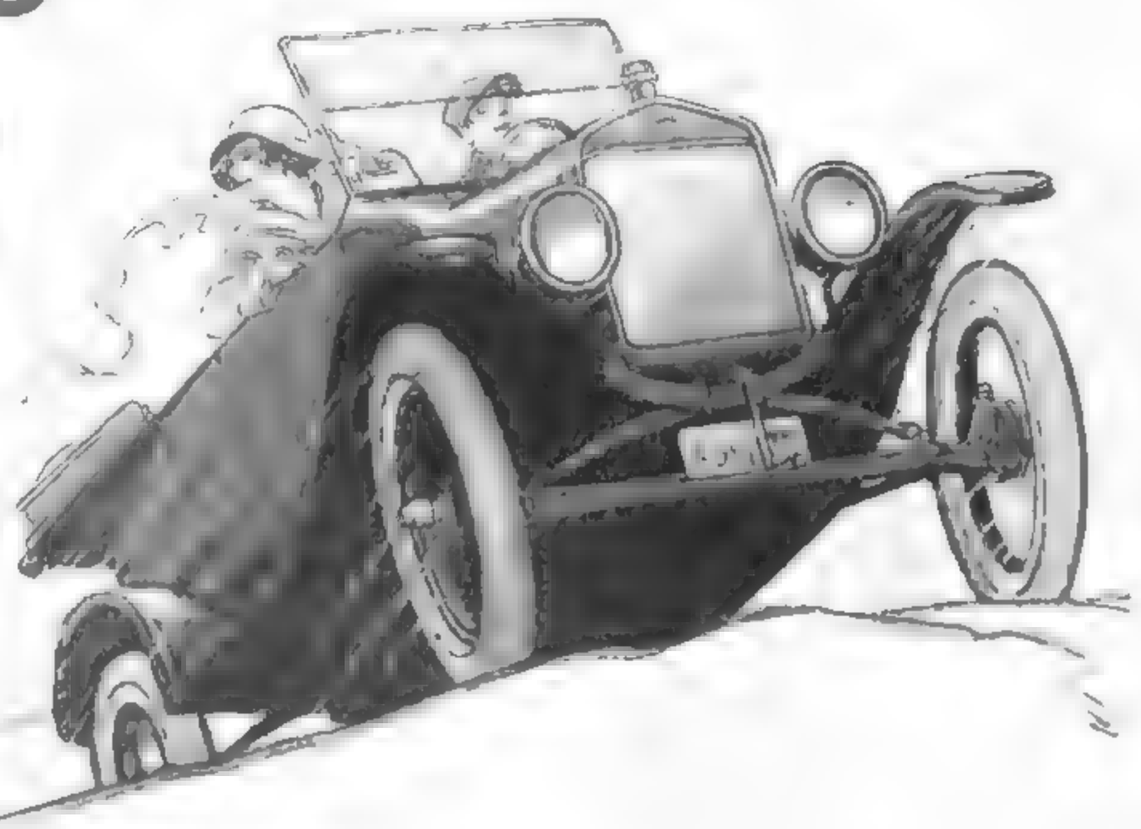

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MEXICO AND THE RED FLAG

(Continued from Page 29)

certain particulars to which I shall refer, and they do not at all approve of the no-rent campaign, whatever the governor elected by the state of Vera Cruz may think about it. When they learned that the person who had engineered the campaign was a communist orator from Spain and those who know Barcelona will agree that the Spanish communist has nothing to learn from Moscow—they issued an order under Article 33 for his deportation from the country. In their first attempt to execute the order the police did not cover themselves with glory. When they went to arrest and conduct him to the steamer they were set upon by a mob of infuriated women whose behavior was so menacing that they were glad to slink away without executing the order. In a second attempt they were successful, and the man has been landed in Spain.

The Mexican Government professes to regard the no-rent campaign as a matter of no importance. As a person who enjoys their confidence remarked to me the other day: "There are many graver issues; if the movement ever became serious a few soldiers would be sent to the town concerned and you would hear no more of it." In this, no doubt, he was right—there are many graver problems. The triumvirate which governs Mexico today—Obregón, De la Huerta and Calles—professes socialism, but not Bolshevism. These men believe in improving the position of the Indian peon by restoring to him land sufficient for his needs, and they have passed the Agrarian Law with that object. They believe in state ownership of all property which lies under the soil, and they have embodied this doctrine in the constitution.

But they are not communists. They would not take away an acre of land from a landowner without compensation; but the compensation is to be in the form of bonds, ranking below the public debt, which cannot be converted into cash; and if the landlord complains he will be reminded that the condition of the country is quite unlike that of any other, and that he, like every other resident in Mexico, must be prepared to make sacrifices. They do not believe in any other kind of confiscation, and in the matter of rent they profess to be determined to enforce the law.

The Labor Situation

Side by side with the no-rent movement stalks the growing power of the labor syndicates, which are at that immature stage when labor first becomes conscious of its power and uses it recklessly, as it did in England sixty years ago. At that stage labor regards the employer as its natural enemy, or rather as one who could be intimidated into parting with his wealth. Whether he is able to run his business at a profit is no concern of his employes; they believe that capital is an inexhaustible store of gold, kept in a strong box, and if the proper pressure is exercised the lid of the box will fly open for their benefit. And so in the state of Vera Cruz the working day has been cut down until it scarcely pays to keep some of the factories open; in others a nominal eight-hour day is maintained with difficulty.

There is no false delicacy in dealing with the nonunionist. In Orizaba not long ago a syndicate leader called at the house of a nonunionist in order to persuade him to join the union, and on his refusal drew a pistol and fired on him. He missed, and the nonunionist returned the fire and shot his assailant dead. He is now awaiting trial for murder, though he fired in self-defense.

Morones, the most influential of the labor leaders in Mexico City, has lately returned from a tour in Europe with a bevy of German and other foreign socialists, who have come ready to put all the latest European socialistic theories at the service of their Mexican comrades. Morones was disappointed with his reception in Vera Cruz, where the local communists seem to have taken exception to his prosperous and well-fed appearance.

There is a superficial parallel between the population of Mexico and that of Russia before the Bolshevist revolution. In both countries the middle class was small. The capital invested in industrial concerns was largely foreign, and the peasants were illiterate, simple and nominally under the influence of their church. But there the parallel breaks down. In Mexico the people of the pure or nearly pure white race are under 20 per cent of the whole; 43 per cent are of mixed European and Indian blood, and no less than 38 per cent are pure Indians, almost wholly illiterate, speaking a variety of languages and attached to the church.

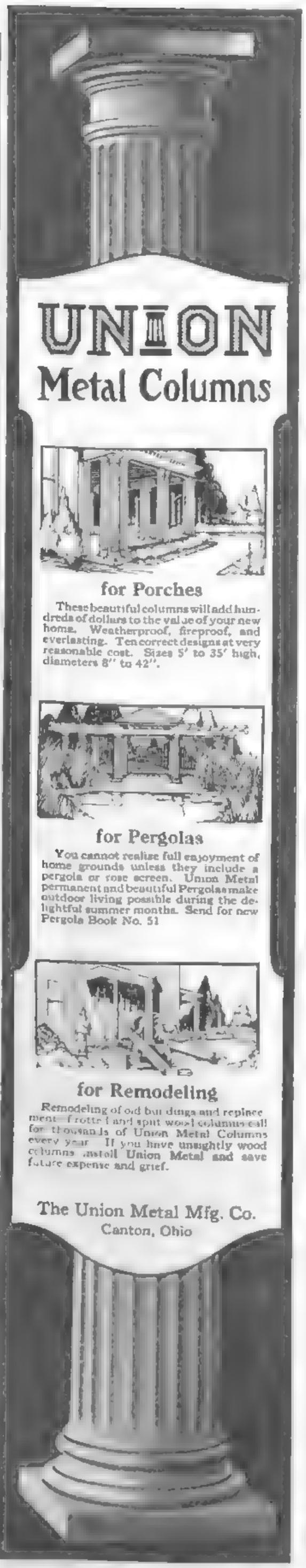
If the church has lost influence with the men of Spanish descent, it still holds the women; and its control of the Indian peon of both sexes is as strong as it ever was. The people are childishly set on fire by impassioned oratory. It does not matter what nonsense the orator talks, provided that he appears to believe it himself and raves and thumps and clutches at the air with gestures which fill the northerner with pitying amusement. No wonder red doctrines have mounted like strong wine to the Mexican head. There is growing in his patriotism a marked strain of exclusiveness. Since foreigners do not understand him, he will stand aloof and work out his own salvation in his own way. If foreigners say that they wish to help him it is from purely selfish motives; that is self-evident when they make their assistance conditional upon a promise to protect the lives and property of foreigners. The property of foreigners? Why, in his belief a foremost plank in the program of his government is to show no respect for the property of its own citizens! From this attitude of mind it is but a short step to the cry of "Mexico for the Mexicans."

Youthful Revolutionists

Red Bolshevism is an infantile malady to which the young of both sexes seem to be peculiarly susceptible. Quite a number of young people at universities may be seen walking about in the febrile stage; but there is a difference between the sexes and the symptoms. In men the hair suddenly grows long; in women even more suddenly it becomes short; and whereas in northern climes no one will listen to undergraduates in their delirium, in Mexico the age does not seem to matter.

Some few months ago there were serious labor disturbances in Mexico City. The government officials wisely let things alone as long as they prudently could; but there came a moment when the street cars were held up and the mob showed a disposition to wreck private property. At that point the police received orders to interfere. A shot was fired. The police returned the fire, and among the men who fell, shot through the head, was the prime organizer of the demonstration. He proved to be a boy of no more than eighteen. Imagine a great labor demonstration in Chicago or Pittsburgh in which grown men would be content to follow the bidding of a schoolboy! That is one essential difference between English-speaking countries and Mexico.

The Agrarian Law is applied very unequally. In the state of Guerrero, the governor, Señor Rodolfo Neri, is accused of carrying out a fixed policy of intimidation against property owners as a part of the election campaign of his brother for the office of governor. The reds have seized the municipal power in Acapulco and are said to have committed murders and attempted murders of its political opponents which have gone unpunished. The landowners in Yucatan complain that their governor, Señor Filipe Camillo Puerto, is conducting a series of quasi-royal progresses through his state, accompanied by a band and a host of frenzied admirers, for the purpose of redistributing the land among the Maya Indians. This illustrates the strength of factional feeling, for the only color for the statement is that on one occasion, for the better entertainment of some foreign guests, the governor did take with him some native musicians to beguile the evening hours. His visits to villages where land was to be redistributed under the Agrarian Law were naturally the occasion for demonstrations of enthusiasm on the part of those who were to get something for nothing—a transaction which is apt to evoke enthusiasm in the coldest of us. The landowners may have some basis for complaining that they are treated with insult while their land is being confiscated, because even a mild-mannered people like the Mayas may say things in moments of triumph which they would afterwards be sorry for; but the governor has done nothing that is not warranted under the law.



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The agrarian condition of Mexico is almost unique. The haciendas are estates far larger than holdings in any country except czarist Russia and perhaps the Argentine. The Indians, the old agricultural landowners, are landless, and in most of the states they work either as peons directly under the hacienda owners or as tenants on the basis of paying half the crop. By the Agrarian Law the government has attempted to find a short cut to a more rational state of affairs. If it was in a financial position to pay cash for the sequestrated land there would be no complaint. It is because the compensation by bonds is regarded as a fraud, since they have no cash value, that the landlords protest so loudly.

If the redistribution proceeded by orderly course of law there would not be much to say about it, but unfortunately it does not stop there. Hearing that they are to have land, and incited by Bolshevist agitators, the peons are forcibly seizing land all over the country. The ordinary form is for a few good-for-nothing Indians—and some of these are to be found in every village—to collect a body of reluctant peons and march onto the ground, waving a red flag. Then they stake out their claim, often in the position most unwelcome to the owner. In one recent case they appropriated the irrigation tunnel constructed at great expense by the owner, who has now to face the possibility of the water being cut off from his crops. A majority of the peons do not want the land and will not make any use of it now that they have got it; but, like inert and unthinking majorities all over the world, they do as they are told by the agitators, and sometimes repair secretly to the landlord to express their sympathy with him. The government, which ought to nip this lawless and spreading movement in the bud, will do nothing, for it knows that any action which can be misrepresented as sympathy with the property-owning class would damage its cause irrevocably at the forthcoming presidential election, and so it wrings its hands and sits down to watch events.

Meanwhile the Mexican Government is attempting a hopeless task of differentiating between the foreign socialist and the foreign Bolshevist agitator—between the pinks and the reds. For the latter they say that Article 33 will be ruthlessly applied and they will go back by the vessel that brought them. The score or so of good socialists whom Morones is said to have brought back with him, the Zoölogical Collection, as they are termed by the employers, were allowed to land and are now studying Mexican problems.

The Men In Control

Let us now consider the kind of men whom the caldron of Mexican politics has brought to the surface. For all practical purposes there are but three: Obregón, De la Huerta and Calles. The others do not count. No doubt President Obregón has political enemies; but even these have never alleged that there is any taint of corruption in his career. By nature he is a man of action, compelled to adopt the tortuous methods of the politician. His real political convictions could be ascertained only by a surgical operation. Probably they are vaguely socialistic, though his aim, like that of all patriotic Mexicans, is to keep the peace and give the country time to recover from the devastation caused by civil war and revolution. He knows better than any man that Mexican politics centers in persons rather than principles; but he knows also that the Mexicans are weary of warfare and would like to rest.

A grim light is thrown upon Mexican politics by the statement which he thought it necessary to issue to the press a few weeks ago. He expressed a hope that his successor in the office of president would not have recourse to the rifle and the knife—"*del rifle y del machete*"—to secure his position; a pious hope, which, if realized, would inaugurate a new era in Mexican history. Under the new constitution no president can hold office for two consecutive terms, and therefore General Obregón is not a candidate in the election in September. Some people wish that he were, for there is much to be put to his credit. Human life is probably safer today than it has been since the days of Porfirio Diaz. Brigandage is rare; the army is said to be more efficient than it has been at any time in the history of the Mexican Republic.

The second member of the triumvirate is General De la Huerta, who belongs to that curious class—the property owner who has become a convert to socialism. It is generally conceded, even by those who disapprove most strongly of his policy, that his hands are quite clean. In such men there is a strain of the visionary, a quality which does not make for the leadership of men; and therefore, though De la Huerta will probably find a place in any socialist ministry, it is unlikely that he will be elected president.

The third member of the triumvirate is General Calles, and here we are dealing with a very different kind of man. Calles is, before all things, a man of action. Probably his socialism is perfectly genuine; but the love of place and power and a natural instinct for order outweigh any theoretical principle. He is said to be popular with the army, and even to be one of those who have brought it to its present state of efficiency. He considers himself the natural heir to the presidency; and since in all Mexican elections the views of the army are of the first importance, it is considered almost certain that if matters are allowed to follow their natural course Calles will be the next president. But it is idle to talk of a natural course in a country like Mexico, where the natural is the unnatural and the unexpected. Before the appointed day, candidates may spring up all over the country, and the new president may have to pick his way to the chair with the very rifles and knives which President Obregón so rightly deplores.

What will happen if Calles becomes president? Will he frown upon the new Bolshevism or become the strong man to whom Mexico looks for salvation? Nobody knows, for opportunists are the same in all countries, and one cannot foretell their policy until it is molded for them by events.

The Fascist Movement

A few months ago it was announced that a Fascist movement had been inaugurated to combat the Bolshevist, but just as the red movement in Mexico is not Russian, so the Fascist movement takes nothing from Italy. Its zeal is beyond dispute; its newspaper, El Fascista Mexicano, is filled with the proper sentiments; its membership is growing; but as one of the Mexican socialists who recently paid a visit to Moscow declared the Russian form of Bolshevism to be unsuited to conditions in Mexico, so the Italian form of Fascist action would be unthinkable in this republic. All that Fascist group can hope to do is to create another political party and to rally to it all people who approve of law and order. To set an example of lawless action in a country where some of the authorities, if not actually red, are sympathetic with the reds would be to come into conflict with the government itself, with the results that are inevitable in a country where the government is in full control of the army. At present the party is doing useful work in exposing in its paper the illegalities which are proceeding all over the country. So successful has it been that there is talk of issuing a daily paper; but it cannot be really effective as a party until it finds a Mussolini to lead it. There must be Mexicans to fill the position. Mussolini was himself an advanced socialist of humble origin before his strong patriotism and common sense marked him out to lead the country, and even now he is said to be discouraging the excesses and the illegalities of the more headstrong of his young followers.

Besides their undoubted patriotism, the Mexicans have qualities of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty of which any nation might be proud. Of this two well-attested examples may be given. A year or two ago a Mexican locomotive engineer named Jesus Garcia was switching a freight train at Nacozari, a mining town in Sonora. A car loaded with dynamite caught fire. Garcia called to his fireman to couple the car to the engine and jump clear. Then he threw open the throttle and pulled the burning car up a heavy grade, out into the fields, away from the building, and perished in the explosion; but he saved the town. A subscription was raised among wage earners all over Mexico and a monument has been erected to his memory in Nacozari.

The second example comes from an American eyewitness.

Three years ago a train from Monterey to Torreon fell through a high bridge, killing the engineer and severely crushing the mail clerk, a Mexican. As he was being

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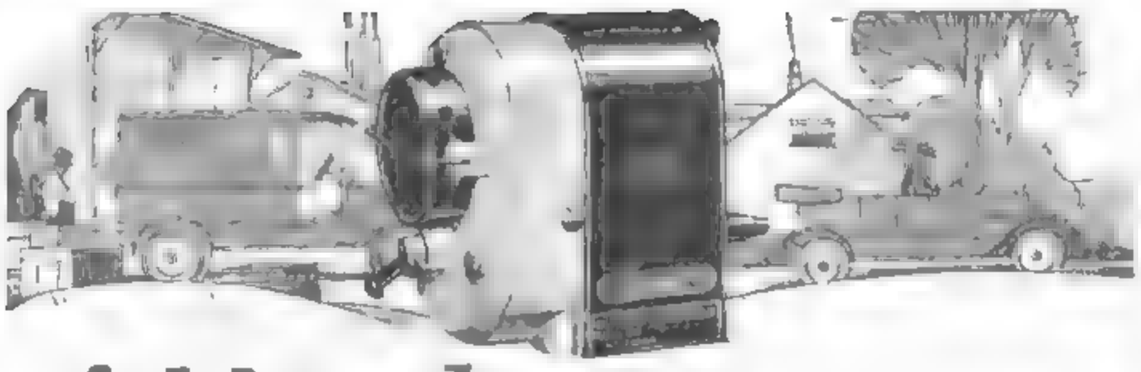

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carried from the wreck his great concern was for the safety of his registered pouch, and in order to calm his dying moments the pouch was recovered and brought to him. He begged that it might be placed under his improvised bed on one of the seats of the relief train. He died during the afternoon without leaving the train, his last thought being for the safety of the pouch intrusted to him.

One might multiply instances of the same kind of self-devotion among the Russian peasantry, who committed bestial crimes during the Bolshevist revolution. Their significance is that a people who can sink very low may also produce individuals who can rise to any occasion required of them. There must be many such in Mexico.

I was at some pains to ascertain the attitude of the Mexican cabinet towards the disorderly proceedings at the seizures of land under the red flag. Not a few of the landowners honestly believe that the local hot-heads are receiving secret encouragement from the highest quarters as part of a settled policy; that with the presidential election looming they are forcing the pace in order to point to accomplished facts as an earnest of what benefits the proletariat will reap in the future if they elect General Calles their next president.

A spokesman of the government denied this. He excused the local excesses on the plea of the grave injustice to which the peons had been subjected in the past. In the righting of these wrongs, he said, somebody had to suffer; and this time it was the landlord and not the peon. The wise landowner was he who weighed his past excessive privileges and profits against his present losses and struck a fair balance; and in any case he could count upon government compensation—on the paper basis already described. He waxed bitter upon the behavior of foreign governments. Instead of helping a young state to put its house in order they behave like selfish capitalists and try to starve her out. When I asked for particulars he became vague, but still denunciatory. His grievance seemed to be that the Mexican Government could raise no further loans. I pointed out that loans came not from governments but from the foreign public, which would always be ready to lend its money provided that it had confidence in the security. As long as the Mexican Government was unable to guarantee the safety of private property, there could be no confidence in the security. This brought us to the subject of diplomatic recognition, and on this he was even more vague.

Animus Against Americans

"Yes," he said indignantly, "we could have recognition tomorrow at the price of our convictions. If we conform to the capitalist creed they will recognize us; but, after all, what is recognition but a fiction of the capitalists?"

"Then you do not really want it?"

His face fell; he seemed to think that he had gone too far; but his appetite for recognition falls far short of the futile hunger of the Russian communists, who are still under the illusion that diplomatic recognition alone would in some mysterious way suffice to secure foreign loans for them.

The opinion of Mexicans outside the government is divided on the subject of recognition. Some believe that if the United States were to recognize Obregón's government forthwith it would shed some of its extreme views; others that the one hope of inducing it to steer a safe course is to let it continue to feel outside the pale of civilized nations until it fulfills the obligations due from every civilized government. My own opinion is that the present rulers of Mexico are so much under the spell of their new toy, socialism, that they are content to get along without recognition—at any rate until after the elections.

My government friend displayed an unexpected animus against foreigners in Mexico, especially Americans.

"One can talk reason with the big men in London and New York," he said; "but these Americans in Mexico have swollen heads and talk as if the country belonged to them."

"It would be unfair to judge any nation by the behavior of its travelers."

"Yes; but in Mexico it is only the travelers with whom we have to deal."

I gather that they are uneasy lest their tenure of power be cut short through foreign influences.

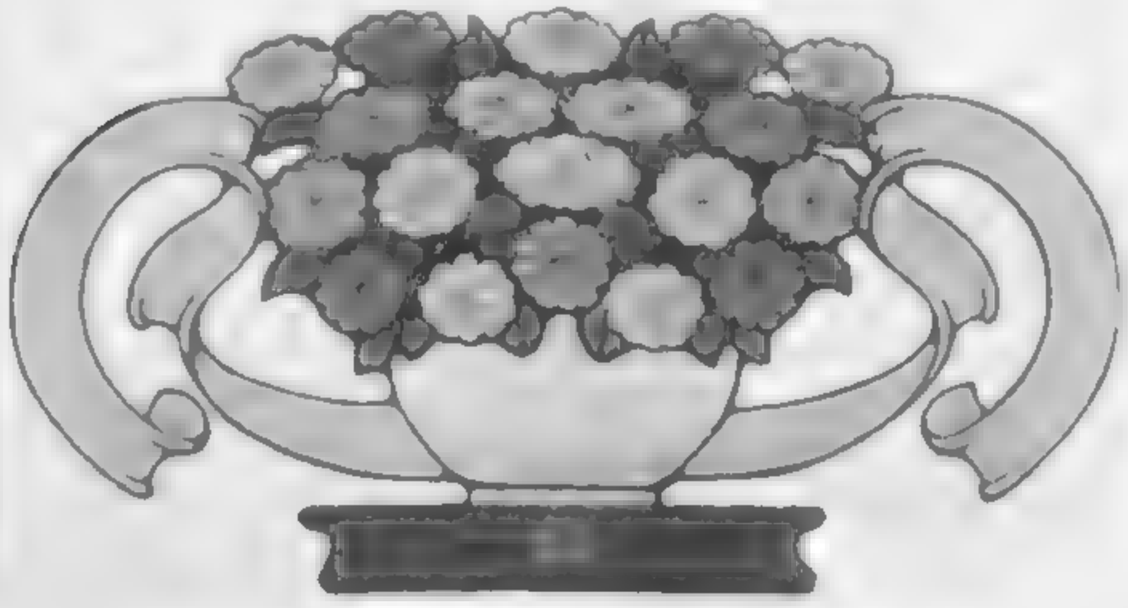
The wave of red-flag socialism in Mexico will pass. It has already passed its crest. With her fifteen millions of people, of whom at least 70 per cent are illiterate, Mexico is destined through her geographical position and her natural resources to become a great asset to the world in general and to the United States in particular. Though all she needs is rest and security for the next few generations, she seems destined to be the stronghold of political brigandage; not because her people are incapable but because their enthusiasms and their antipathies are equally passionate. What the country needs is strong men, not mob orators.

The Unpopular Remedy

The church is doing what it can, but it labors under difficulties in Mexico, where ecclesiastical processions are forbidden, and even at funerals the priest must don his vestments at the graveside and not be seen in them in the public street. When the fumes of red oratory have evaporated, slowly but surely the church will reassert its influence among the Indians.

These Indians, patient as their own oxen standing yoked, unblinking in the pitiless sun, may prove to be the regenerators of Mexico in the years to come. Granted that they are feckless, that some of them are dirty, that they are addicted to pulque and to petty larceny, that most of them are quite illiterate, whose fault is that? They have qualities which any country would be glad to have in peasantry—kindness to children, love of home, extraordinary patience and docility, and even industry when they are attached to their employer. The pity is that their first breath of political education should have been allowed to come from red Russia.

The only remedy is one that will not commend itself to the Mexicans—the infiltration of foreigners and foreign capital, and this is now at a standstill. One does not administer homeopathic remedies to a man with a broken leg, and yet homeopathic remedies may be the only medicine within reach. The efforts of the Young Men's Christian Association, hampered as it is by lack of funds, have already brought remarkable results. Thousands of young Mexicans are learning to play games and to play the game. It has been proposed by a farsighted American, long resident in Mexico, that an exchange of scholarships with some American university, or the allocation of a Rhodes scholarship or two, would bear valuable fruit in the years to come, for nothing could be better for the country than to let light and air into it as a first step to eradicating the bacillus of violent revolution.



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Thermoid's "40% extra" means a saving of 40% to you—

This extra material—found *only* in Thermoid—means a substantial saving to you through:

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Approximately 40% more wear.

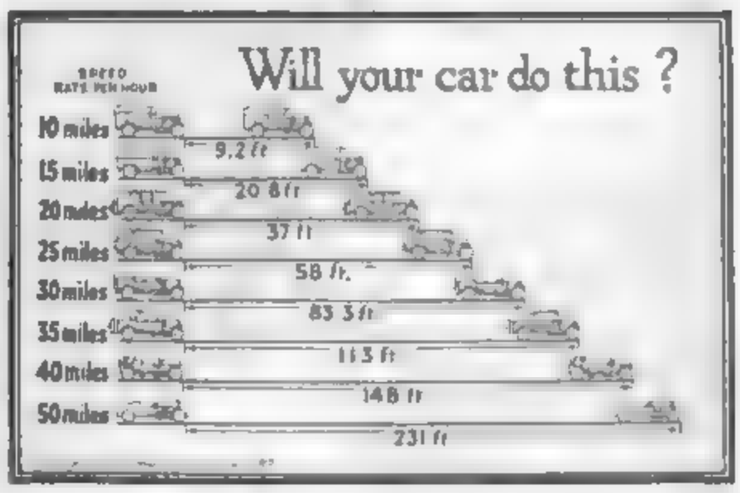
Figure your cost of brake adjustments over three years' time—then see for yourself how Thermoid will reduce it! Thermoid is so dense—so compact—that it needs practically no adjusting. Motorists have bought Thermoid for years because it is safe—it is now famous, too, for its remarkable economy.

Thermoid is oil and moisture proof—won't slip or grab

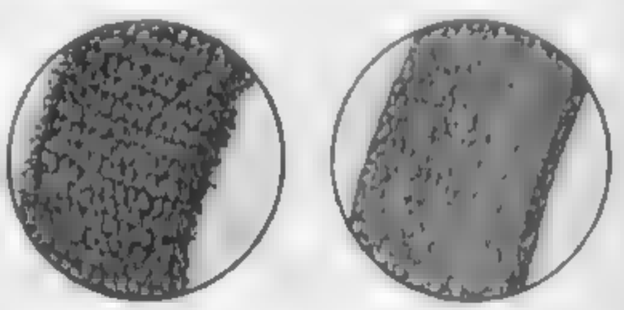
Here's another thing: oil and moisture do not affect Thermoid.

A special treatment—invented by Thermoid engineers—is given to every foot of Thermoid Brake Lining. This process is called "*Grapnalizing*"—it makes Thermoid absolutely proof against oil, moisture, and gasoline. Brakes lined with Thermoid simply cannot slip, grab or swell.

Play it safe for *any* emergency. When you need relining, be sure to specify Thermoid. It will ease you to a slow, gradual stop—or halt you like the sudden clutch of a giant hand.



Famous Thermoid Standard Chart—shows distances in which car should stop if brakes are efficient. Brakes lined with Thermoid meet these standards.



Left: Steady wear with squeezes out' ... Right: Thermoid ... squeeze out. ... Needs fewer adjustments

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BURIED THESE TWENTY YEARS

(Continued from Page 25)

"No," said Miad, jabbing the tool into the bench, "I mean I'm going to quit being stupid. I'm going to make money or bust, and then I'm going to fill you so full of food you'll wish you was all belly, like a snake."

During the next few months Miad kept his word to a surprising degree. He did it by thinking things out. At the moment Mr. Frete had the best of him. He would continue to have the best of him as long as he kept him bankrupt of cash, for there is nothing so helpless as a pauper. A pauper can't fight in any sense of the word. To climb up to the active plane of a worm a pauper has to die, when he attains to the faculty of boring a hole in potter's field and hiding away. Mr. Frete's power was the power of unlimited cash behind a web of business associations it had taken a century to weave. Naturally that web had its limits. How far did it extend?

Miad hated even the appearance of running away, but he made up his mind to swallow the bitter pill. The city had grown so tremendously during the score of years since he had become its son by force of circumstances that without leaving the vicinity of its crowded paths he could still move far from Mr. Frete's habitual orbit. After many wanderings he found what he wanted at the foot of West Fiftieth Street. On the northwest corner was a large warehouse, transformed later into trucking stables, and now a garage. On the river front a little stone-walled bay welcomed coal, lumber and brick scows. On the southwest corner was a large lot surrounded by a high board fence. Behind that fence were three shed-like structures and a shack. After the careful building of a few friendships and a little shrewd dickering Miad set up an office in the shack and a workshop in the nearest shed.

The false front to this subsidiary establishment was Harold Grimble. None of Crabbe's ancient patrons knew Harold by sight or had ever heard of him, but they soon came to the realization that here expert assistance of a great variety could be bought for ready money. Harold sneaked into the office by devious ways as early as he could make it and stayed there sometimes far into the night. He received all commissions, promised delivery according to a comprehensive schedule elaborated by Miad and took in the cash in due course.

Just here we collide with the question, What constitutes an honest man? Was Crabbe right in his contention that some people are born with honesty in them just as others are born with red hair? If so, can a man cheat the customs, perpetrate frauds on the public, deal in illicit wares, and still remain honest? Crabbe's philosophy says he can. It says more. It contends that all of us are honest to some of the people we meet and dishonest to others, in exact proportion as we are born with honesty in our veins. A thief who plays the game as he sees it without swerving off his individual straight road is an honest man within Mr. Crabbe's definition. Absurd, of course; nonsustainable, but peculiarly human when you think it out.

So we have Miad looking upon the contravention of certain laws as an honorable and highly skillful profession. Had you called him a crook his eyes would have snapped wide open, and if you were a lady he would have reserved his fists and cried out, "Why, I never stole nothing in my life nor done anyone a dirty trick that wasn't coming to them!" Crabbe's philosophy says these are the words of honesty. However that may be, Miad connived with bargemen having contact with deep-sea vessels or the Canadian border, and also with young medical students and internes in need of cash.

In the face of an oppressive law he supplied inquiring or gruesome minds and fat pocketbooks with human skulls and occasionally with an entire skeleton. Also for a price he made many a sound man look like a pitiful cripple during working hours only. In addition to all these things he reached out for legitimate commissions in taxidermy, bookbinding and special research, carefully evading the dropping of any clew that might draw Mr. Frete's attention to the new venture. Whenever possible he took such jobs to old man Crabbe when he returned at night to Cobbled Court. By limiting himself to forty-three cents a day for food, he not only kept the larders of his ancient partner and Cornelia supplied but gradually accumulated a fighting fund of twelve hundred dollars. When he reached that mark he was ready. He sought out Lawyer Grimble.

Is it strange that Miad should have known a lot better how to get at and talk to Mr. Grimble than did Mr. Grimble's own son? Not at all. Turn to the book of life and you will find that it was ever thus. In spite of his outlandish garments he annihilated the office boy with a single look and triumphed almost as summarily over Mr. Grimble's secretary by calling her Clara, which happened to be her name. As once long ago, before anyone in the office knew quite how it happened, Miad Blake was standing, with feet slightly straddled, face to face with Harold's father.

"Remember me, Mr. Grimble?"

"No. Who said you could come in here? Wait a minute. Yes; sure I remember you. Miad Blake, single-handed, versus the Board of Health. Why, you haven't changed a bit. You haven't even grown. Are they trying again to bury your father?"

"No, sir," said Miad unsmilingly. "John Blake is all right up to the present. I didn't come to talk about him. I come because of something I seen in the papers and because of something else I suspicion that will make you sit up nights to keep your head from thinking itself clean off your neck."

"Really?" said Mr. Grimble, smiling broadly for the first time in many harassed weeks. "Sit down, Miad. I'll give you fifteen minutes. I have a feeling it will do me good."

"Do you good?" repeated Miad, his eyes bugging out belligerently. "Fifteen minutes? Why, at the end of fifteen minutes you'll be wishing I was your partner for life. Just for a starter, where was your nurse when you let one of Mr. Prosper Frete's straw men carry you for forty thousand dollars' worth of stock you couldn't pay for?"

Mr. Grimble leaped to his feet and turned red.

"What do you mean?" he snapped. "Where did you get that? Not from the papers?"

"Never mind where I got it," replied Miad, calmly retaining the seat he had taken. "And don't you get huffy with me, Mr. Grimble, until you've heard what I come to tell you. After that, you can't get huffy if you try. You sit down yourself. I'll tell you what happened while you take a rest. It was this way: Somebody come to you and got chummy and doped out a proposition that looked like strawberries in winter. They liked you so much they offered to give you a free ride on one of them sunk bear traps called a gentlemen's agreement. Why did you fall? I'll tell you that too. Because you couldn't figure out any reason for them wanting to do you dirt. Ever since you found out it was Mr. Frete had his two thumbs in the soft part of your neck, things has been darker than ever. You can't see nothing. Right this minute you're going nutty trying to figure out why. Is that right?"

During Miad's masterly summary Mr. Grimble's attitude had entirely changed. He tapped the blotter before him absently with a paper cutter and stared vacantly at nothing in the room.

"Can you tell me why?" he asked.

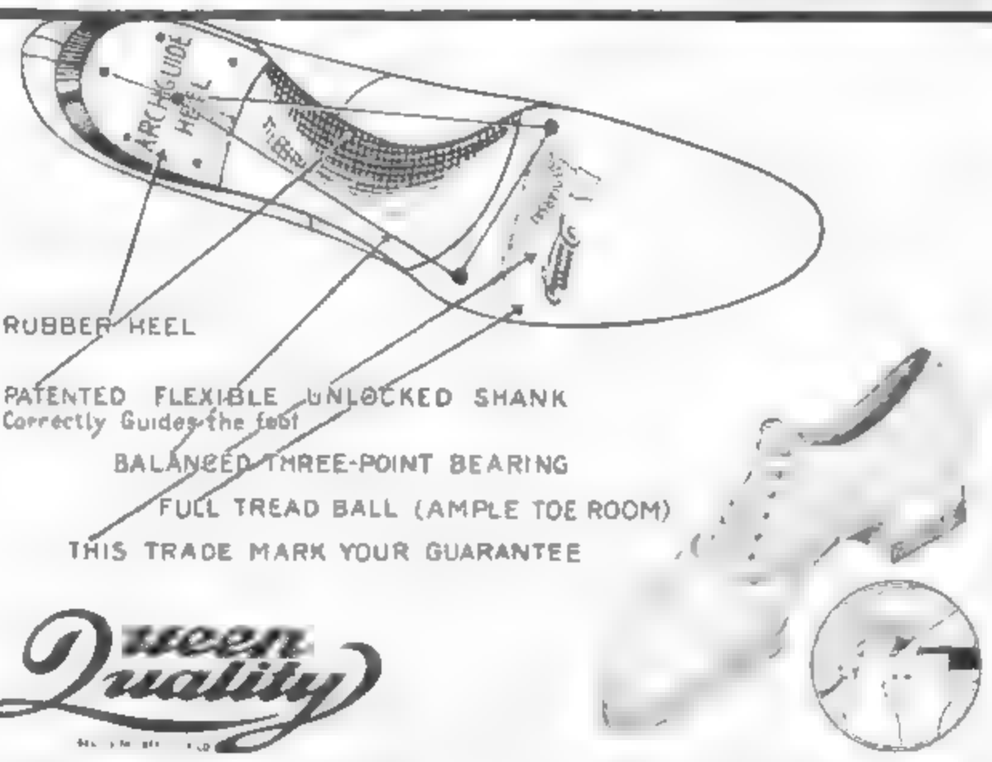
"Perhaps I can and perhaps I can't," answered Miad, "but anyway I won't, because I got something importanter than that. I don't like this here Prosper Frete no more than what you do. What I want to do is to fix it so you can send him to the pen for twenty years."

"What?" cried Mr. Grimble, and threw back his head and laughed mirthlessly but long.

There is a saying that it takes two to make a quarrel, and the same is often true of a laugh. At the end of ten seconds Mr. Grimble, chancing to look at Miad's expressionless face, suddenly felt like a fool. He changed his laugh into a nervous cough.

"That's better," said Miad. "Now you listen to me, Mr. Grimble. About twenty-two years ago old Van Suttart, him as they called Skinflint, his son and his son's wife disappeared like three fleas off the end of a dog's tail. Ever hear tell about it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Grimble, his attention fairly caught at last. "Of course I heard of it. Nobody read anything else for a week. It came to be known as the great Van Suttart mystery. What about it?"



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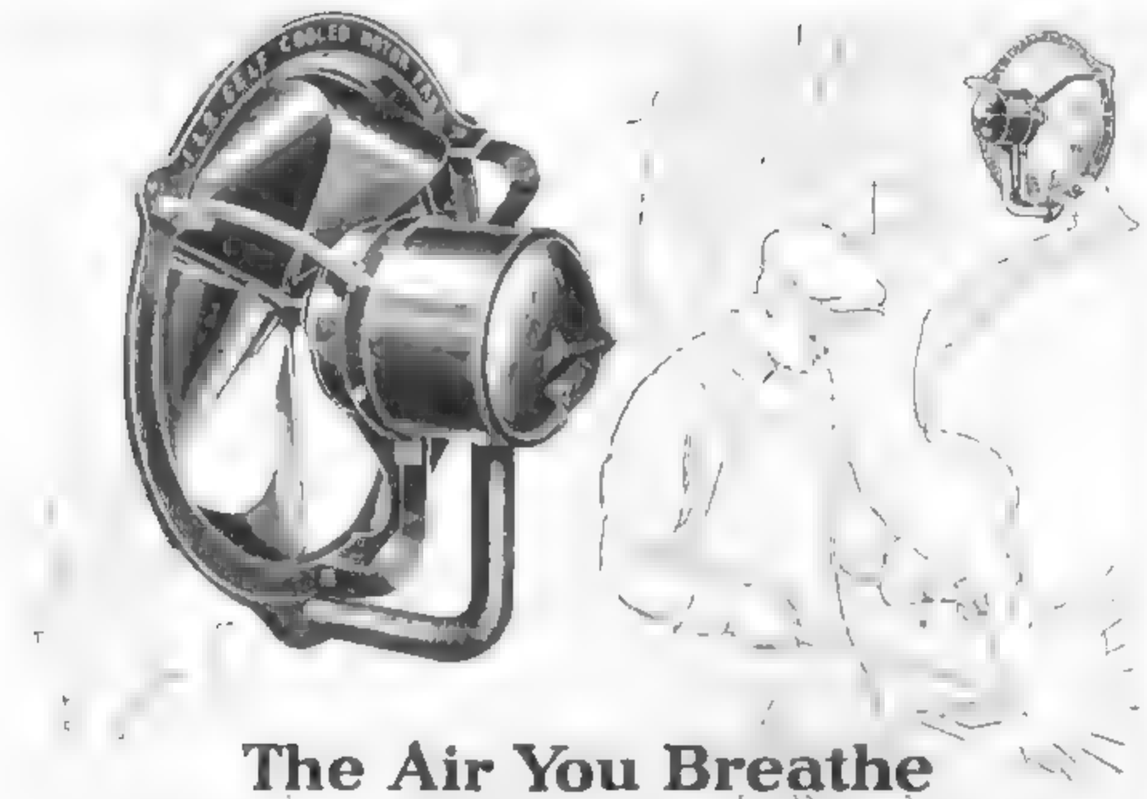

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"Well," said Miad, his eyes narrowing, "there's this about it: There was a baby left behind called Cornelia Van Suttart. Mr. Frete brought her up in her own folks' house with no servants except his sister. He sent her to Barmingdale, and a week after she came back he asked her to marry him. When she wouldn't he tried something worse. Did you ever see the face of a man when he was all set to stop at nothing? I have. When a man is ready for murder something funny happens to his face, see? Well, I helped Cornelia get out, and I've had reason to wonder ever since why Mr. Frete was so gol-durned anxious to keep her all for himself. Don't you wonder a bit, too, Mr. Grimble? Let me ring for a wet towel. Try wrapping it around your head."

There was a long silence, during which Mr. Grimble's shoulders gradually straightened and his vacant eyes grew bright and purposeful. In other words, he came to life, and when Mr. Grimble was himself he was very much of a man.

"Miad," he said finally, "I'd like to see the girl. Do you think you could get her to come here?"

"I dunno," said Miad. "She's married now and perhaps her husband wouldn't like her to come to a place like this, but I'll try. When do you think would be a good time?"

"The sooner the better," said Mr. Grimble promptly. "If there's anything in what you've started me to thinking, you're right I'll want you for a partner. You have a way of putting things, Miad. Run along. Let me think my head off my neck. Bring the girl."

At four o'clock that afternoon Miad ushered Cornelia into Mr. Grimble's presence with a great deal of pride. What was there to feel proud about? Naturally three years of penury and babies had turned Cornelia into a dull-eyed slattern. Naturally nothing! Guess again. Look at her. Did you ever see anything lovelier in your life? Cheaply dressed in black—yea; but trim as a trysail. Slim and supple as a white birch, deep-bosomed, steady-eyed and with such a free sweep of limb, such a high smiling head, such a throbbing glow of health and courage as mark only the thoroughbred facing undaunted the five-bar hurdles of life with everything but money.

See the three of them sitting there—Lawyer Grimble behind his big flat desk, staring at Cornelia, drinking her in with the abject wistful admiration of middle age in the presence of triumphant youth and beauty; Miad on the edge of his seat, leaning forward, smiling quizzically; Cornelia sitting back at ease in her chair, her slim hands upon its arms, her knees crossed and her eyes of Irish blue shining in understanding answer to Miad's smile and turning to regard Mr. Grimble gravely whenever he spoke.

"But can't you remember anything?" asked Mr. Grimble of Cornelia after many other questions. "Of course you can't. You were a baby—a baby in arms. If only you could remember something. Something said or done, even by the Fretes, way back when they thought you were too young to understand."

"Wait," said Cornelia, throwing up her head. "I do. I do remember something."

She stopped speaking, the frown cleared from her brow and suddenly a surprised look spread over her face, her eyes crinkled at the corners and she laughed, low, musically, all to herself.

"Well," broke in Mr. Grimble impatiently, "what is it? What's the joke?"

Cornelia's face turned grave again, but the smile lingered in her eyes. "Not much," she said. "Only this: The cook, who must have died when I was about three years old, used to try to tell me something. All I can remember is that she used to say over and over again, 'Believe me, my lone darling, your dear mother would never have left her baby of her own free will.'"

"You're right; it's not much," said Mr. Grimble, frowning, "but it's something. At least it's a line. Why the laughter, by the way?"

"Don't you see?" said Cornelia, smiling outright again. "She called me a lone darling and up to three minutes ago I always thought she meant a loaned darling, a baby left in pawn—a loan."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Grimble. "That is funny."

"What's so funny about it?" demanded Miad. "She was a baby, wasn't she? And she learned what loan meant a durned sight sooner than the other. What I'm thinking about is that what that cook said was right. What you going to do about it?"

"The first thing I'm going to do is to look up all the known history of the firm that now calls itself Van Suttart & Co.," said Mr. Grimble. "The way I'm going to do it is by inspecting all public documents available—transfers of property, mortgage payments and clearances, the change in the firm's name. If I can find anything crooked I shall call for an investigation of the books; but in the meantime I need one thing—an unlimited power of attorney from Miss Van Suttart."

"She ain't Miss Van Suttart," interrupted Miad. "I told you she was married."

"In that case," said Mr. Grimble, "the husband had better assign, too, but on a separate form. What is your name now, my dear?"

Those words, "my" and "dear," were strictly unprofessional. They had slipped out on their own, simply because no honest man of Mr. Grimble's age and natural courage could look at Cornelia's pulsing loveliness without automatically going the full limit of permissible verbal license. Many a time when the observing male does not dare take a liberty with his itching fingers he does it with words. Miad took no notice of the term of endearment, nor did Cornelia, but when she drew a long breath and answered "My name is Grimble, the same as yours," and Mr. Grimble merely grunted "Indeed" as he proceeded to write out for his secretary the full name, Cornelia Van Suttart Grimble—why, then, they did take notice.

Miad stared at Cornelia and Cornelia at Miad with twin looks of chagrin that would have been comical to a bystander but that to themselves were tragic. Cornelia had exploded a bomb and, as far as Mr. Grimble was concerned, it had not made a sound. In ten minutes the standard form of absolute power of attorney had been filled out. Cornelia signed it with a hand that trembled a little, then arose and took two steps toward the door.

When Mr. Grimble asked her if she could not spare him a few moments more she turned, regarded him gravely and said quite clearly, "No, Mr. Grimble. It's high time I got back to your grandchildren."

"Grandchildren!" exclaimed Mr. Grimble. "Grandchildren!" At the repetition he rose from his seat as slowly and majestically as a balloon taking to the air. "Did you say my —— Harold! You're Mrs. Harold Grimble! The young fool! The wooden-headed Indian! Nincompoop! Why didn't he tell me? Confound his bullheaded impudence! Why couldn't he ——"

"Stop!" cried Cornelia, whirling to face with blazing eyes her empurpled father-in-law. "Don't you dare say another word against Harold. You were the wooden-headed Indian! You were! You were! He tried to tell you, but you wouldn't let him. And bullheaded too! I'll say it! I'll call you everything you called him. I—I hate you!"

"My dear, dear girl," gasped Mr. Grimble, stepping around to get between Cornelia and the door. "Please! Please forgive me! You are right—dead right. I'll call myself all those names over and over again, if you'll only give me one chance to see my grandchildren and Harold—a life-long chance, I mean. I can't imagine how it happened, my not letting him tell me. You see, my dear, when you think a boy has just stepped around the corner for lunch and he comes back married—why, you simply can't listen to anything about the girl or anything else. Don't you see? You just can't."

"It wasn't lunch," gulped Cornelia, jabbing at her eyes with just such a pocket handkerchief as the one with which she had once wiped out of Miad's eight-year-old ear the blood Harold Grimble had caused to flow. "It—it was dinner."

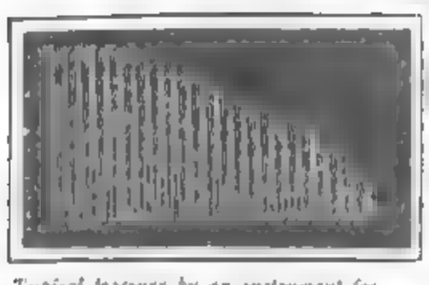
"So it was," agreed Mr. Grimble hastily, "and he stayed out all night. I was a fool—a wooden-headed, bullheaded fool. A—a nincompoop."

"Oh, no, you weren't," said Cornelia with a quick reversal, and smiling at him over her handkerchief, which was still at work on her nose and cheeks. "Not really. You just couldn't see how a nice girl could have been the one to do a thing like that. But it had to be Mr. Crabbe or Miad or Harold, and I chose Harold."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Grimble.

"Say," broke in Miad, jolting Mr. Grimble's elbow, "how's the wooden head?

(Continued on Page 156)



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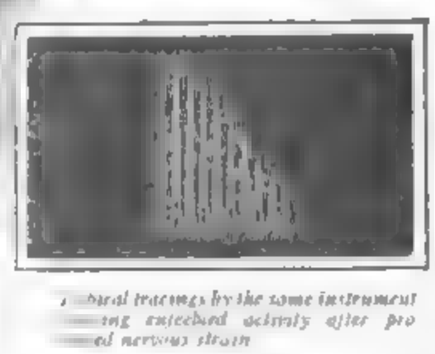

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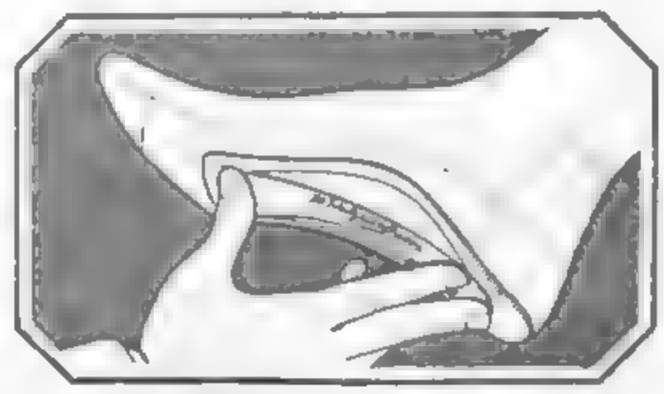

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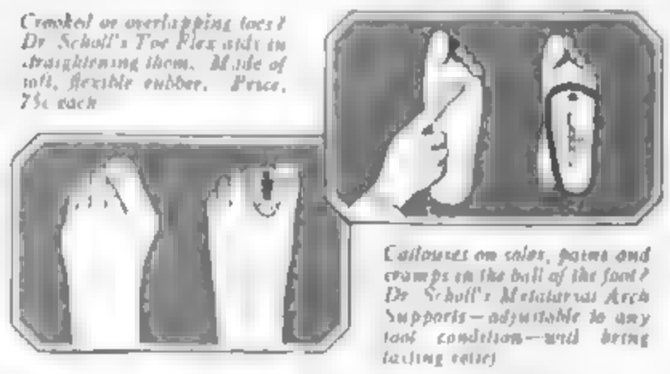

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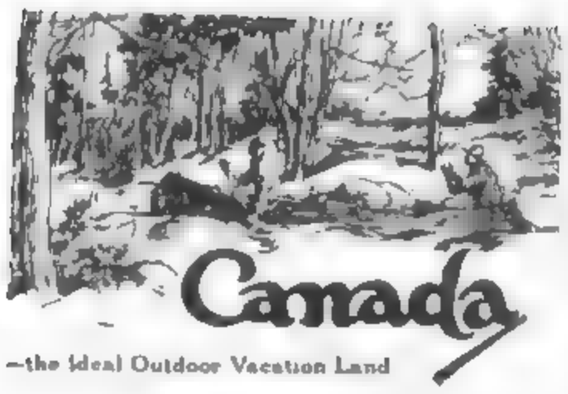

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(Continued from Page 154)

Does it begin to see why Mr. Prosper Frete is after you'"

This chronicle has nothing to say about the reunion of the Grimbles, father, mother, son and grandchildren; it is concerned strictly with a litigation unique in the annals of the New York courts, a case still remembered by the legal profession and a few others as the Van Suttart Succession versus Prosper Frete *et al.* Nothing short of the cataclysmic disturbances consequent upon a great civil war would have permitted the laying of the foundations for such a barefaced and gigantic fraud.

Go back in your own mind or somebody else's to the decade between 1868 and the financial panic of 1873. Remember that strange readjustments, irregular at any other time, were made during those years. Many a man had died, leaving his business and property in a tangle. Many another had merely disappeared, making things still more difficult for partners and heirs. Many had turned up, as did William Van Suttart, from the dead, demanding readjustments of readjustments, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Then, heaped on top of it all, came the most disastrous panic in the history of the nation. More readjustments.

In addition to all those things, remember that Mr. Frete was a partner, though a junior, of the ancient Van Suttart establishment, with power to sign, seal, receive and deliver. Recollect further that he had the foresight of a vulture and the cunning premonition of a weasel waiting for a hen to lay an egg. Figure out for yourself how easy and how natural it would be for such a man to withdraw all the loose collateral and cash of the firm and put it in a safe place under his sole responsibility pending the reappearance of the rightful owners.

From that point watch him with his sister take immediate charge of the Van Suttart house and the abandoned baby for a day, a month, a year, a decade. At first, puzzlement as to what had really become of the Van Suttarts, then conviction that they were indeed gone, never to return. Acceptance of the fact with pious gratitude to whatever twisted deity Mr. Frete was wont to render thanks. Skillful doctoring of the books and endless juggling of stocks and titles. Years of covering up tracks in a time when tracks were easily covered. The conception of an idea reaching its tentacles forward to the baby's womanhood. Calculation. The birth of an immutable policy, the pale eye of the male Frete saying to the pale eye of the female Frete, "All is well; all will be well. Silence, for I know what you are thinking. Silence, and let the mills of the gods grind for us."

It can be seen that it would be no part of Mr. Frete's scheme to go through the process necessary to marrying an orphaned minor with no legal guardian. Such a move would have entailed the raising of exactly the questions for which he had no answer. By the time Cornelia was turned eighteen he had entrenched himself within a formidable paper fortress. Inside the fortress was a labyrinth and within the labyrinth a maze. At the dead center of the maze was Mr. Prosper Frete, but even so, he knew that only marriage with Cornelia would consolidate his position beyond possibility of conquest, beyond attack, beyond even a flutter of anxiety.

Cleverly cheated out of marrying her, he did not give up the fort. By no means. He merely intensified its defenses and ended finally by overreaching himself. His very shrewdness betrayed him. When he strove to rip every trace of the sinews of war from anyone who by any chance might fight for Cornelia's rights, he ended by arousing the suspicions of a born explorer in the realms of motive. His scheme would have been the exact right thing with numskulls or even directed against average intelligence, but Miad Blake, pugnacious almost from the day of his birth, was anything but a numskull. In battle he might be as direct as a cannon ball, but when penetrating the minds of crooked men he was as devious and persistent as a maggot.

The investigation instituted by Mr. Grimble brought to light by deduction a great many black marks against Mr. Frete, one added laboriously to another—but by deduction only. Mr. Frete did not crumble; he did not even wince. He stood on a single rock, apparently indifferent to and unmoved by the waves of eloquence of counsel for the Van Suttart Succession, Plaintiff. The rock was comprised in a single statement not over ten lines long. It was as follows: The defense contended that the three Van Suttarts had not disappeared within the meaning of the law; they had absconded, taking with them every available security and all the cash of the firm of which defendant was an integral member through partnership. Proof lay in the fact that in the course of time all the securities had come upon the market in widely separated cities, and even from abroad.

That was the rock. The seaweed trimmings ran into sixty foolscap pages, which set forth the great struggle of defendant to save the ancient name of Van Suttart from bankruptcy and shame; the long years of goodness of defendant toward the waif who was principal plaintiff; the money spent on said waif and her education out of the pocket of defendant; finally her astonishing ingratitude and alliance with self-seeking bloodsuckers. Take the books of Van Suttart & Co.; examine them; let them speak for the defendant. The reorganization from nothing was his. The profits were his. The plaintiff really owed him money.

Against these walls counsel for the Van Suttart Succession sounded its trumpet, at first with faith that they would certainly fall. Why in eighteen years had there never been a transfer of Van Suttart real property by sale, in spite of advantageous offers? Was defendant afraid of the title searcher? Why had defendant lived so secluded a life, making a drudge of his sister even after he had attained to affluence? Was every contact of his own household with the outer world a danger? Why had he sued so ardently for the hand of Cornelia Van Suttart? What stake was large enough to make him forget that assault was a penitentiary offense? Why had he not dared act before she was of age? Was he afraid lest he bring tumbling about his head a fraudulent fabrication through the reflex action of the laws for the protection of minors? Was it not true that the fortune at stake greatly exceeded the million mark? Did defendant seriously contend that he had started with nothing on the day of the disappearance of the Van Suttarts?

In the face of such libelous accusations counsel for the defense merely smiled, licked its chops and murmured, "To abscond is not to disappear in the meaning of the law."

Against that rock Mr. Grimble hurled himself at first valiantly, then desperately and finally despairingly. He bought a file of all the daily papers covering the great Van Suttart mystery and read the blurred print through and through until his eyeballs burned in their sockets. He called in Miad and made him read the baffling story from end to end, over and over again, every version, every supposition, every deduction. Not every clew; for there was no clew. Not one. Absolute mystery. A blank wall. No toe hold. Not a crevice. To make matters worse, Miad's twelve-hundred-dollar fighting fund was rapidly melting away and, to his shame, Mr. Grimble knew not how to replenish it.

"God help us, Miad!" he groaned late one night, holding his aching head in both hands. "If we don't find out what became of the three Van Suttarts—why, we're lost."

"Lost!" gasped Miad. "What are you saying? Don't you know he done all you said? Don't everybody know it in their bones?"

"*Corpus delicti*," moaned Mr. Grimble, more to himself than in answer. "*Corpus delicti*."

"What the hell?" asked Miad. "Hey! Wake up. What you saying?"

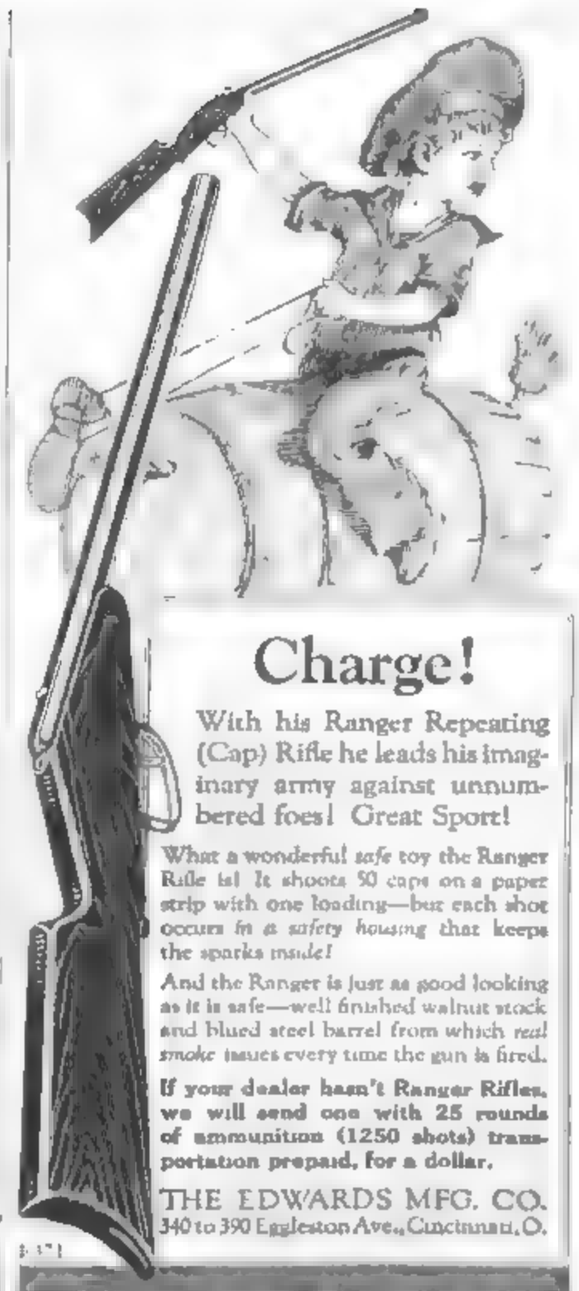
"*Corpus delicti*," repeated Mr. Grimble. "It means the essential fact in the commission of a crime—the actual body in a murder."

Miad's belligerent eyes protruded. "Say," he said, "you're getting worse and worse. I ain't the judge. You tell me plain what you mean."

"Just this," said Mr. Grimble, coming to himself and giving Miad stare for stare: "If we can't find those three bodies—dead, mind you, dead these twenty years—why, our case is done for, finished, lost. That's what it means."

"You big fool," murmured Miad, "didn't all them news hounds try to find out, and fail? Didn't all the cops and detectives have a go right when it happened, and never got a smell? You stay up tonight and think of something else. I'm going."

After this disturbing interview Miad could not work, nor could he stay peacefully in Cobbled Court. He walked and walked, ranging from river to river and



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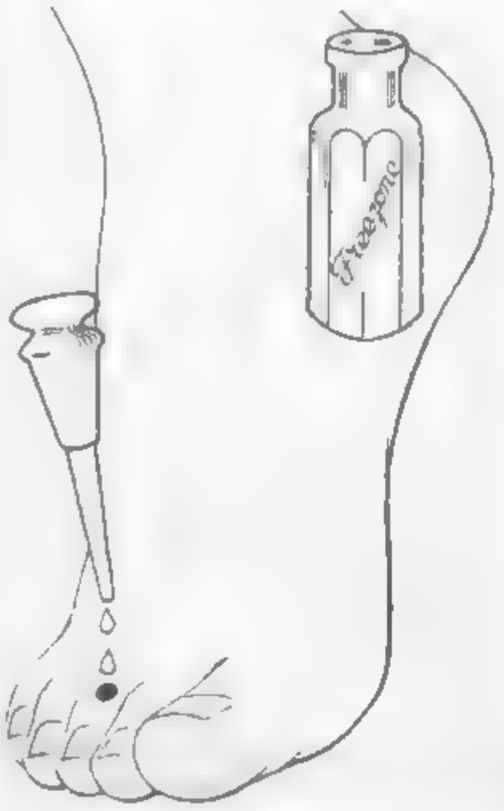

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from Battery to Central Park. He would look questioningly at passers-by, at the pavement, at the walls of houses, at ferry-boats, at street cars and at the fat-horsed Fifth Avenue busses. All in vain. Nothing—no one—could tell him what would become of Cornelia and her two babies if the Van Suttart Succession went down in defeat beneath the Juggernaut of Prosper Frete's machination.

As for Harold, Harold was a man. As for Crabbe—why, Crabbe was rapidly shrinking to nothing at all. Only yesterday he had cackled: "You won't have to embalm me, Miad. Not much. All you got to do along of me, Miad, will be to leave me lay on the roof for half an hour and get sun cured. Yes, sir. Tough as horsehide. Hang me on a hook anywhere. Cheaper than anything anybody else ever thought on. That's Crabbe, Miad; your old man Crabbe. Nobody else ever thought on it." As for himself, Miad cared nothing at all. But Cornelia? Why, Cornelia was Cornelia! He couldn't let anything happen to Cornelia; he just couldn't.

Thinking these thoughts his troubled eyes fell on the pillar of flesh once familiar to every habitué of upper Fifth Avenue as the stupendous door man at Borlay's. The pillar's name was Patrick O'Dowd, and he was a landmark not so much by reason of his great size or advanced age or of his looks, which were terrible, or of his courtesy, strictly negative even to Borlay's best and oldest customers, but because he had never been known to unbend or to smile. Suddenly Miad became professional. What a chance for a small stroke of business! Why had he never thought of it before? Gee, what a skeleton!

The day was unseasonably cold and O'Dowd was standing within the sparse shelter of the stately portico which it was his duty to decorate and guard. Presently an individual whom he could not see without bending, and consequently did not see, approached him and said in a perky voice at about the level of O'Dowd's belt, "Got a match, Cap?"

O'Dowd could hardly believe his ears. Who dared thus to speak to him while he was on duty, incased in grandeur and his brass-bound uniform? A convulsive tremor quivered up and down through his enormous frame, shaking the pedestal of a supernal complacence. The invisible antennæ possessed by all pompous dignity told him that the diminutive owner of the perky voice was actually waiting. There were no pockets in O'Dowd's unwrinkled frock coat. He lifted one of its skirts, thrust a hand into his trousers pocket, fished out a box of matches, held it out, dropped it.

"Keep them," he rumbled, his basilisk stare never wavering from the horizontal.

On the following day at precisely the same hour the same perky voice said to Mr. O'Dowd, "Say, Cap, got a match?"

O'Dowd did not shake this time; he trembled with rage. Rather than demean himself by a fracas with a runt, he hastened to comply, surrender a second box of matches, which, by the way, were not given away in that day with every five-cent cigar. For several moments thereafter he stood in a dumb daze and then a thought struck him. He shot a lightning glance to right and left, up and down the street. Too late. Why hadn't he looked at the stranger in time? How did he know there was any stranger? What if the perky voice had come alone without anyone with it? Who but a banshee would dare twice so to address Patrick T. H. O'Dowd? He looked down with horrid premonition, and his snow-white hair rose within the wide bell of his smart blue cap. At his feet on the doormat lay the packet of matches.

On the next afternoon at precisely the same time, before the perky voice could get further than "Say, Cap ——" O'Dowd's two hands shot forward, and to his surprise and vast relief came to grips with a real, honest-to-goodness human throat. He tightened his fingers and lifted his tormentor almost clear of the pavement. Then did Patrick, the pillar, forget himself and the reputation it had taken years to build. He unbent, became molten and presently began to flow as follows:

"Say, what do youse take me for, you half as big as a minute! The Ruby Match Company? You get out of here or I'll call the dog catcher, and don't you ever come back. See? Now, git!"

O'Dowd did not look into space as he spoke these words, but straight down into the snapping slate-blue eyes of a compact individual who was not so very undersized, taken as a whole, except as anyone is undersized when standing in the shadow of the Metropolitan Tower.

"Just as well you let me go when you did, you big stiff," growled Miad as soon as released, "or I'd of kicked off both your kneecaps. I didn't want your old matches. All I wanted was for you to lean over the edge of the roof and talk to me. How would we of looked with me putting a stepladder up against you? But that's what I would of brought next time—a stepladder."

"You stepladder yourself around the block ——" began O'Dowd, and stopped.

Have you ever amused yourself by staring fixedly at a stranger's feet and watching for results? Miad was not staring at O'Dowd's feet, he was doing less and worse. He was staring at the geographical center of the broad expanse of O'Dowd's pillarlike torso. So intent and avid was his gaze that the huge man ceased speaking and with a vapid look passed one hand anxiously down over his creaseless front.

"What are you looking at?" he asked surlily.

"You," replied Miad without shifting his solemn gaze.

"What's the matter of me?" asked O'Dowd nervously. "What do you want anyway?"

"What do I want?" echoed Miad imperturbably. "I'll tell you what I want. I want something you got and that when I want it you won't need it any more. I want it so bad that when you fix it so I can have it I'll give you fifty bucks; and when I get it I'll give your widow fifty more."

"My widow!" exploded O'Dowd. "Did you say my widow?"

"Sure," replied Miad. "Let's be reasonable. You ain't got long to live. Don't you want to talk business while you can?"

"No," grunted O'Dowd. "No, I don't. No."

"All right," said Miad calmly; "then I'll wait."

"Wait?" gasped O'Dowd. "What for? You don't think ——" Once more a Goliath fell before a David. "Oh, well, I'll come with you if it's only to get shut of you. Do your waiting around the corner. It's past time for closing here and I'll be with you as soon as ever I shed me uniform."

When he reappeared a quarter of an hour later in mufti no one would have known him for the day-long watchdog of the stately portal. Incased and held in place by reënforced broadcloth and gold braid, he was straight as a ramrod and did not look his age by ten years. But in his home clothes anyone could see that he was an old man, though well preserved through long pickling in the wind of all weathers. Miad walking beside the slouching giant felt a vague disappointment. Would the skeleton prove really the magnificent specimen he had coveted so ardently? He cocked a knowing eye at O'Dowd and was immediately reassured. If the splendid frame still retained a full set of teeth it would be a prize of the very first water. Unfortunately a low-drooping, thick-bodied mustache prevented his seeing the big man's mouth, let alone his teeth.

The two left Fifth Avenue by one accord and walked westward. Arriving at Sixth, they turned south and presently paused, entered and penetrated to the depths of a spacious establishment where each table looked like an oasis in a desert of imitation Carrara marble and the odors of garlic and spaghetti waged unequal yet interminable war. They picked a far corner and sat down. O'Dowd fixed Miad with a baleful eye.

"Now, you," he began, "what made you say I ain't got long to live? What makes you think I got a widow—a widow to have, I mean? And what in thunder do you want anyway?"

"Not so fast," said Miad coolly. "I want to see you eat first. If you can't chew tough meat the deal is off, see? Your teeth is probably rotten."

"My teeth rotten!" cried O'Dowd, his eyes glaring. "Rotten, is they? Take a look."

He opened an enormous mouth, a cavernous mouth, a vast pink shell of a mouth equipped with a veritable stockade of perfect yellow teeth. Miad stared, quivered and sank back in his chair. His eyes grew glassy with the intensity of his gaze. Yet he was not looking at O'Dowd's tremendous mouth or at his teeth. He was looking at his lip—his lower lip—which was deeply indented by a most peculiarly shaped scar.

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"Who are you?" he murmured, low, but so intensely that the giant snapped his jaws shut and cast a quick glance over his shoulder before answering.

"Patrick O'Dowd," he murmured back, leaning forward. "Not at your service. Now, what's your name?"

"Miad," said Miad with a very unusual tremor in his voice; "Miad Blake."

The effect was electrical. The giant's face raced through one quick change in expression to another until it had covered the entire gamut from vacuous wonder to welcoming joy.

"Miad, me lad!" he cried, reaching over to grasp both of Miad's shoulders and shake them affectionately. "There's only the one Miad in all the world. Sure, boy, I'm a blockhead, for ye ain't changed since you was three years old. Same bug eyes lookin' for a fight, same hair, same size all but an inch or two. Do ye mind the times you rode me neck, lad? Do ye remember biting a small steak out of me lower lip? Ha, ha! Haw, haw! I'll bet your little behind is flat yet from the wallop I give it!"

They sat, they talked, they ate, they reminisced. Miad explained that he had been attracted by O'Dowd's magnificent physique and had wished to get an option on such a splendid specimen of a skeleton. The way he talked about it made O'Dowd feel important, handsome and generous. He said Miad could have the skeleton for nothing as soon as he himself was through with it. There was no longer any Lady O'Dowd, consequently there would be no widow. Speaking of women, but and by the way

"Miad, do ye remember why it was ye bit me?"

"Sure," said Miad. "You asked me did my daddy used to call my mother Mary, and then I bit you. I don't know why."

The big man nodded his massive head, pushed away his plate and leaned forward. "That was the way of it," he said. "Son, you guessed I didn't mean no good, and you guessed right, so you bit me. But them days is far away now. Let me tell you, quiet-like. Your father was John Blake, porter around to Van Suttart's. When he quit I got his job, see? I'm big, but I ain't anybody's fool. I seen things, queer things; one all-fired mortal queer thing. I thought it out. I did that, and got no spick of money for my pains. All of a sudden something happened and it was too late. Do you want I should tell you the mortal queer thing?"

Miad was very intent. He sat on the edge of his chair with both heels caught in the front rung and leaned forward, elbows on the table, chin in hands

"Go ahead," he said. "I ain't going to bite you again, whatever you say."

"Well, it's this here," continued O'Dowd gravely. "Your mother, Mary Malone Blake, as true a woman as ever stepped, and Mrs. William Van Suttart was one and the same body."

Miad did not cry out. He sat outwardly perfectly still, but the blood within his veins and pulses raced and leaped with an overwhelming fury. To make matters worse, a huge lump sprang into his throat and stayed there. Think! He wanted to think. God give him air! Mary Malone Blake. Mrs. William Van Suttart. One and the same. His mother, as true a woman as ever stepped. Mrs. William Van Suttart, Cornelia's mother. Why—Cornelia! Oh! Oh! Cornelia! He scrambled to his feet, reeled, caught the table, steadied himself.

"Come with me, O'Dowd, will you?" he begged. "I got to go somewheres. I got to go now, and you got to come."

Ten minutes later they had boarded the Sixth Avenue Elevated and O'Dowd was bending forward to mask Miad's face from the sight of curious strangers. Within himself, Miad had returned to childhood in every sense of the word. He was caught in his mother's arms for that last tight embrace. He was fighting for Cornelia, playing with Cornelia, bossing Cornelia. His eyes stared and stared, far away, far back. His fingers picked at his corduroy trousers. Spaced tears, one at a time, far apart, crawled unheeded down his cheeks. They arrived at a little house in Waverley Place. Miad found the door on the latch, opened it and entered, followed by the wondering O'Dowd.

"Who is that?" called Cornelia in a voice whose mere inflection told of sleeping babies.

"It's me—Miad," gulped Miad over the lump in his throat.

He did not see Harold, reading a book behind the big table lamp; he saw only Cornelia as she sat in a sway-backed chair, her knees draped with little stockings, her fingers busy, high lights in her glossy hair and two home fires burning steadily in her deep blue eyes as she raised them to cast Miad a swift warm look of welcome and kept them raised to stare, troubled, at the astounding bulk of the stranger, Patrick O'Dowd.

"What is it, Miad? What has happened?"

Suddenly Miad's compact frame seemed to crumple. He hurled himself forward, fell on his knees, dropped his face in Cornelia's lap and burst into a paroxysm of sobs. She threw her arms about him and drew his head against her breast.

"Miad!" she cried, full throated, and then more softly: "Oh, Miad, my dear, dear boy, what is the matter? What has happened? Tell Cornelia. Tell Corny." Miad's hands groped around her body and clung to her. They were strangely like the hands of a baby.

"You're my sister," he wailed at last. "My own sister. And I'm dirty and common and poor. I'm only Miad Blake."

For an instant Cornelia sat rigid; then she looked up at the vast stranger. She did not have to speak. Not with those eyes. Not after that look. As Harold rose, wondering, to his feet O'Dowd stepped forward, twirling his hat nervously between his huge hands.

"It's true, miss. I was porter at Van Suttart's when you was born. Your mother was married to Miad's father when she thought young Mr. Van Suttart was long dead in the war. Mary Malone Van Suttart; then Mary Malone Blake through no fault of her own, poor dear; and then Mrs. William Van Suttart again for the honor she bore to God, Him rest her soul! And Miad left behind in Cobbled Court. Two years old or thereabouts he must of been when you come, miss, and I know it all through watching of her go to see him before the sorry day the banshees swept them all away, her and William and old Skinflint Van Suttart—pardon the word, miss."

"Cornelia," said Miad, striving to draw out of her rigid arms, "no one has got to know, only us four. No one. Not even the children, if you don't want 'em to. No one else, Corny. Only us four."

"Miad! Do you think I'm ashamed—— Oh, Miad!"

Cornelia's shoulders suddenly slumped. Her fingers crooked and dug deep into Miad's back. Her eyelids closed tightly. Her lips began to twitch.

"Harold," she whispered, "go. Go out. Take the man. Close the door. Quickly." And then a sound as of the mother of all love, crooning, sobbing, crooning again.

"Miad! Dear Miad. My own sweet brother. Oh! Oh! Oh! Miad, my darling. Always. Always in my heart. Always! Oh!—oh!—oh!"

Draw the curtain, Harold. Quick; close the door. Tightly. Shut yourself away from that sound, for it is not yours to hear, nor mine, nor anyone's save Miad Blake's. Yesterday the lone son of the city of New York; today Cornelia's brother! Talk it over in the hall with Patrick O'Dowd. Let in your father, with trouble heavy on his brow. Tell it to him too. Whisper, all three of you. Stand around. Wait. Give Mr. Grimble a chance to pump O'Dowd, porter at Van Suttart's at the very time of the great Van Suttart mystery. But hold on. Hark. Cornelia is calling you in. They enter and find Miad looking not at all sheepish over his recent tears. His face is plain out-and-out happy. It is all aglow, as if it had been scrubbed with some heavenly-angel brand of soap. He turned eagerly as the three men entered.

"Tell her, O'Dowd. Tell her again, everything, how it happened. She wants to know. She's glad. She's glad I'm her own half brother."

O'Dowd sat on the sofa, for there was no chair big enough to hold him, and began to repeat his thrice-told tale with a wealth of detail and corroborative evidence which made those who had already heard it perk up their ears. The old man forgot the pride of his present condition as the landmark at Borlay's. He closed his eyes and deliberately moved himself back to the days before the war. It seemed it must be long since he had had anyone who wished to hear him talk, he was so chockablock with words. He drew a picture; made them see it. Another; yet another. He showed

(Continued on Page 160)

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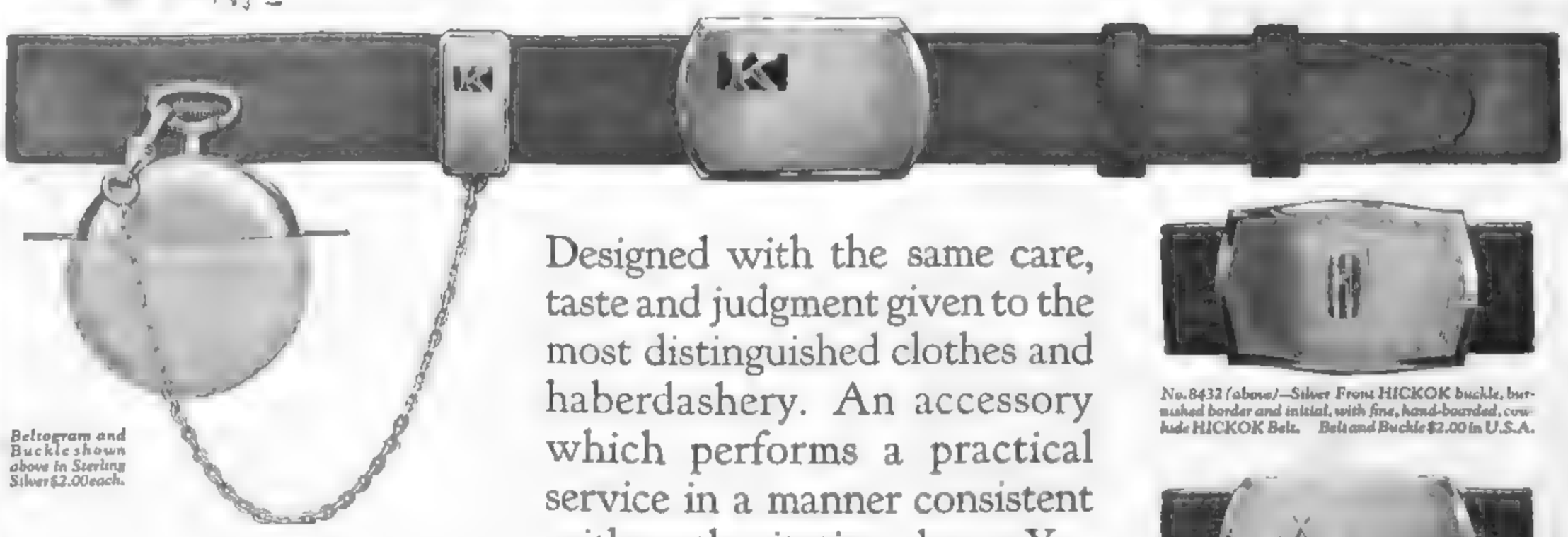

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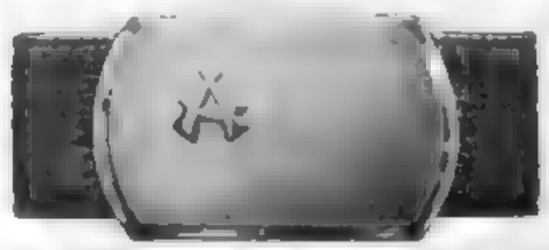

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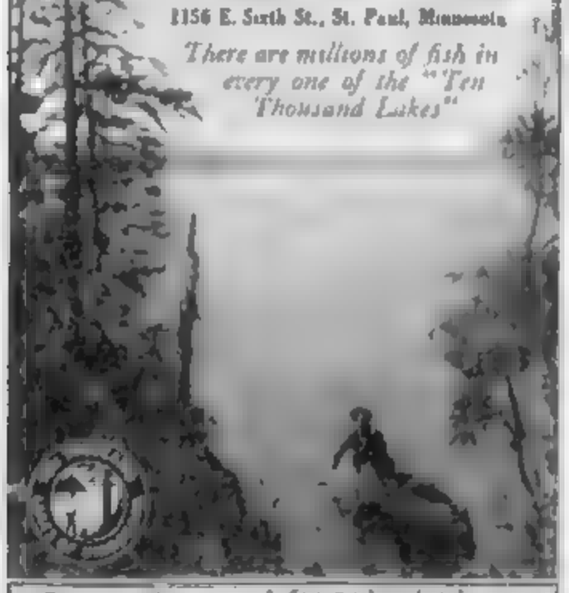

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(Continued from Page 158)

them sweet Mary Malone and the tortured world in which she moved.

Ah, yes. Every day. Every day she would come to the office for a quiet word with William Van Suttart and presently go away fleetly, never twice running in the same direction. O'Dowd, out on an errand, had just chanced on a glimpse of her turning into Cobbled Court. He thought naught of it. Months passed. Then he chanced to see her again passing swiftly down the short narrow gullet of Hague Street, turning into Cobbled Court. From then on it had been easy for him to add bit to bit. When ——

A loud cry crashed across the rumble of O'Dowd's voice. Miad was on his feet, staring, eyes wide open, mouth wide open, gulping, gagging. Cornelia's babies awoke and began to murmur querulously. She went to them. O'Dowd, Mr. Grimble and Harold cast startled looks at Miad. The lawyer was the first to recover.

"Well?" he asked. "What has come over you?"

"My mother!" gasped Miad. "Cornelia's mother. Holding me tight, the last time—the very last time I seen her. 'Oh, baby, my dear, dear boy,' she said, 'why did you run from your mother?' That's what she said."

"Well, what about it?" prompted Mr. Grimble.

"You don't understand," said Miad. "You don't see it like I do. There's three rooms under Hague Street now; there used to be two more before they finished cleaning up alongside of the bridge. The day she chased me through the tunnel from Cobbled Court, that last time I ever seen her, the wester'most room was fallen in, and the one next to it, the one where she caught me, had a hole in the roof. One minute you could look up and see the great wall of Brooklyn Bridge, and the next minute you couldn't, because two men was a-shutting out of the light. One of 'em said very loud perhaps the finger of God made that hole. My mother turned whiter than white. She looked up and cried out 'William!' like something had caught her by the throat—like she was choking to death. Then some earth come sliding down and she said 'Run, darling! Run!' and give me a push. I run. I run because she told me to, but mostly on account of the loudest, dullest noise I ever heard, just behind me, chasing me."

"Wait a minute, Miad," interrupted Mr. Grimble, whose face had grown exceedingly tense. "Let's get this straight as we go along. What was the noise like?"

Miad turned from gazing fixedly at nothing to look Mr. Grimble straight in the eyes.

"It sounded heavy," he said, "like stones, mortar and dirt a-falling, and the reason it sounded like that is because that is what it was. I never seen my mother again; nobody never seen the Van Suttarts again. That's where they be today—all three on 'em—under the yard of the Hague Street house, buried these twenty years."

"If that is so," said Mr. Grimble very quietly—"and I believe it is so—then our troubles are over and Prosper Frete will go to jail tomorrow."

"You can bet your last dollar it's so," said Miad assuredly. "It was lunch time they disappeared, according to the papers. The men that was filling in all the holes along the bridge was probably off having their beer, comfortable. But seeings is believing. All we got to do is to get busy tonight and dig away the rubble."

Mr. Grimble had expected to enter the court room on the following morning with the feelings of a convicted murderer crossing the threshold of the death house, for defeat in the case against Prosper Frete meant more than failure; it spelled utter ruin. As it was, and to the amazement of counsel for the defense, he walked in with head held high and shoulders squared. No sooner was the court called to order than he addressed the bench

"Your Honor, I move for permission to reopen this case, as I am in possession of new evidence of crucial importance. I beg to announce to the court and to opposing counsel that the great Van Suttart mystery is no longer a mystery. The exact hour of the death of the three missing Van Suttarts—namely, at noon of the day of their disappearance—has been specifically established, as will be proved Your Honor, the bodies of the elder Van Suttart, of his son William and of Mary Malone Van Suttart have been found."

When Mr. Prosper Frete heard those words his face and his hands, placed on the back of the seat in front of him, turned to a yellowish green and he began to tremble with minute vibrations. He was palsied with terror. His pale eyes alone remained active and darted despairing glances this way and that, as though imploring his stricken body to leap, dart, dodge and follow. Then they were met, checked and held by Miad Blake's steel-gray gaze. The effect was as though Mr. Frete had been manacled at that instant instead of several days later when sentence of imprisonment for twenty years was pronounced.

Why go into the details of the restitution of the Van Suttart fortune or the reorganization of Van Suttart & Co., once Hendricks, Jacob Hendricks, Van Suttart and Partners, into plain Grimble, Blake & Co.? Why describe the successful apotheosis of old man Crabbe via the sun-dried route or the burgeoning of new buds on the Grimble family tree? Why indeed, since happiness has no history? Let us hop, skip and jump, instead, to a sunny afternoon in May of 1920. Behold Miad, fifty years old, sitting beside his hat on a bench in the park with both legs extended Changed? Not a bit of it Look at him, look hard and you will see the shock-headed, ugly-eyed youngster who at the age of three stepped out to take life as he found it, by assault. On one of his chunky knees sits Corny's eldest's youngest, on the other, her youngest's eldest Hear the latter speak

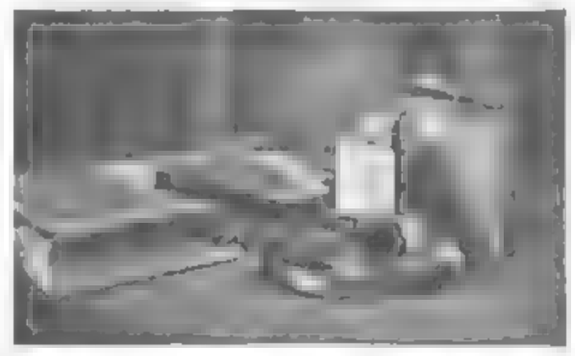
"Uncle Miad, tell us the tack come at us goldfish Please, Uncle Miad!"

"The tractomatous goldfish, now," says Miad, his eyes growing round and staring. "Well, he was a queer bird of a fish, and no error. Believe me, he was Did you ever see a leper with a long white beard? No? Never seen one, eh? Well, that was what he looked like. White spots. Long silky beard. How do you think he got caught, eh? Listen. I'll tell you a big secret and don't you ever forget it. He never would of got caught only he didn't know how to keep his mouth shut. See?"

Thus Miad to Cornelia's grandchildren on a bench in the park—the same bench and the same park where he told me this tale of not so long ago.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of five stories by Mr. Chamberlain

Pineapple Fields on the Island of Oahu, Hawaii



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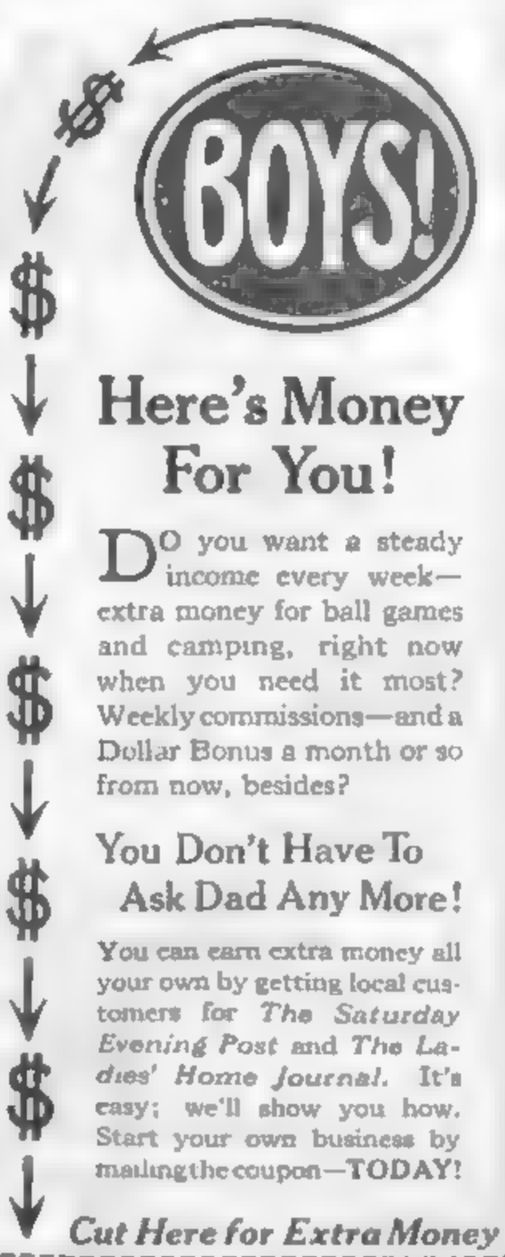

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WHY BOYS' BOOKS?

Continued from Page 11

in their time and in their environment. I have fallen into the same error. My boys were born in Michigan, and have the colloquialisms of their place and state. I could, of course, make them speak that limpid English of which I am capable in my nobler moments, but I am stubborn and I won't do it. I'd rather have them as they are and rest on fewer library shelves. However, as a business proposition, if you are thinking of going into the business of writing boys' books, get out your grammar and live by its rules.

And another thing, if you want to get past with the kids, forget you are writing for kids. One paragraph of patronizing, one hint that you are not writing for an equal or a superior, and you are done. My mental attitude when I write a book for boys is no different from what it is when I write a serial for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The difference lies in this: that my characters are boys, and their doings and adventures are such as boys might have. None of this my-dear-young-reader stuff will pass the censorship of boydom.

And, if you are wise, you will keep out the opposite sex. In my own case, the only ladies who get mentioned in my boys' books are the mothers of the boys.

These are trade secrets, learned in the laboratory, and have their justification in sound business practice.

So far as volume of sales goes, I am one of the very minor boys' authors, because I do not specialize in the field. I am a casual, having only the time to devote to it that goes into the actual writing of one book a year. Such men as William Heyliger and Ralph Henry Barbour very likely outsell me many times, because they are specialists, devoting their lives to the work—and I should like to say right here that no man can make a finer use of his life than those gentlemen have done, or hope for any reward that will measure up to the gratitude and affection and loyalty of the hundreds of thousands of boys who read their stories.

Favorites of Forty Years Ago

Perhaps when you were a boy you read Kirk Munroe's stories. That was away back in 1885 and the years following. It was then he wrote Campmates, Canoemates, Dorymates and half a dozen others. I took occasion to make inquiries about these books the other day and had it demonstrated to my envy that they had sold upward of a quarter of a million copies, and after this lapse of nearly forty years are still selling at the amazing rate of something like five thousand copies a year for each volume.

There is a continuous income for forty years, an income which, at the rate of sales for this year, and giving the number of books as ten, would still be bringing in to the author royalties of something very like five thousand dollars a year.

James Otis wrote Toby Tyler in 1880, Mr. Stubbs' Brother followed soon after, and other books. In the forty-three years his total sales have reached four hundred thousand. The first of these books is still selling annually in an amount to make any novelist envious.

To go back still further Charles Carleton Coffin wrote The Boys of '76 in 1876, and continued it into a series of eight books. Over two hundred thousand copies have been sold, and each of these books is still selling at a rate that demands the publication of new editions every year or so. There we have a book alive and active and producing after nearly a half century of life. That is what a boy audience can do for you.

William Dean Howells was never a great seller as a novelist. Yet when he wrote a couple of boys' books he almost reached the best-seller plateau. These two books have sold forty thousand copies—which I very much doubt if many of his very fine novels have done—and are going along still at the rate of two or three thousand a year.

All of us remember Paul Du Chaillu, who wrote Country of the Dwarfs and other books of that type. He started his series in 1868, which is rather some time ago. A new edition of seventy-five hundred copies has just been printed.

No Books Too Good for Boys

These books, almost unknown to adult readers, have been picked at random; they are not particularly conspicuous; a score more could be discovered in half an hour. But these are enough to demonstrate to the purely financial-minded why I and other folks write books for boys. We write them because they are profitable; because when we write one we create a property of value, a thing that we own as other men own farms or apartment buildings or railroad stocks. We write them because we are provident, and because, when our writing day is past and our brisk typewriters have passed into desuetude, and our imaginations have run dry, we shall still have an income; not large possibly, but very sure and very satisfying, because it is an income we have ourselves created. It constitutes the author's insurance.

Now, for those who think of work in terms other than strictly financial, I want to state a proposition—one that has its exceptions as most propositions have, but which holds so true in the world of literature that it must constitute a rule. This is it: No novel can take its place in the permanent literature of the world that has not, apart from its other merits, no matter how great these merits may be, a juvenile quality, a quality that makes it great as a book for boys. Offhand, you will say I am suffering from spring silliness, but glance over the list of admitted classics, of great books, of books which everybody admits to be great.

Suppose we begin with Robert Louis Stevenson. Why is he great? Manner, of course, a beautiful prose style, and a perception of matter that could emanate only from the brain of a great creative artist but principally because his books are, first, last and in the middle, boys' books. Who reads Stevenson? Every boy. And he continues to read them when he is a man, first because he loved them when a boy, and second because they continue to satisfy his taste and his needs when he comes to manhood. Treasure Island, Kidnapped, The Black Arrow, The Beach of Falesá and the rest of them—whatever else they may be, they are ideal juveniles.

So of Ivanhoe and The Talisman. If any man has ever written a book more perfectly a boys' book than Lorna Doone I have yet to encounter it. Defoe has lived through the centuries because he wrote the greatest of all boys' books. Dean Swift would be a dim memory indeed were it not for Gulliver. It is said that Dickens is read only by the young. Certainly the juvenile quality assays high in A Tale of Two Cities, David Copperfield and Pickwick. I would gladly run Henry Esmond as a serial

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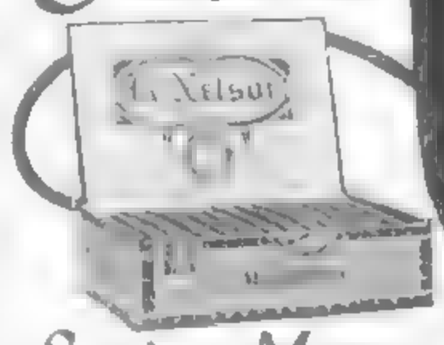

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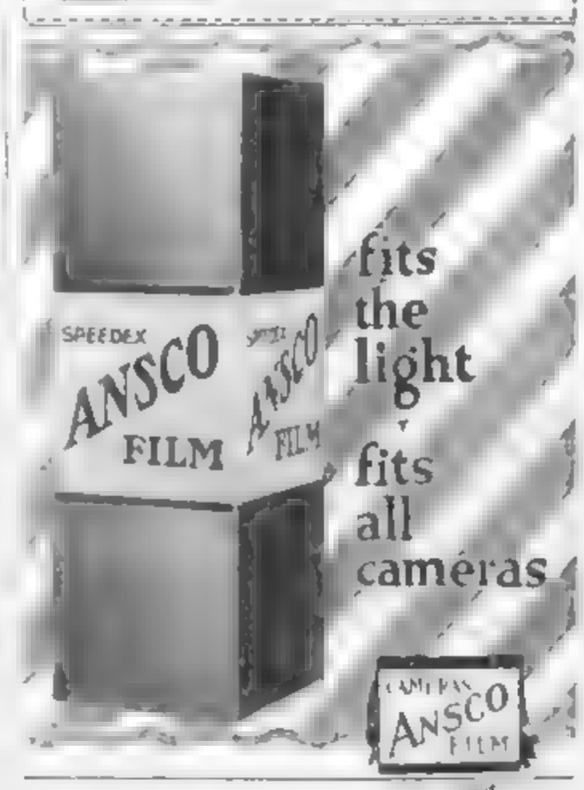

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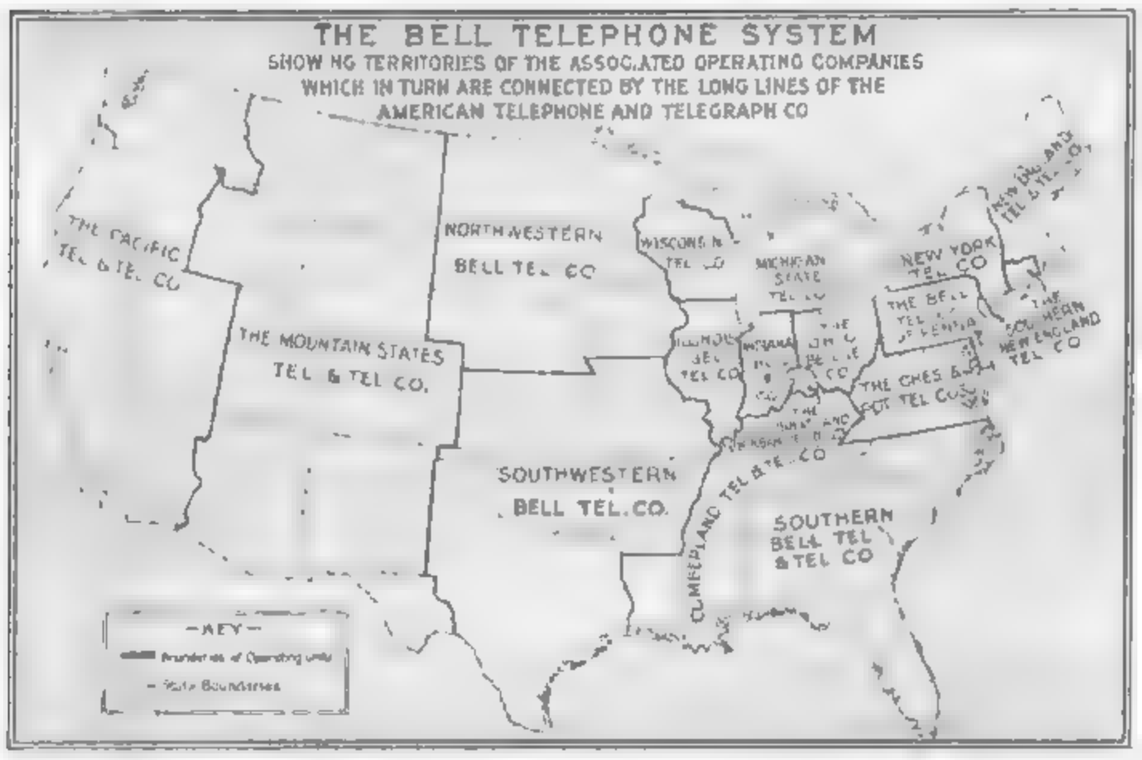
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in any boys' magazine with a certainty of building circulation at an unprecedented rate. As for Mr. Kipling, I believe he will be remembered for The Jungle Books by generations which have forgotten the rest. And then we come to Mark Twain!

Once, in lecturing before a class at the University of Michigan, I so far forgot myself as to say I would rather have written Huckleberry Finn, avowedly a boys' book, than Vanity Fair. Dr. Fred Newton Scott, dean of the department, was present, listening with the genial tolerance of his ample authority upon matters literary, and after I had done he stood up for an instant, smiled and to my astonishment said, "And I, Mr. Kelland, would rather have written Huckleberry Finn than Hamlet." Which, I arise to state, was rather a speech from one who lived in the shadows of academic tradition.

Mr. Clemens is generally recognized, except by the open-plumbing modernists, to be the greatest literary figure so far produced by America. He was a writer of boys' books. It was his life's work.

One could continue multiplying evidence until dawn, but plenty is enough. We concede our point proved, and wish to call to the attention of the financial-minded that a quality which will make a mere political tract like Gulliver live for a couple of hundred years is a thing worth money. The juvenile element is the embalming fluid of literature, the thing that preserves it when otherwise it would have reverted whence it came.

We hear of enormous sums realized by authors and publishers from a single novel—and such sums are realized once in a blue moon. Folks come to regard the novel as the mainstay of the publisher, but that is not the truth. The novel is the orchid of the publishing world, while the boys' book is the good old mealy potato, growing without ostentation, but running into food. It is a known quantity, no gamble, certain as the succession of the seasons.

Another asset which comes as a by-product to the writer of boys' books who, like myself, writes principally for adults is this—and it is far from negligible: You are preparing for yourself a ready-made audience of grown men. The thousands of men who have read and liked your books as boys remember your name with anticipation, and are all set to like your novels just as they liked your juveniles. They know you. You have brought them up, as it were, and have a whopping head start over your friends who knew them not in the days of their youth.

What I have said has been largely in terms of dollars and cents, because dollars and cents are what folks are mainly interested in. But other rewards come to the boys' author, intimate personal rewards, amazing letters from boys all over the world. You come to know what a spontaneously loyal, what an amazingly discerning, clear-minded critic, what a beautifully friendly person the boy is when he forgets his inhibitions and lets himself go. Even when he writes to ask you questions hard to answer, he gets under your skin. The other day a young gentleman wrote me about one of my books and added this postscript, which has me rather troubled for an answer:

"Mr. Kelland," he asked, "how can I keep a stuffed rabbit's ears from curling?"

I've got to find out and tell him, because I can't have that kid's notion of my omniscience disappointed.

Aside from being a sound financial investment, the writing of a boys' book is a splendid investment in satisfaction. If you give something to him he sends it back to you with compound interest in his appreciation. He turns loose his loyalty for your benefit; he becomes your publicity man; you can depend on him through thick and thin. Isn't that the finest sort of clientele a grocer or a butcher could have? Well, if it's a following that will satisfy our modern wise men of business, the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, it's plenty good enough for me.

All of which is why I waste my time writing books for boys.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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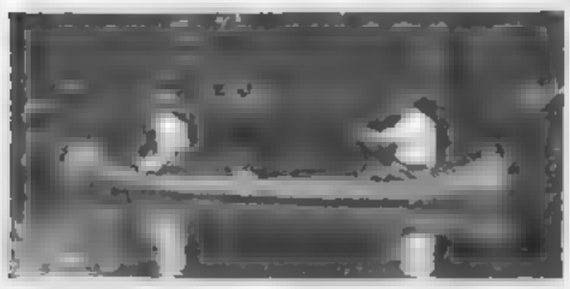
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

"Old Town Canoes"



Blue Sky and Silvery Water

WONDER days, when the sky is blue and the stream is calm, and you and she are idly drifting over the placid water.

The faintest dip of the blade keeps you moving. For an "Old Town" is the easiest canoe to paddle. The lightest canoe made—the steadiest, strongest and lowest priced, too! $54 up, from dealer or factory. Every one is patterned after a real Indian model.

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THE POCKET DOG BISCUIT

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The most useful accessory on any car, the perpetual timepiece.

NO WINDING, never stops, the battery runs it. Beautiful, accurate, perfectly built. Everlastingly on the job.

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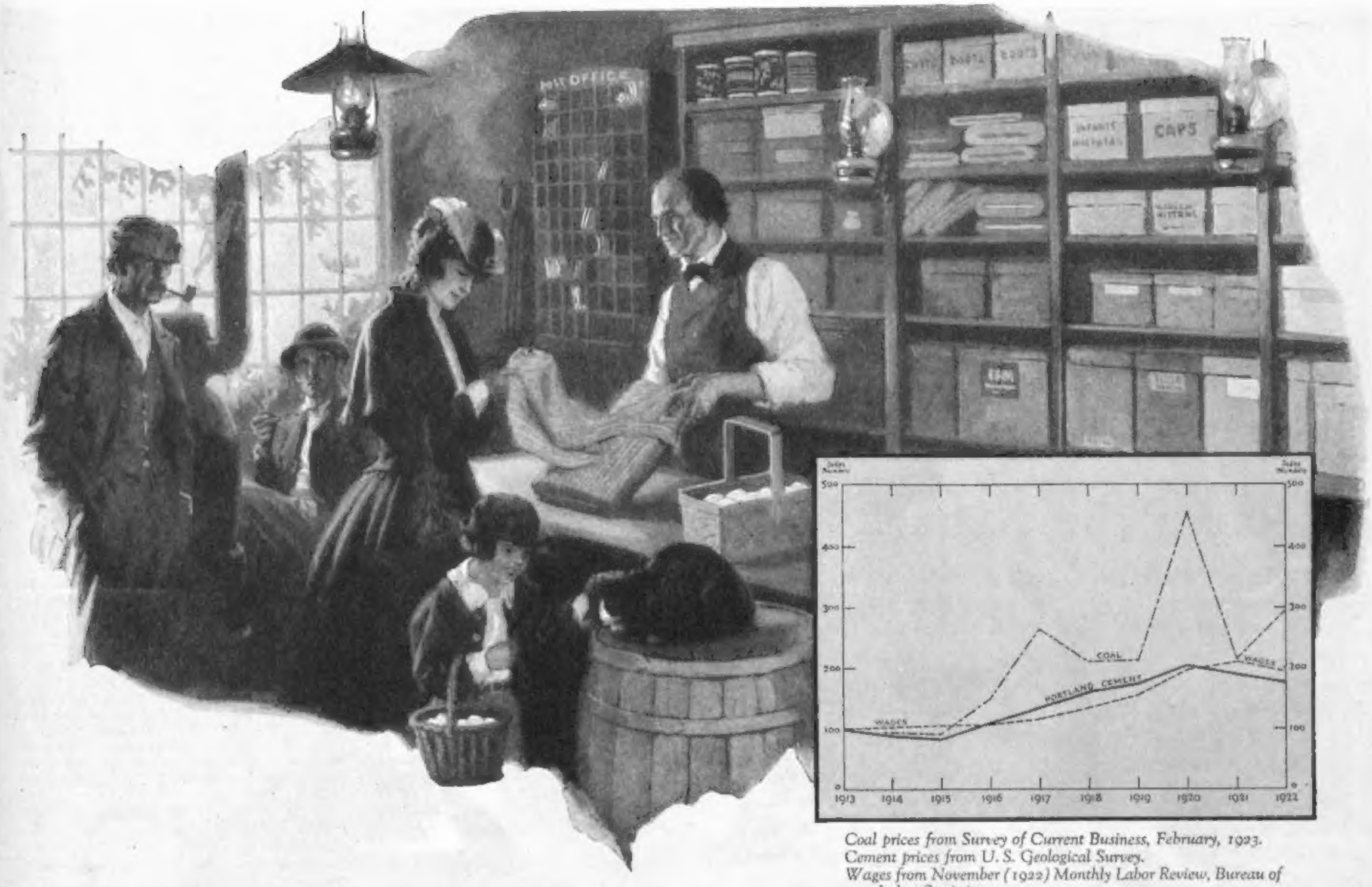


Coal prices from Survey of Current Business, February, 1923.
Cement prices from U. S. Geological Survey.
Wages from November (1922) Monthly Labor Review, Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Swapping at the Crossroads Store

When our grandmothers wanted some calico they often swapped eggs for it at the crossroads store. By measuring one thing against another in this way, they got a clear idea of values.

Coal and wages make up more than half the manufacturing cost of cement.

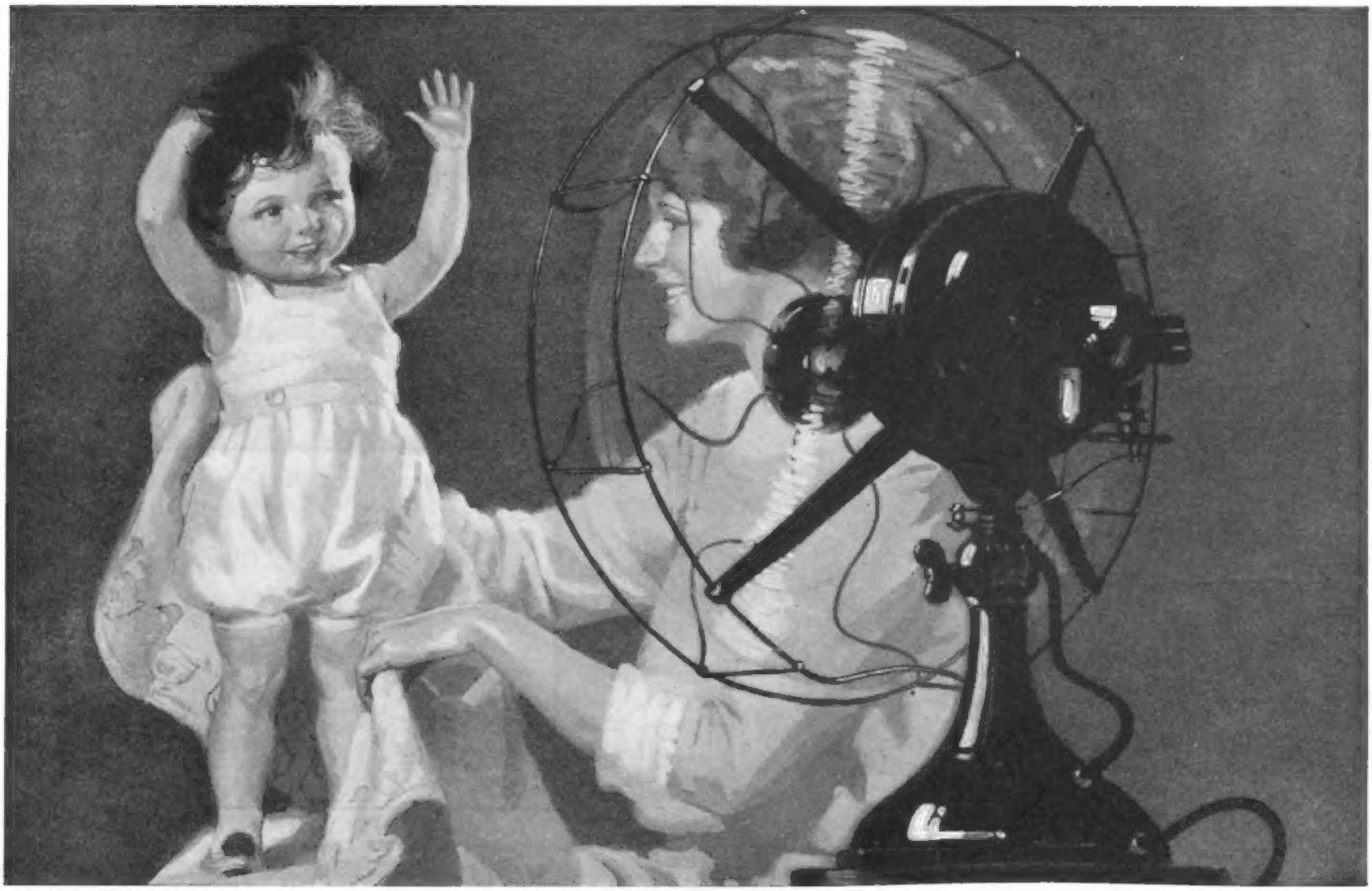
The chart above shows price fluctuations for portland cement, coal and wages during the past ten years. In each case 100 is used to represent 1913 figures, by the Government departments which compiled these statistics.

Translated into "eggs and calico" language this chart shows that a ton of coal would buy nearly twice as much cement in 1922 as in 1913. A day's wages also would buy more cement in 1922 than in 1913.

This means that even though coal and wages make up more than half its manufacturing cost, cement is now relatively lower in price than either coal or wages.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
A National Organization
to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete

Atlanta	Denver	Indianapolis	Milwaukee	New York	Pittsburgh	Seattle
Boston	Des Moines	Kansas City	Minneapolis	Parkersburg	Portland, Oreg.	St. Louis
Chicago	Detroit	Los Angeles	New Orleans	Philadelphia	Salt Lake City	Vancouver, B.C.
Dallas	Helena				San Francisco	Washington, D.C.



The health value of the electric fan is not fully recognized. It has been an effective agent in the reduction of infant mortality. Many doctors now include the electric fan as an essential item of the layette. In modern hospitals, it is indispensable. It affords improved ventilation, and assists in establishing a health temperature in all seasons.

STEP into the room where a Robbins & Myers Fan keeps curtains a-flutter with cool, refreshing breezes. Instantly the sultry outdoors is far removed as you sit or move about while this quiet comforter soothes body and mind.

Enjoy your summer meals as a Robbins & Myers Fan plays over the dining room; have it on a shaded porch for the long afternoons and evenings. Gain repeated nights of deep, restful sleep as your fan murmurs a welcome lullaby. Several Robbins & Myers Fans will keep your entire household well and happy throughout the trying summer season.

When you buy an R&M Fan, you get a genuine Robbins & Myers Motor that assures reliable, economical operation. Some of the first R&M Fans—now more than twenty-six years old—are still giving this traditionally fine R&M service.

Good dealers everywhere have R&M Fans. There are types, sizes and prices for every need, home, and purse. Equip your office, factory, store, or home.

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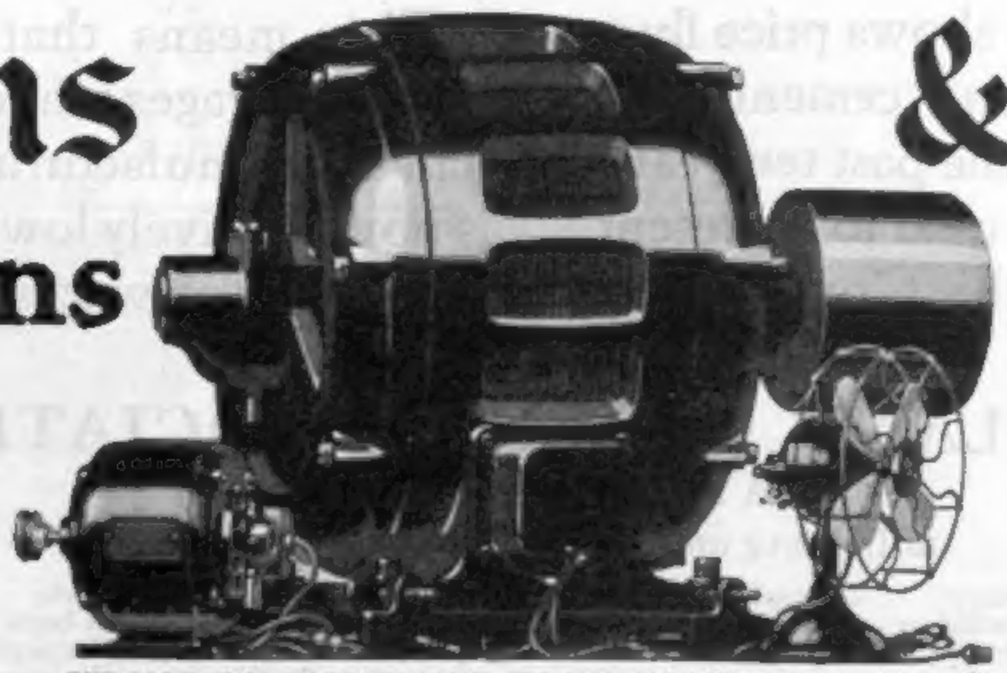
Fans *and Motors*



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for white shoes, etc.

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for cleaning and polishing

Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware
Bathtubs
Aluminum Ware
Fine Kitchen Utensils
White Woodwork
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Linoleum and Congoleum

"Well, Son, now our white shoes are really clean!"

Bon Ami is a real cleaner for all kinds of white shoes except kid. Apply it with a moist brush—let it dry—then dust off with a dry cloth. There'll be no pasty, chalky streaks.

Bon Ami draws out all the dirt, dust and grass stains—leaves just the fresh, clean, original whiteness.

When the original whiteness has worn off, avoid the clogged-up look by cleaning with Bon Ami before applying a whitener.

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